A SELECTION

OF

IRISH MELODIES,

WITH

Symphonies and Accompaniments

BY

Sir John Stevenson Mus. Doc.

AND

CHARACTERISTIC WORDS

BY

Thomas Moore Esq.

No. 1. PRICE 15s.

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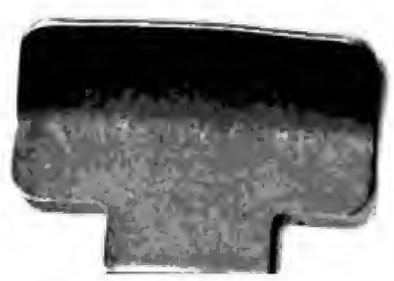
Tom I



J. POWER takes the Liberty of announcing to the Public a WORK which has long been a *Desideratum* in this Country. Though the Beauties of the National Music of Ireland have been very generally felt and acknowledged, yet it has happened, through the Want of appropriate English Words, and of the Arrangement necessary to adapt them to the Voice, that many of the most excellent Compositions have hitherto remained in Obscurity. It is intended, therefore, to form a Collection of the best Original IRISH MELODIES, with Characteristic Symphonies and Accompaniments; and with Words containing, as frequently as possible, Allusions to the Manners and History of the Country. Sir JOHN STEVENSON has very kindly consented to undertake the Arrangement of the Airs; and the Lovers of simple National Music may rest secure, that, in such tasteful Hands, the native Charms of the original Melody will not be sacrificed to the Ostentation of Science.

In the Poetical Part, POWER has had Promises of Assistance from several distinguished Literary Characters, particularly from Mr. MOORE, whose Lyrical Talent is so peculiarly suited to such a Task, and whose Zeal in the Undertaking will be best understood from the following Extract of a Letter which he has addressed to SIR JOHN STEVENSON on the Subject:—

"I feel very anxious that a Work of this Kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only Talent for which our English Neighbours ever deigned to allow us any credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected[a]; and, while the Composers of the Continent have enriched their Operas and Sonatas with Melodies borrowed from Ireland, very often without even the Honesty of Acknowledgment, we have left these Treasures in a great Degree unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our Airs, like too many of our Countrymen, for want of Protection at Home, have passed into the Service of Foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better Period both of Politics and Music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland at least, appears too plainly in the Tone of Sorrow and Depression which characterizes most of our early Songs.—The Task which you propose to me, of adapting Words to these Airs, is by no means easy. The Poet who would follow the various Sentiments which they express must feel and understand that rapid Fluctuation of Spirits, that unaccountable Mixture of Gloom and Levity, which compose the Character of my Countrymen, and has deeply tinged their Music. Even in their liveliest Strains we find some melancholy Note intrude, some minor Third or flat Seventh, which throws its Shade as it passes, and makes even Mirth interesting. If BURNS had been an Irishman, (and I would willingly give up all our Claims upon OSSIAN for him,) his heart would have been proud of such Music, and his Genius would have made it immortal.

"Another Difficulty (which is, however, purely mechanical) arises from the irregular Structure of many of those Airs, and the lawless Kind of Metre which it will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these Instances the Poet must write, not to the Eye, but to the Ear; and must be content to have his Verses of that Description which CICERO mentions, '*Quos si cantu spoliaveris nuda remanebit oratio.*' That beautiful Air, 'The Twisting of the Rope,' which has all the romantic Character of the Swiss *Rans des Vaches*, is one of those wild and sentimental Rakes which it will not be very easy to tie down in sober Wedlock with Poetry. However, notwithstanding all these Difficulties, and the very little Talent which I can bring to surmount them, the Design appears to me so truly National, that I shall feel much Pleasure in giving it all the Assistance in my Power.

"*Leicestershire, Feb.* 1807."

The Work will be continued in Numbers, containing each Twelve Melodies, several of them arranged for One, Two, or Three Voices.

*** POWER *will be much obliged by the Communication of any Original Melodies which the Lovers of Irish Music may have the Kindness to contribute to this Work.*

---

a The Writer forgot, when he made this Assertion, that the Public are indebted to Mr. BUNTING for a very valuable Collection of Irish Music; and that the patriotic Genius of Miss OWENSON has been employed upon some of our finest Airs.

Printed by W. CLOWES,
Northumberland-court, Strand, London

Irish Melodies

with Symphonies and Accompaniments by

SIR JOHN STEVENSON

London

Published by Chappell & Co. Music & Instrument Sellers to the Queen 50 New Bond Street

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A Selection of Irish Melodies

with Symphonies and Accompaniments by

SIR JOHN STEVENSON Mus. Doc.

and Characteristic words by

Thomas Moore Esq.r

(First Number) **London** Price 15.

Printed & Sold at J. Power's Music & Instrument Warehouse 34, Strand.

To the

Nobility and Gentry

of

Ireland.

The following Work

Is respectfully Inscribed

By

The Publisher.

Silvester & Stuart

INDEX

TO

THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

INDEX

TO

THE HARMONIZED AIRS.

Introductory piece for two Performers on one Piano Forte.

Carolans Concerto.

First Performer

Bold

Second Performer

ff

pp

f

p

8va

loco

Gres

50

8va

f ff

Cres

Cres ff

hr

Cres f hr pp

pp

hr

pp

pp

Cres ff

f

Air. The Pleasant Rocks.

First Performer

Slow

Second Performer

Cres p Cres p

8va p Cres p pp lentando.

p lentando. pp

Cres f p ff p

Cres f p ff

f p f p lentando

p f p f

Air. Lady Drury.

Cantan.

First Performer

Lively

Second Performer

8va

p f ff f p

8va

p f p f

Cres p ff ff

Air The Beardless Boy.

First Performer

Minor

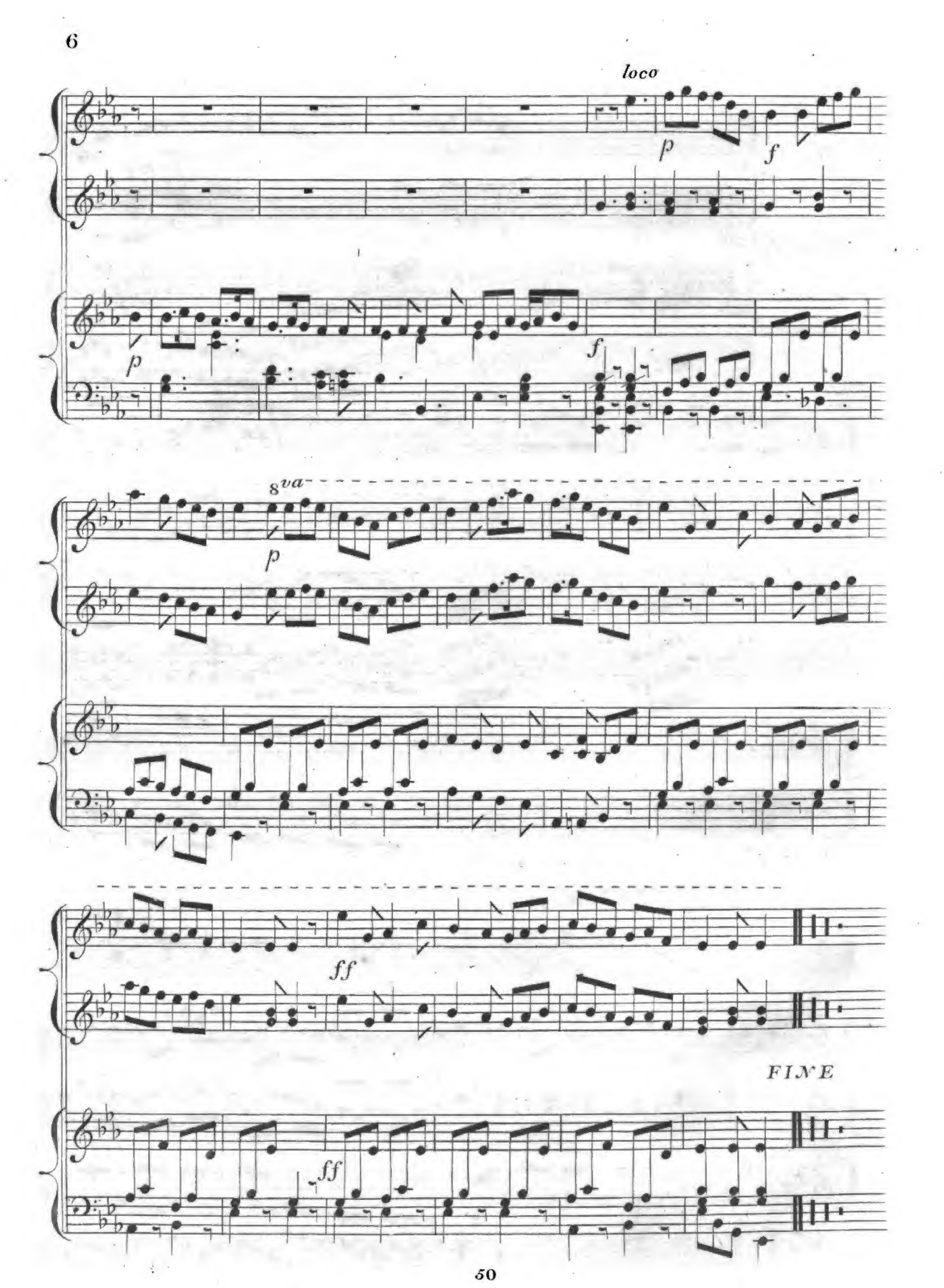
Second Performer

p f pp ff

f ff

8va

p f ff


loco
p
f
p
f
8va
p
ff
FINE
ff

Go where Glory waits thee.

for one or two Voices.

Tenderly

Cres

espress lentando.

Go where glo_ry waits thee; But, while fame elates thee, Oh! still remember me.

Go where glo_ry waits thee; But, while fame elates thee, Oh! still remember me.

espres lentando.

When the praise thou meetest To thine ear is sweetest, Oh! then remember me.

When the praise thou meetest To thine ear is sweetest Oh! then remember me.

Sym

me. O_ther arms may press thee, Dear_er friends ca_ress thee,

me. O_ther arms may press thee, Dear_er friends ca_ress thee,

a tempo

f *p*

All the joys that bless thee Sweeter far may be; But when friends are nearest,

All the joys that bless thee Sweeter far may be; But when friends are nearest,

lentando

And when joys are dear_est, Oh! then re_member me.

And when joys are dear_est, Oh! then re_member me.

2d VERSE.

espress lentando.

When, at eve, thou rov_est By the star thou lov_est, Oh! then remember

When, at eve, thou rov_est By the star thou lov_est, Oh! then remember

me. Think, when home re_turning, Bright we've seen it burning,

me. Think, when home re_turning, Bright we've seen it burning,

Sym

espress lentando

Oh! thus re_member me. Oft, as sum_mer clos_es,

Oh! thus re_member me. Oft, as sum_mer clos_es,

a tempo

f *p*

When thine eye re_poses On its ling'ring roses, Once so lov'd by thee,

When thine eye re_poses On its ling'ring roses, Once so lov'd by thee,

lentando

Think of her who wove them, Her who made thee love them; Oh! then remember

Think of her who wove them, Her who made thee love them; Oh! then remember

me.

me.

AIR—*Maid of the Valley.*

I.

Go where glory waits thee;
But, while Fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be:
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

II.

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,—
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft, as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its ling'ring roses,
Once so lov'd by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them;
Oh! then remember me.

III.

When, around thee, dying,
Autumn-leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me:
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should Music, stealing
All the soul of Feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let Mem'ry bring thee
Strains I us'd to sing thee;
Oh! then remember me.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.

AIR—*Molly Macalpin.*

I.

REMEMBER the glories of Brien the Brave[a],
Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;
Tho', lost to Mononia[b], and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora[c] no more!
That star of the field, which so often has pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet.

II.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of Slavery there?
No, Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine
Than to sleep but a moment in chains!

III.

Forget not our wounded companions[d], who stood
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died!
The Sun, that now blesses our arms with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain:—
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain!

---

[a] Brien Borombe, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the Battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th Century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

[b] Munster. [c] The Palace of Brien.

[d] This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the Battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest.—"*Let stakes*" (they said) "*be stuck in the ground; and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed* "*in his rank by the side of a sound man.*"—"Between seven and eight hundred wounded men," (adds O'Halloran,) "pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops!—Never was such another sight exhibited."—HISTORY OF IRELAND, Book XII. Chap. I.

Remember the Glories of Brien the brave.

Bold

p stac: f

ff p espress: espress:

Remember the glories of BRIEN the brave, Tho' the days of the hero are

p p

o'er Tho' lost to Mono_nia and cold in the grave, He returns to Kin_kora no more! That

espress.

f

star of the field, which so often has pour'd Its beam on the battle, is set; But e_

lentando. a tempo.

nough of its glory remains on each sword To light us to vic_tory yet!

f f stac: p

Cres f p Cres p

Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes.

Slow

f *Dim* *p* *p* *Cres*

Cres *p* *pp* *Cres*

E-RIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes Blend like the rain-bow that

f *p*

hangs in the skies; Shin-ing thro' sor-row's stream, Sadd'ning thro'

Cres *f* *pp*

pleasure's beam, Thy suns, with doubt-ful gleam, Weep while they rise!

Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes.

Harmonized for four Voices.

Mon.

Dim. p f Cres.

1st Treble

p Cresc. p

E_RIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes

2nd Treble

E_RIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes

Tenor
8 Notes lower

E_RIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes p

Bass

E_ _ _RIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes Blend_

Piano Forte Accompt.

pp Cres

Blend like the rain_ _bow that hangs in thy skies;

Blend like the rain_bow that hangs in thy skies;

Blend like the rain_ _bow that hangs in thy skies;

_ _ _ _ like the rain_ _bow that hangs in thy skies;

16

Shin _ ing thro' sorrow's stream, Sadd'n _ ing thro' pleasure's beam,

Shin _ ing thro' sorrow's stream, Sadd'n _ ing thro' pleasure's beam,

Shin _ ing thro' sor row's stream, Sadd'n _ ing thro' pleasure's beam,

Shin _ ing thro' sorrow's stream, Sadd'n _ ing thro' pleasure's beam,

cresc.

Thy suns, with doubt _ ful gleam, Weep while they rise!

with doubt _ ful gleam, Weep while they rise!

with doubt _ ful gleam, Weep while they rise!

Thy suns, with doubt _ ful gleam, Weep while they rise!

2d. VERSE.

p. Cres. p.

E__RIN! thy si__lent tear ne__ver shall cease,

E__RIN! thy si__lent tear ne__ver shall cease,

E__RIN! thy si__lent tear ne__ver shall cease,

E_____RIN! thy si__lent tear ne____ver shall cease, E__

pp Cres

E__RIN! thy lan__guid smile ne'er shall in__crease,

E__RIN! thy lan__guid smile ne'er shall in__crease,

E__RIN! thy lan__guid smile ne'er shall in__crease,

____RIN! thy lan__guid smile ne'er shall in_crease,

Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy va - - rious tints u - nite,

Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy va - rious tints u - nite,

Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy va - rious tints u - nite,

Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy va - rious tints u - nite,

Cres

And form, in Hea - ven's sight, One arch of peace!

in Hea - ven's sight, One arch of peace!

in Hea - ven's sight, One arch of peace!

And form, in Hea - ven's sight, One arch of peace!

AIR—*Aileen Aroon.*

I.

ERIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies;
Shining thro' sorrow's stream,
Sadd'ning thro' pleasure's beam,
Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise!

II.

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form, in Heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!

AIR—*The Brown Maid.*

I.

Oh! breathe not his name—let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid!
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

II.

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, tho' in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Oh! breathe not his name.

for one or two Voices.

Pensively

pp f p hr

espress Cres f Dim

a tempo

Oh! breathe not his name-let it sleep in the shade Where

Oh! breathe not his name-let it sleep in the shade Where

cold and un-honour'd his re-licks are laid! Sad, si-lent, and dark, be the

cold and unhonour'd his re-licks are laid! Sad, si-lent, and dark, be the

tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

22

pp

2.d VERSE.

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in si_lence it weeps, Shall brighten with

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in si_lence it weeps, Shall brighten with

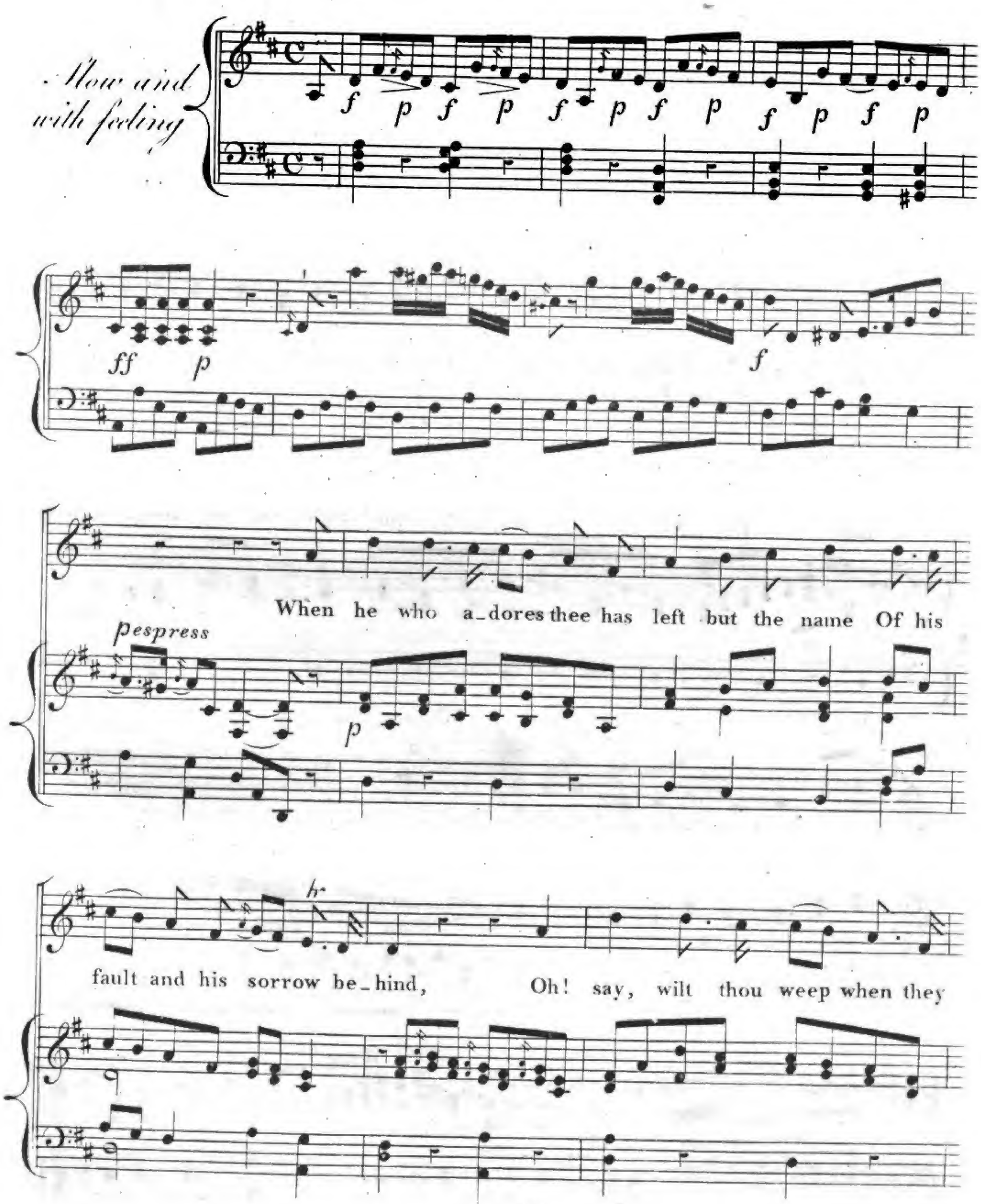
ver_dure the grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, tho' in

verdure the grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, tho' in

secret it rolls, Shall long keep his me_mory green in our souls.

secret it rolls, Shall long keep his me_mory green in our souls.

When he who adores thee.



dark_en the fame Of a life that for thee was re_sign'd? Yes,

espress *for*

weep! and, howe_ver my foes may condemn, Thy tears shall efface their de_

cree; For Heav'n can wit_ness, tho' guil__ty to them, I have

been but too faith_ful to thee!

Cres

p

AIR—*The Fox's Sleep.*

I.

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep! and, however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, tho' guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!

II.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
Every thought of my reason was thine:—
In my last humble pray'r to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! bless'd are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

* These words allude to a story in an old Irish manuscript, which is too long and too melancholy to be inserted here.

AIR—*Gramachree.*

I.

THE harp that once, thro' Tara's halls,
The soul of Music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled :—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!

II.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells ;
The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells :—
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives!

The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls. 27

Slow

The Harp that once, thro' Tara's halls, The soul of Mu_sic shed, Now hangs as mute on

Ta_ra's walls As if that soul were fled:— So sleeps the pride of for_mer days, So

glory's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more!

The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls.

Harmonized for four Voices.

Mod.

1st. Treble

The Harp that once, thro' Ta _ ra's halls, The soul of Music shed, Now

2nd. Treble

The Harp that once, thro' Ta _ ra's halls, The soul of Music shed, Now hangs on

Tenor & Alto Lower

The Harp that once, The soul of Music shed, Now

Bass

The Harp thro' Ta _ ra's halls, The soul of Music shed, Now hangs on

Piano Forte Accomp.t

hangs as mute on Tara's walls As if that soul were fled: So sleeps the pride of former days, So

Ta _ _ ra's walls As if that soul were fled: So sleeps the pride of former days, So

hangs on Ta_ra's walls As if that soul were fled: So _ _ _ _ sleeps the pride So

Ta _ _ ra's walls As if that soul were fled: So sleeps so sleeps the pride So

glo_ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now

glo_ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now

glo_ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now

glo_ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now

glo_ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now

feel that pulse no more!

feel that pulse no more!

feel that pulse no more!

feel that pulse no more!

feel that pulse no more!

2d VERSE.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright The Harp of Tara swells; The

No more to chiefs and ladies bright The Harp of Tara swells; The chord, a_

No more to chiefs The Harp of Tara swells; The

No more to chiefs The Harp the Harp of Ta_ra swells; The chord, a_

Cres *f*

chord, a_ lone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ruin tells: Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes, The

p

lone that breaks at night, Its ru_ _in tells: Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes, The

chord, that breaks at night, Its tale of ruin tells: Thus _ _ _ Freedom now The

lone that breaks Its tale of ruin tells: Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes, The

f *p*

only throb she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives!

only throb she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives!

only throb she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives!

only throb she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives!

Fly not yet!

Lively.

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When pleasure, like the midnight flow'r, That

scorns the eye of vul_gar light, Be_gins to bloom for sons of night, And

maids who love the moon! 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That

beauty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at_tractions glowing

Set the tides and gob_lets flow_ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— Joy so seldom

weaves a chain Like this to night, that, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so

soon. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— Joy so sel_dom weaves a chain Like

this to night, that oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.

lentando

Fly not yet.

Harmonized for two Voices.

Lively

Soprano First Voice

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When plea_sure, like the midnight flow'r, That scorns the eye of vul_gar light, Be_gins to bloom for sons of night, And maids who love the moon! 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That

Soprano Second Voice

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When pleasure, like the mid_night flow'r, That scorns the eye of vul_gar light, Be_gins to bloom for sons of night, And maids who love the moon! 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That

*Tenor Second Voice**

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When plea_sure, like the mid_night flow'r, That scorns the eye of vul_gar light, Be_gins to bloom for sons of night, And maids who love the moon! 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That

Piano Forte Accompt.

* *This part to be used if sung by a Male Voice.*

beau - ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at - tractions glow - - ing

beau - ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at - tractions glow - - ing

beau - ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at - tractions glow - - ing

Set the tides and gob - lets flow - ing. Oh! stay, — oh! stay, — Joy so seldom

Set the tides and gob - lets flow - ing. Oh! stay, — oh! stay, — Joy so seldom

Set the tides and gob - lets flow - ing. Oh! stay, — oh! stay, — Joy so seldom

weaves a chain Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.

weaves a chain Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon. Repeat the Chorus

weaves a chain Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.

a tempo

Cres

2d VERSE.

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd In times of old thro' Ammon's shade, Tho'

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd In times of old thro' Ammon's shade, Tho'

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd In times of old thro' Ammon's shade, Tho'

i _ _ cy cold by day it ran, Yet still, like souls of mirth, began To

i _ _ cy cold by day it ran, Yet still, like souls of mirth, began To

i _ _ cy cold by day it ran, Yet still, like souls of mirth, began To

burn when night was near; And thus should wo_man's heart and looks At

burn when night was near; And thus should wo_man's heart and looks At

burn when night was near; And thus should wo_man's heart and looks At

noon be cold as win_ter-brooks, Nor kin_dle till the night, return_ing,

noon be cold as win_ter-brooks, Nor kin_dle till the night, return_ing,

noon be cold as win_ter-brooks, Nor kin_dle till the night, re_turn_ing,

Brings their ge_nial hour for burn_ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— When did morning

Brings their ge_nial hour for burn_ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— When did morning

Brings their ge_nial hour for burn_ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— When did morning

e_ver break, And find such beaming eyes a_wake As those that sparkle here!

e_ver break, And find such beaming eyes a_wake As those that sparkle here! Repeat the Chorus

e_ver break, And find such beaming eyes a_wake As those that sparkle here!

a tempo

Cres

AIR—*Planxty Kelly.*

I

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower,
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon!
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing!
Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.

II.

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd,
In times of old, thro' Ammon's shade*,
Tho' icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near;
And thus should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter-brooks,
Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning
Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here!

* Solis Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.

AIR—*John O'Reilly the Active.*

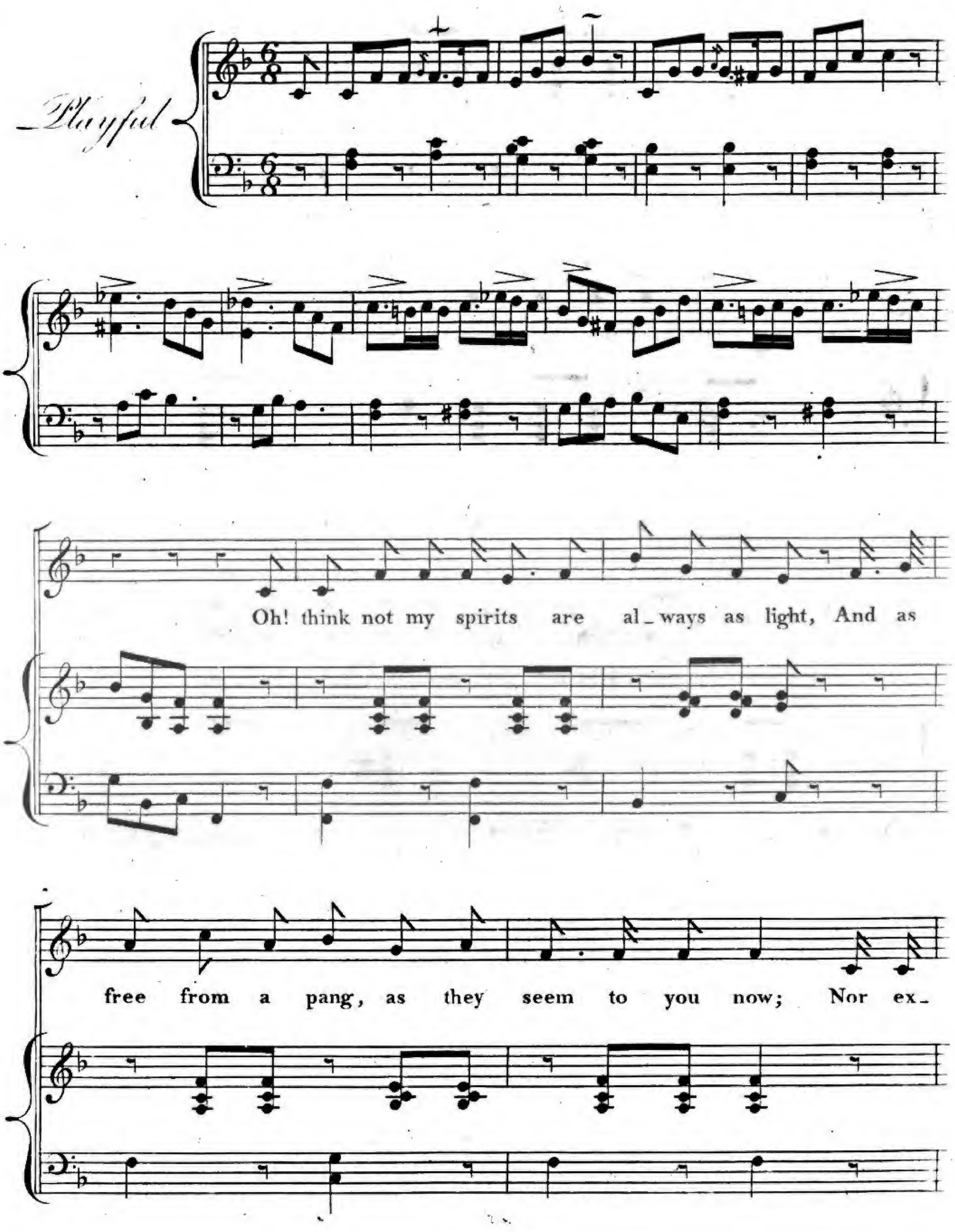
I.

OH! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow:—
No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile;
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear!

II.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind!
But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
And the heart, that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceiv'd.
But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine—
That the sunshine of Love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of Friendship console our decline!

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light!



pect that the heart-beam_ing smile of to night Will re_turn with to-

morrow to brighten my brow:— No, life is a wase of

weari_some hours, Which sel_dom the rose of en__joyment a_

dorns; And the heart that is soon_est a_wake to the flow'rs Is

always the first to be touch'd by the thorns! But send round the

bowl, and be happy a__while; May we never meet worse in our

pil_grimage here Than the tear that en_joy_ment can gild with a

lentando *espress*

smile, And the smile that compas_sion can turn to a tear!

a tempo

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin.

Slow

Cres

Tho' the last glimpse of

ERIN with sorrow I see, Yet wher_e _ _ver thou art shall seem E_RIN to me;

In exile thy bosom shall still be my home, And thine eyes make my climate wher_

e _ _ver we roam.

Cres

Cres

Cres

Dim

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin!

Harmonized for four Voices.

Hom.

Cres

1st Treble

2nd Treble

Tenor
8. Notes lower

Bass

Tho' the last glimpse of E_RIN with sor_row I

Tho' the last glimpse of E_RIN with sor_row I

Tho' the last glimpse of E_RIN with sor_row I

Tho' the last glimpse of E_RIN with sor_row I

Tho' the last glimpse of E_RIN with sor_row I

Piano Forte
Accomp.t

see, Yet wher_e_ _ver thou art shall seem E_RIN to me;

see, Yet wher_e_ _ver thou art shall seem E_RIN to me;

see, Yet wher_e_ _ver thou art shall seem E_RIN to me;

see, Yet wher_e_ _ver thou art shall seem E_RIN to me;

see, Yet wher_e_ _ver thou art shall seem E_RIN to me;

p

In ex__ile thy bo_som shall still be my home, And thine

In ex__ile thy bosom shall still be my home, And thine

In ex__ile thy bosom shall still be my home, And thine

In ex__ile thy bosom shall still be my home, And thine

eyes make my cli__mate wher__e___ver we roam.

eyes make my cli__mate wher__e___ver we roam.

eyes make my cli__mate wher__e___ver we roam.

eyes make my cli__mate wher__e___ver we roam.

Cres

Cres

Cres

lentando

Dim

2d VERSE.

To the gloom of the de_ _sert, or cold rock_ _y

To the gloom of the de_ _sert, or cold rock_ _y

To the gloom of the de_ _sert, or cold rock_ _y

To the gloom of the de_ _sert, or cold rock_ _y

pia

shore Where the eye of the stran_ger can haunt us no more,

shore Where the eye of the stran_ger can haunt us no more,

shore Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,

shore Where the eye of the stran_ _ger can haunt us no more,

p Cres f p

I will fly with my Cou - lin, and think the rough wind Less

I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind Less

I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind Less

I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind Less

rude - - - - than the foes we leave frown - - ing be - - hind:-

rude - - - - than the foes we leave frown - - ing be - - hind:-

rude than the foes we leave frown - - ing be - - hind:-

rude than the foes we leave frown - - ing be - - hind:-

Cres

Cres Cres Dim

lentando

AIR—*Coulin.*

I.

THO' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam

II.

To the gloom of some desert, or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind :—

III.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair*.

* "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins*, (long locks,) on their heads, or hair on the upper lip, called *Crommeal*. On this occasion a Song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish Virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks), to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this Song the Air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—WALKER'S HISTORICAL MEMOIRS OF IRISH BARDS, page 134.—Mr. WALKER informs us, also, that, about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

AIR—*The Summer is coming.*

I.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore*,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

II.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
"So lone and lovely, thro' this bleak way?
"Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
"As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

III.

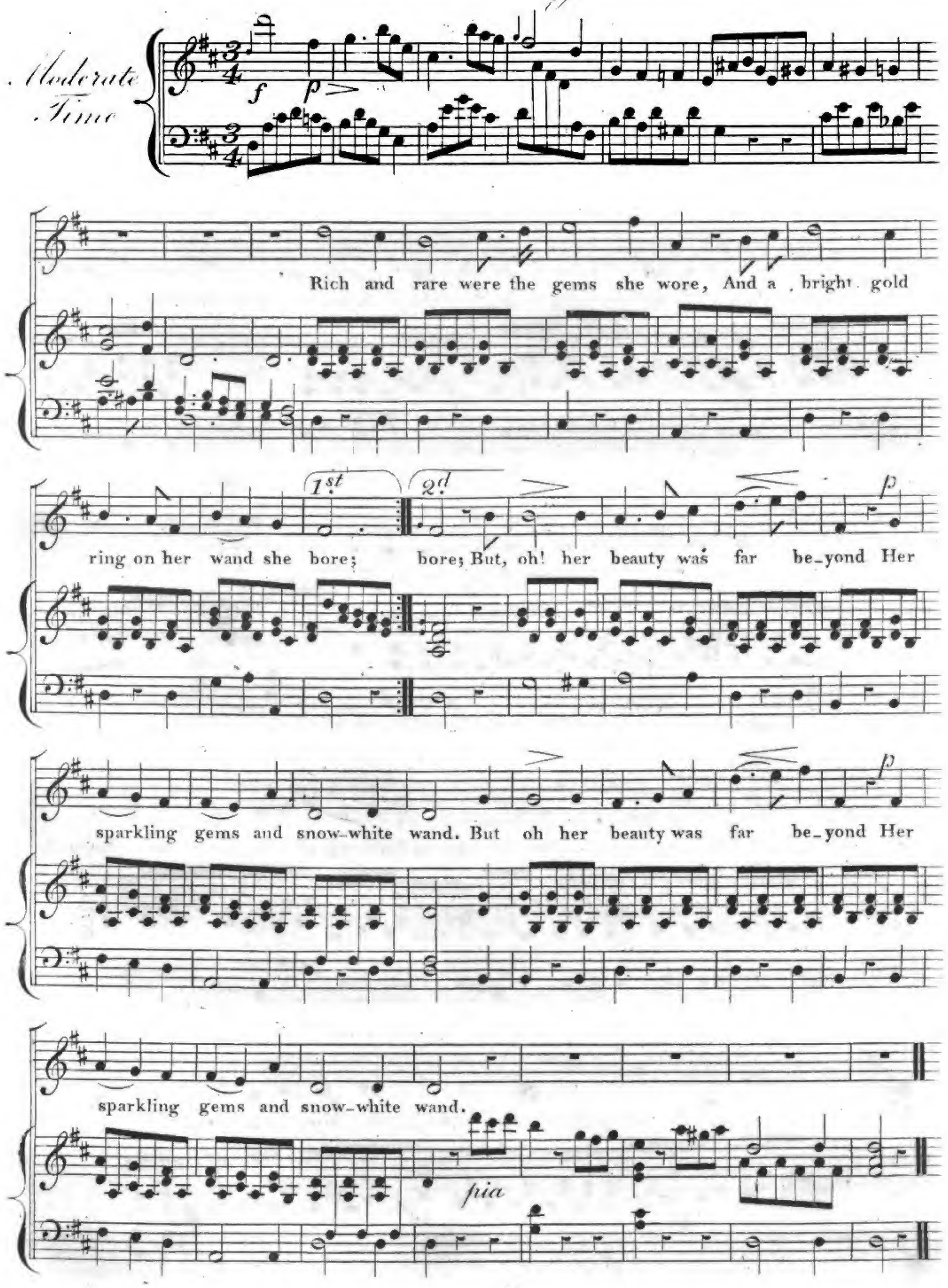
"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;
"No son of Erin will offer me harm:
"For, tho' they love woman and golden store,
"Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more!"

IV.

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And bless'd for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride!

* This Ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—"The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of BRIEN, and by his excellent Administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young Lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the Kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the Laws and Government of this Monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—WARNER'S HISTORY OF IRELAND, Vol. I. Book 10.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore.



2.d VERSE.

1.st 2.d

"La_dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and lovely, thro' this bleak way? way? Are ERIN'S

sons so good or so cold As not to be tempted by woman or gold?" Are ERIN'S sons so

good or so cold As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

3.d VERSE.

p

1.st 2.d

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least a_larm; No son of ERIN will offer me harm; Sir harm; For,

tho' they love woman and golden store, Sir Knight they love honour and vir_tue more!" For

tho they love woman and gold_en store, Sir Knight! they love honour and vir_tue

4th VERSE.

more! On she went, and her maid_en smile In

safety light_ed her round the Green Isle; Isle; And blest for e_ver was she who re_

lied. Upon E_RIN'S honour and E_RIN'S pride! And blest for e_ver was she who re_

lied Upon E_RIN'S honour and E_RIN'S pride!

Rich and rare were the gems she wore.

Harmonized for four Voices.

Moderato Time

f p

1st. Treble

Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a

2nd. Treble

Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a

Tenor & Alto Lower

Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a

Bass

Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a

Piano Forte Accomp.

bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beauty was

bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beau_ty was

bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beauty was

bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beau_ty was

far be_yond Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand But oh! her

far be_yond Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand But oh! her

far be_yond Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand But oh! her

far be_yond Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand But oh! her

for

beauty was far be_yond Her sparkling gems and swow-white wand.

beauty was far be_yond Her sparkling gems and swow-white wand.

beauty was far be_yond Her sparkling gems and swow-white wand.

beauty was far be_yond Her sparkling gems and swow-white wand.

Cres

p

2.d VERSE.

fine

"La _ _ dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love _ ly, thro'

"La _ _ dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love _ ly, thro'

"La _ _ dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love _ ly, thro'

"La _ _ dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love _ _ ly, thro'

this bleak way? Are E _ RIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

this bleak way? Are E _ RIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

this bleak way? Are E _ RIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

this bleak way? Are E _ RIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

tempted by woman or gold? Are ERIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

tempted by woman or gold? Are ERIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

tempted by woman or gold? Are ERIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

tempted by woman or gold? Are ERIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

tempted by woman or gold?"

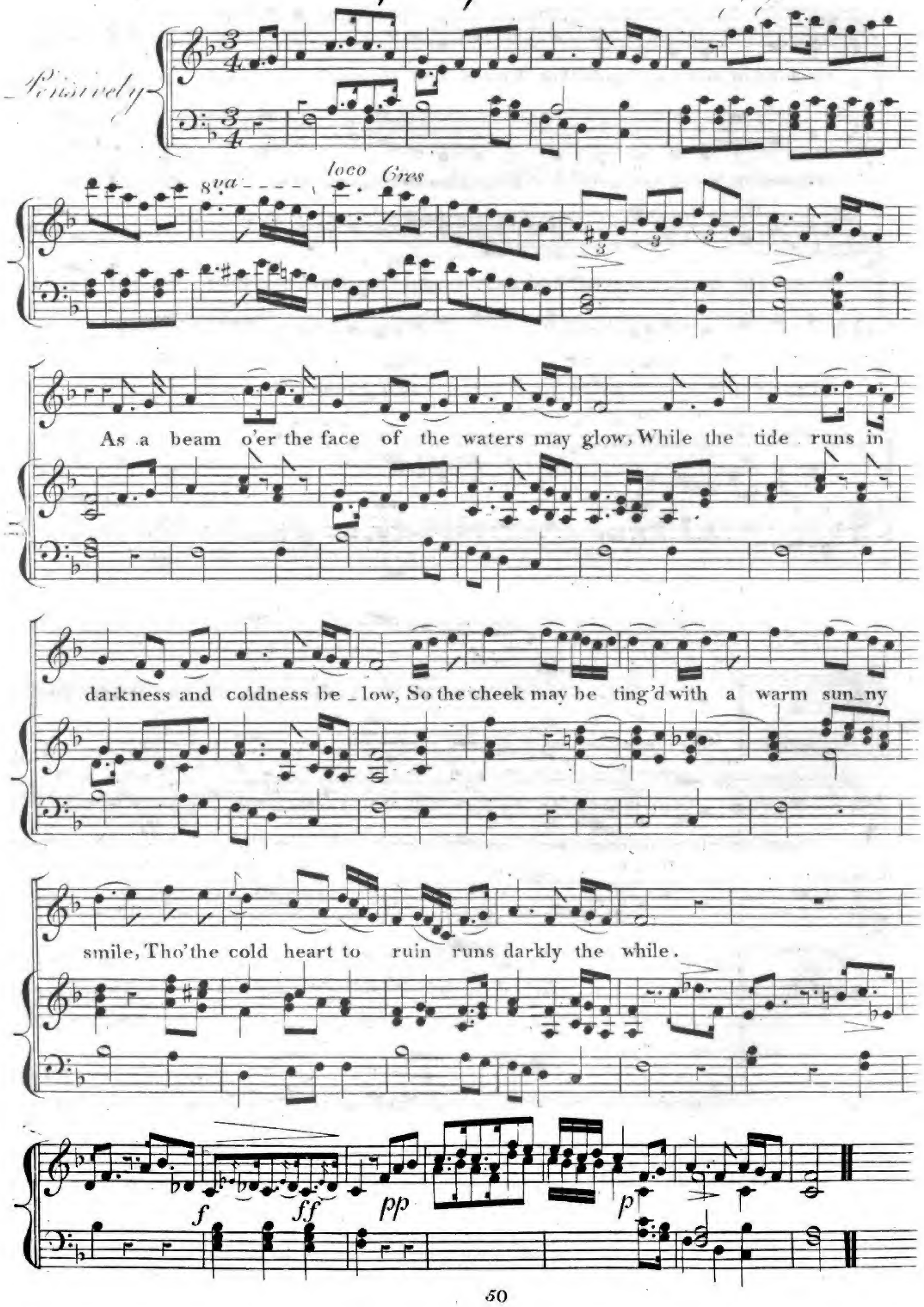
tempt_ed by woman or gold?"

tempted by woman or gold?"

tempted by woman or gold?"

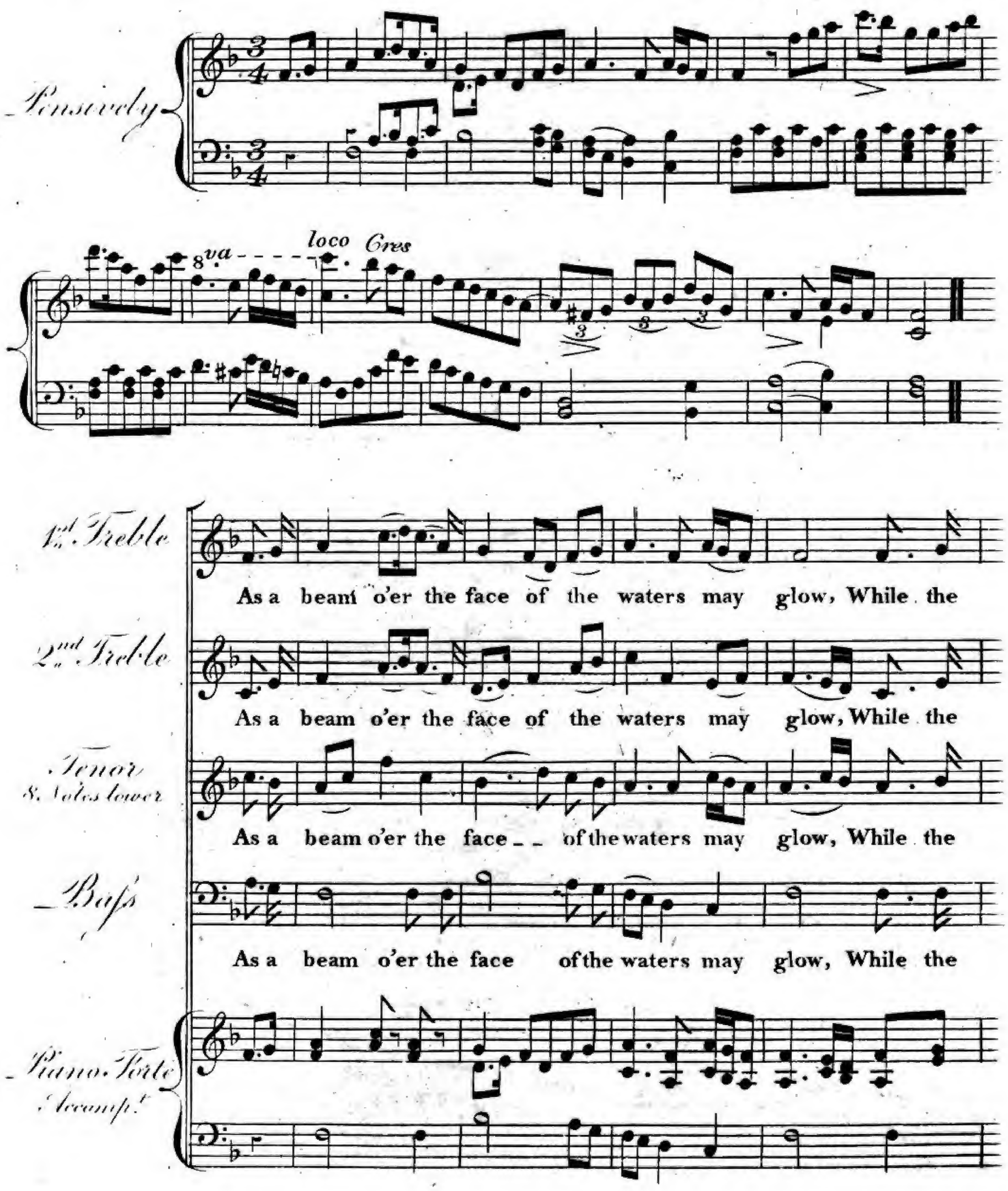
Cres *p*

As a beam o'er the face of the Waters may glow.



As a beam o'er the face of the Waters may glow;

Harmonized for four Voices.



tide runs in darkness and coldness be _ low, So the cheek may be ting'd with a

tide runs in darkness and coldness be _ low, So the cheek may be ting'd with a

tide runs in dark_ness and coldness be _ low, So the cheek may be ting'd with a

tide runs in dark_ness and coldness be _ low, So the cheek may be ting'd with a

warm sunny smile, Tho' the cold heart to ru_in runs darkly the while.

warm sunny smile, Tho' the cold heart to ru_ _in runs darkly the while.

warm sunny smile, Tho' the cold heart to ru _ in runs darkly the while.

warm sunny smile, Tho' the cold heart to ru _ in runs darkly the while.

2d. VERSE.

One fa _ _ tal re_membrance, one sor _ row, that throws Its

One fa _ _ tal re _ membrance, one sor_row, that throws Its

One fa _ _ tal re _ _ _ mem_brance, one sor _ row, that throws Its

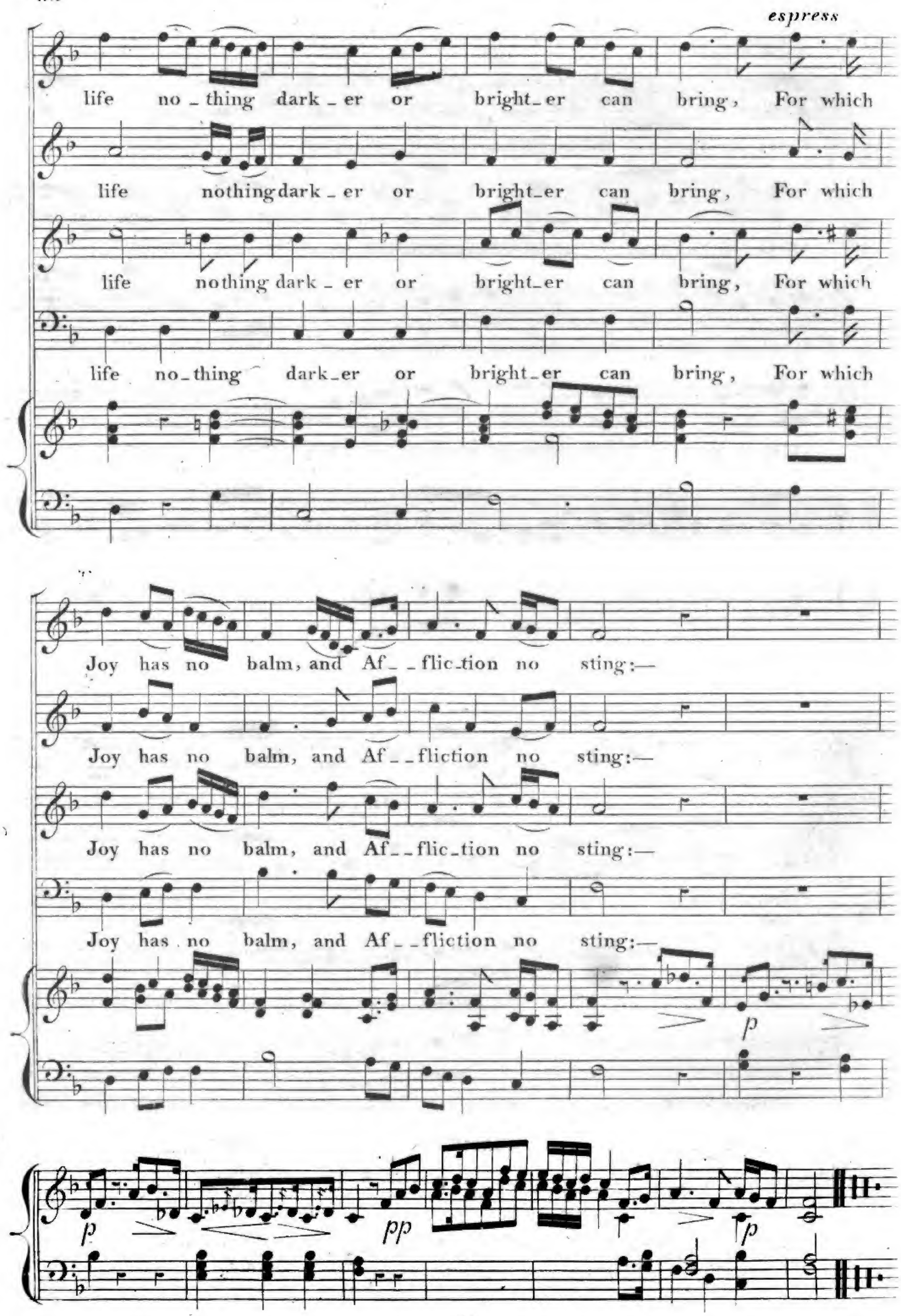
One fa _ _ _ tal re _ mem_brance, one sor_row, that throws Its

bleak shade a _ _ like o'er our joys and our woes, To which

bleak shade a _ _ like o'er our joys and our woes, To which

bleak shade a _ _ like o'er our joys and our woes, To which

bleak shade a _ like o'er our joys and our woes, To which


espress
life no_thing dark_er or bright_er can bring, For which
life nothing dark_er or bright_er can bring, For which
life nothing dark_er or bright_er can bring, For which
life no_thing dark_er or bright_er can bring, For which
Joy has no balm, and Af__flic_tion no sting:—
Joy has no balm, and Af__fliction no sting:—
Joy has no balm, and Af__flic_tion no sting:—
Joy has no balm, and Af__fliction no sting:—
p
p
pp
p

AIR—*The Young Man's Dream.*

I.

AS a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,
Tho' the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

II.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow, that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which Joy has no balm, and Affliction no sting:—

III.

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm Sun play round it in vain—
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again!

THERE IS NOT IN THIS WIDE WORLD.

AIR—*The Old Head of Denis.*

I.

THERE is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet[b]
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!

II

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill;
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still:—

III.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

IV.

Sweet Vale of Ovoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

---

[a] "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow; and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.

[b] The rivers Avon and Ovoca.

The meeting of the Waters.

With Expression

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet. Oh! the last rays of feel_ing and life must depart Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart! Ere the bloom of that val_ley shall fade from my heart!

lentando *Cres*

A Catalogue

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Oh! breathe not his name
When he who adores thee
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls
Fly not yet!
Oh! think not my Spirits are always as light
Tho' the last Glimpse of Erin
Rich and rare were the Gems she wore
As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may glow
The Meeting of the Waters

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We may roam thro' this World
Eveleen's Bower—(Oh! weep for the Hour)
Let Erin remember the Days of old
Silent, oh Moyle! be the Roar of thy Waters
Come, send round the Wine
Sublime was the Warning
Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms

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Planxty Johnstone
Captain Megan
Erin, oh! Erin—(Like the bright Lamp)
Drink to her
Oh! blame not the Bard
While gazing on the Moon's Light
When Daylight was yet sleeping under the Billow
Before the Battle—(By the Hope within us springing)
After the Battle
Oh! 'tis sweet to think
The Irish Peasant to his Mistress
When thro' Life unblest we rove
It is not the Tear at this Moment shed
'Tis believ'd that this Harp

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The Prince's Day—(Tho' dark are our Sorrows)
Weep on, weep on
Lesbia hath a beaming Eye
I saw thy Form in youthful Prime
By that Lake whose gloomy Shore
She is far from the Land
Nay, tell me not
Avenging and bright
What the Bee is to the Floweret
Love and the Novice (Here we dwell in holiest Bowers)
This Life is all chequer'd

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Thro' Erin's Isle
At the mid Hour of Night
One Bumper at Parting!
'Tis the last Rose of Summer
The young May Moon
The Minstrel Boy
The Valley lay smiling before me
Oh! had we some bright little Isle
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the Hour
Oh! doubt me not
You remember Ellen
I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me

No. VI.—Price 15*s*.—*Containing*

Come o'er the Sea
Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded?
No, not more welcome
When first I met thee
While History's Muse
The Time I've lost in wooing
Oh! where's the Slave?
Come, rest in this Bosom
'Tis gone, and for ever
I saw from the Beach
Fill the Bumper fair
Dear Harp of my Country

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My gentle Harp! once more I waken
As slow our ship her foamy Track
In the Morning of Life, when its Cares are unknown
When cold in the Earth lies the Friend thou hast lov'd
Remember thee! yes, while there's Life in this Heart
Wreath the Bowl
Whene'er I see those smiling Eyes
If thou'lt be mine, the Treasures of Air
To Ladies' Eyes a Round, Boy
Forget not the Field where they perish'd
They may rail at this Life
Oh for the Swords of former Time!

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Sail on, sail on
The Parallel
Drink of this Cup
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Oh ye Dead!
O'Donohue's Mistress
The Echo
Oh banquet not
Thee, thee, only thee
Shall the Harp, then, be silent?
Oh the Sight entrancing

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Oh ! come to me when daylight sets *Venetian*
Oft in the stilly night ..... *Scotch*
Reason, Folly, and Beauty ..... *Italian*
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Love and Hope ..... *Swiss*
Love is a hunter-boy ..... *Languedocian*
My harp has one unchanging theme *Swedish*
Oh ! no, not e'en when first we lov'd *Cashmerian*
Peace be around thee ..... *Scotch*
Then fare thee well ..... *English*
There comes a time ..... *German*

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The Crystal Hunters ..... *Swiss*
Go then—'tis vain ..... *Sicilian*
Oh days of Youth ..... *French*
Peace to the Slumberers..... *Catalonian*
Row gently here ..... *Venetian*
Say what shall be our sport to-day *Sicilian*
See the dawn from Heaven .... *Italian*
When first that Smile..... *Venetian*
When Love was a Child ..... *Swedish*
When thou shalt wander..... *Sicilian*
Who'll buy my Love-knots.... *Portuguese*

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Go now and dream .....*Sicilian*
Here sleeps the Bard .....*Highland*
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Ne'er talk of wisdom's gloomy school *Mahratta*
Nets and cages.....*Swedish*
Take hence the Bowl .....*Neapolitan*
Though 'tis all but a dream ..*French*
'Tis when the cup is smiling..*Italian*
When the first summer Bee ..*German*
When through the Piazetta ..*Venetian*
Where shall we bury our shame *Neapolitan*

*** *This Work is published in Royal Quarto, embellished with Illustrations, designed by T. STOTHARD, R. A., and engraved by CHARLES HEATH, J. MITAN, and C. MARR.*

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Fall'n is thy Throne
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The Bird let loose
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Weep not for those
The Turf shall be my fragrant Shrine
Sound the loud Timbrel (Miriam's Song)
Go, let me weep
Come not, oh Lord !
Were not the sinful Mary's Tears
As down in the sunless Retreats
But who shall see
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O do not think my words are cold
Tho' my Visions of Life
My Love is but a Lassie yet
The Shadows are stealing
Dear Girl
The Crystal Waters
Oh cast not a Damp on this Hour of Delight
Oh why is yon Cottage so desolate
Fare ye well, my pretty Sophy!
Yet, ere I seek a distant shore

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Sons of the fair Isle forget not the time
Taliesin's Prophecy
Owain Glyndwr's War Song
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Caswallons Triumph
Press on my steed I hear the swell
The Mountain Fires
White Snowdon
The Chant of the Bards

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The Green Isles of Ocean
Be happy to-day
'Tis the step of my Morvydd
Strike the Harp
Sweet Vale of the Tywi
I crossed in its beauty thy Dee's Druid water
The Summer Storm is on the Mountain
The Lament of the Last Druid
Ellen dear
The Heroes of Cymru
The Exile of Cambria
Ye free Sons of Cambria
Oh Cambria ! the Days of thy Glory
The Hirlas Horn
Oh Wallia ! around thee
The Death of Llywelyn

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Rose of this enchanted Vale
Hark! the Song
In the woody Wilds
Fair Dream!
Bring me the Wine
How true the Spot
In vain thou callest
Night is falling
From the Hill
Oh! come thou not near
Maid of the wildly-wishing Eye

LALLA ROOKH*.

Selections from that CELEBRATED POEM, *the* MUSIC *by the following* NOBLE *and* EMINENT *Composers*—

		s.	d.
Five Songs and a Duet	*Lady Flint*	5	0
Spirit of bliss, Trio	*Lord Burghersh*	3	0
Fly to the desert, Canzonett	*Ditto*	2	0
Bendemeer's Stream	*Ditto*	2	0
Her hands were clasp'd, Recit. and Air	*T. Attwood*	1	6
The Acacia Bower	*Ditto*	1	6
The cold wave my love lies under	*Ditto*	1	6
The song of the fire worshipper	*Ditto*	2	0
The Arabian maid	*Bishop*	2	0
The feast of roses	*Ditto*	2	0
The Georgian maid	*Ditto*	2	6
The Peri pardoned, Recit. and Aria	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
The Spirit's song, Recit. Andante & Aria	*Ditto*	2	6
Namouna's song, Recit. and Aria	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Oh! let me only breathe the air	*J. C. Clifton*	1	6
We part for ever	*Harris*	1	6
Bendeemer's Stream, Ballad	*W. Hawes*	2	0
Paradise and the Peri, Recit. and Song	*Ditto*	2	0
Araby's Daughter	*G. Kiallmark*	2	0
Then fly with me, Ballad	*Ditto*	1	6
Fly to the desert, Ballad	*Ditto*	2	0
Hinda's appeal to her lover	*Ditto*	2	0
'Twas his voice, Recit. and Air	*Sir J. Stevenson*	2	0
Now morn is blushing, ditto	*Ditto*	2	0
Oh! fair as the sea-flower, Ballad	*T. Welsh*	2	0
The Peri's song, ditto	*Ditto*	2	0

J. POWER begs to inform the Composers of Music, and Music-sellers, that he is the only person authorized by Messrs. LONGMAN and Co. to publish, with Music, the Songs or Verses in the above Poem.

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— 5, Deeper and deeper	1	6
— 6, Angels ever bright and fair	1	0

(To be continued.)

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(To be continued.)

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		s.	d.
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(To be continued.)

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Ah Perdona, *Duett*	*Mozart*	1	0
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Che dice mal d'amore	*Mayer*	1	6
Deh vieni alla finestra	*Mozart*	1	0
Di piacer mi balza il cor	*Rossini*	2	0
Fin ch' han dal vino	*Mozart*	1	0
Fra tante angoscie	*Carafa*	2	0
Giovinette che fate, *Duett* and *Chorus*	*Mozart*	1	6
La ci darem la mano *Duett*	*Mozart*	1	0
La dove prende, *Duett*	*Ditto*	1	0
Lungi dal caro bene	*Sarti*	1	6
Non più andrai	*Mozart*	2	0
Oh quanto l' anima	*Mayer*	1	0
Su l' aria *Duett*	*Mozart*	1	0
Sul Margine		1	0
Tu che accendi	*Rossini*	2	0
Vederlo sol bramo *Duett*	*Paer*	2	6
Vedrai carino	*Mozart*	1	0
Voi che sapete	*Mozart*	1	0
Zitti, Zitti, Piano, Piano, *Trio*	*Rossini*	2	0

(To be continued.)

SONGS.

		s.	d.
ABSENCE	*Bishop*	2	0
Adieu, at day-break	*Kiallmark*	2	0
A farewell!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Ah! me, why should I heave the fond	*Kelly*	1	6
Ah! say, lovely Emma!	*Stevenson*	1	6
Ah! what woes are mine	*Ditto*	2	0
Ah! who would heed the seeming sigh?	*Horn*	1	6
Alice of Fyfe	*West*	2	0
A medley	*Horn*	1	6
And thou art young	*King*	2	0
Annot Lyle	*Doyle*	2	0
Araby's daughter	*Kiallmark*	2	0
A rosy cheek	*Horn*	1	6
Auld lang syne	*Burns*	1	0
Auld Robin Gray	*Ditto*	1	0
Away with this pouting and	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
A youth sat sighing	*Kelly*	1	6
Banks of Allan Water	*Horn*	1	0
Be gay! be gay!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Be sure that a smart little maid	*King*	1	6
Bill of fare	*Horn*	1	6
Black and blue eyes	*Moore*	2	0
Blighted rose	*Stevenson*	2	0
Bold is the maiden's heart	*Kelly*	1	6
Bosoms who conquer'd and bled	*Ditto*	2	0
Bud in beauty	*Stevenson*	2	0
Can I again that form caress?	*Moore*	1	6
Cease, oh! cease to tempt	*Ditto*	2	0
Cease your funning, (*New Edition*)		1	0
Chain and lute	*Walmisley*	2	0
Chapter on pockets		1	0
Child of glory	*Kelly*	1	6
Come, all you forsaken	*Dr. Clarke*	1	6
Come, take the harp	*Stevenson*	2	0
Come, tell me, says Rosa	*Ditto*	1	6
Come tell me where the maid is found	*Ditto*	2	0
Contradiction	*Cooke*	1	6
Day of love	*Moore*	2	0
Damon's complaint	*Kelly*	2	0
Dandy beau	*Cooke*	1	0
Dear aunt	*Moore*	2	0
Dear Fanny	*Stevenson*	2	0
Dear ladies, listen to my tale	*Howell*	1	6
Dearest Ellen, awake	*Emdin*	2	0
Deep in my soul	*Duval*	1	6
Did not?	*Moore*	1	6
Disasters of poor Jerry Blossom	*Smith*	1	6
Does the harp of Rosa slumber?	*Stevenson*	1	6
Donald, (*new edition*)		1	0
Emblem	*Horn*	2	0
Ethereal hope, nuptial song	*Hawes*	2	0
Every hour I lov'd thee more	*Blewitt*	2	0
Exile of Erin	*Campbell*	1	0
Expostulation	*Kelly*	1	6
Fair as the morn's light	*B. Livius, Esq.*	1	6
Fair lady, why this frowning?	*Cooke*	1	6
Fair Rosa!	*Parry*	1	6
Fanny, dearest!	*Moore*	2	0
Fanny was in the grove	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Fare thee well, thou first and fairest!	*Molineux*	1	0
Farewell, Bessy!	*Moore*	1	6
Fly, fly away	*Parry*	1	6
Fly from the world, O Bessy!	*Moore*	1	6
Fly to the desert	*Kiallmark*	2	0
Folly, the	*Kelly*	1	0
For her I die	*Stevenson*	1	6
Friend of my soul	*Moore*	1	6
From glory's heights descending	*Kelly*	1	6
From life, without freedom	*Moore*	2	0
Gallant Troubadour	*Stevenson*	2	0
Georgian maid	*Bishop*	2	6
Give, love! give	*Beethoven*	2	0
Golden chain	*Leonard*	2	0
Good night	*Moore*	2	0
Go, sweet enchantress!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Green spot that blooms	*Kelly*	1	6

		s.	d.
Grotto	*Parry*	1	6
Hapless Mary!	*Dr. Clarke*	2	0
Hark! the trumpet, hark!	*Cooke*	2	0
Heath, this night, must be my bed	*Kemp*	1	6
Hence, faithless hope!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Henry and Sue	*Horn*	1	6
Here, in this lone little wood	*Stevenson*	2	0
Here's the bower	*Moore*	2	0
Her heart was made to love	*Horn*	1	6
Houx	*Ditto*	1	6
Hope, thou Nurse		1	0
Hope told a flattering tale	*Paisiello*	1	0
Hour of victory	*Stevenson*	1	6
How happy once	*Moore*	2	0
Hush'd be that sigh	*Stevenson*	1	6
Hush! dearest, hush!	*Horn*	1	0
I always turn to thee	*Kelly*	1	6
I can no longer stifle	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Je suis un pauvre Savoyard	*Ware*	1	6
If I swear by that eye	*Stevenson*	1	0
If maidens would marry	*Horn*	1	6
If then to love thee be offence	*Stevenson*	2	0
If winter frowns	*Horn*	1	6
I have woven a garland for thee	*Holden*	1	6
I'll love thee ever dearly	*Cooke*	1	6
I'm deep in love	*Parry*	1	6
I'm wearing awa	*Burns*	1	0
I'm wearing away	*Stevenson*	2	0
In days of old	*Horn*	1	0
Indian maid	*Kelly*	1	6
I never told my love	*Ditto*	1	6
I never will deceive thee	*Parry*	1	6
In moments to delight	*Walmisley*	1	6
In the days of my youth	*King*	1	0
In vain may that bosom	*Kelly*	1	6
Invitation, the	*Turnbull*	2	0
In yonder bower	*Arnold*	1	6
I sigh for the days that are gone	*Kelly*	1	6
It is not that a woman's eyes	*Cooke*	1	6
Kitty of Coleraine		1	0
Lament, the		2	0
Land of Shillelah		1	0
Land o' the Leal (*New Edition*)		1	0
Light as the shadows of evening	*Stevenson*	1	6
Light sounds the harp	*Moore*	2	6
Lilla, come down to me	*Cooke*	2	0
Little Mary's eye	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
London, now is out of town	*Ware*	1	6
Look that says I love thee	*Cooke*	1	6
Lord of the castle	*King*	1	6
Lottery, the	*Moore*	2	0
Love	*Horn*	1	6
Love and Folly	*Smith*	1	6
Love and Time	*Kelly*	2	0
Love Bird	*Smith*	1	6
Love, honour, and obey!	*Cooke*	1	6
Love in a storm	*Barry*	1	6
Love, like an April day	*Horn*	1	6
Lover's Smiles	*Turnbull*	2	0
Love's light summer cloud	*Moore*	2	0
Love thee, dearest, love thee	*Moore*	2	0
Love will find out the way	*Little*	2	0
Loud the trump of war was blowing	*Horn*	1	6
Maid of Marlivale	*Stevenson*	2	0
Maid of the rock	*Ditto*	1	6
Maid whose heart was cold to love	*Ditto*	2	0
Mansion of love	*Emdin*	2	0
March away, Helen!	*Horn*	1	6
Mary, I believ'd thee true	*Stevenson*	1	6
Monody	*Hawes*	2	0
My heart and lute	*Moore and Bishop*	2	0
My heart's my own		1	0
My life, I love thee!	*Kelly*	1	6
My love hastes him home	*Horn*	2	0
My love, when thou'rt away	*Nicholson*	2	0
My dying sire	*Kelly*	1	6
My mother did one rule bequeath	*Horn*	1	0

		s.	d.
Namouna's song	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Nay, weep not! dear Ellen	*Smith*	2	0
Ned of the hills	*Owenson*	1	0
Nightingale, the	*Sola*	2	0
No joy without my love	*Cooke*	1	6
Now morn is blushing	*Stevenson*	2	0
Obey!	*Horn*	1	6
Oh! come, sweet lass!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Oh! fair as the seaflower	*Welsh*	2	0
Oh! fate in pity	*Horn*	1	6
Oh! give me the heart that is cheerful	*Cooke*	1	6
Oh! if those eyes deceive me not	*Stevenson*	2	0
Oh! Liberty	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! listen to your lover	*Horn*	2	0
Oh list unto my tale of	*Stevenson*	1	6
Oh! lovely is the summer morn	*Bishop*	2	0
Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang	*Carter*	1	0
Oh! never doubt my love	*Cooke*	2	0
Oh! never from the maid depart	*King*	1	0
Oh! nothing in life can sadden us	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Oh! Patrick	*Bishop*	2	0
Oh! remember the time	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! see those cherries	*Ditto*	2	0
Oh! smile not thus	*Smith*	1	6
Oh! soon return	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! turn away those mournful eyes	*Stevenson*	1	6
Oh! white is the snow	*Kelly*	2	0
Oh! why should the girl of my soul	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! Woman!	*Ditto*	2	0
Oh! woods of green Erin	*Doyle*	2	0
Oh! would I ne'er had seen thee!	*Stevenson*	1	0
Oh! yes—so well, so tenderly	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! yes, when the bloom	*Ditto*	2	0
One dear smile	*Moore*	2	0
Orator Puff	*Ditto*	1	6
Orphan boy	*Smith*	2	0
O softly sleep!	*Ditto*	2	0
Paddy in London	*Irish Air*	1	0
Paddy the piper	*Ditto*	1	0
Pangs of absence	*Philipps*	1	6
Parting hour is come, love	*Doyle*	2	0
Parting look she gave	*Turnbull*	2	0
Pleasures of Brighton	*Horn*	1	6
Plumed casque	*Kelly*	1	6
Poh! Dermot, go 'long with your goster	*T. M., Esq.*	1	6
Pray, Goody!		1	0
Pretty Sophy	*Bishop*	2	0
Probability	*T. M., Esq.*	1	6
Rabbinical origin of woman	*Moore*	1	6
Ray that beams for ever	*Kelly*	2	0
Remembrances	*Mrs. Mc Mullan*	2	0
Return, my love	*Stevenson*	2	0
Roderigh Vich-Alpine	*Horn*	1	6
Roll, drums, merrily	*Cooke*	1	0
Rose of affection	*Stevenson*	1	6
Sale of loves	*Moore*	2	0
Savoyard's return	*Dr. Clarke*	2	0
Say, pretty weeping figure	*Stevenson*	1	6
Scenes of my childhood	*Bishop*	2	0
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled		1	0
Sea Boy's Dream	*Smith*	2	6
Send the bowl round merrily	*Moore*	1	0
Soft breezes breathing	*Stevenson*	1	6
Soft Zephyr	*Dr. Clarke*	1	6
Soldier, rest!	*Kemp*	1	6
Spanish patriots	*Parry*	1	0
Spirit of joy	*Moore*	2	0
Spirit's song	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Stay, one moment stay!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Summer	*Ditto*	2	0
Sweetest moments life allows	*Kelly*	1	6
Sweet is love	*Doyle*	2	0
Sweet is the beam of morning	*Dallas*	2	0
Sweet is the dream	*Stevenson*	1	6
Sweet lady! look not thus	*Ditto*	2	0
Sweet minstrel, sing!	*Ditto*	1	6
Sweet robin		1	6
Sweet Rose, come away!	*Dibdin*	1	6
Sweet seducer	*Moore*	1	6
Tablet of love	*Stevenson*	2	0
Take back the sigh	*Moore*	2	0
Tarry, ye moments	*Kelly*	1	6

		s.	d.
Taste life's glad moments	*Walmisley*	1	6
That shepherd, sure, is he	*Stevenson*	1	6
There's not a joy this world can give	*Ditto*	2	0
There's the bower	*Ditto*	1	6
They bid me sleep	*Kemp*	1	6
Think no more, love, of our parting	*Clifton*	2	0
Tho' far from thee I'm roving	*Dallas*	2	0
Tho' fate, my girl	*Stevenson*	1	6
Tho' gaily smiles the opening spring	*Kelly*	1	6
Tho' winter frowns	*Horn*	1	0
Thou hast sent me a flowery band	*Moore*	1	6
Thunder-bolt frigate	*Horn*	1	6
Thy gentle manners	*Attwood*	2	0
Thyrsis	*Stevenson*	1	6
Thyrza	*Walmisley*	3	0
'Tis love that should rule the breast	*Kelly*	1	6
'Tis Love, 'tis Love		1	0
'Tis wine alone can banish care	*Stevenson*	1	6
To Julia, weeping	*Ditto*	1	0
Toll not the bell	*Dallas*	2	0
To love thee	*Mrs. Opie*	1	6
To the brook and the willow	*Stevenson*	1	6
Too soon the flowers of spring may fade	*Kelly*	1	6
Triumph of Russia	*Ditto*	2	6
Trumpet of glory	*Moore*	2	0
'Twas his own voice	*Stevenson*	2	0
'Twas on a wild and lonely	*Kelly*	1	6
Tyrolese song	*Moore*	2	0
Ulrica	*Cooke*	1	0
Vittoria	*Ditto*	2	0
Wake, maid of Lorn	*Stevenson*	2	0
Waters of Elle	*Stevenson*		
What's life unblest with Love	*Ditto*	1	6
When a man weds	*Horn*	1	6
Whence can you inherit		1	0
When Charles was deceived	*Moore*	2	0
When fickle man for woman sighs	*Kelly*	1	6
When from thy sight, love	*Ditto*	1	6
When I first told my Rosa I lov'd	*Ditto*	2	0
When I think of my own green glen	*Turnbull*	1	6
When I went for a soldier	*Horn*	1	6
When Leila touch'd the lute	*Moore*	2	0
When love gets in the youthful brain	*Horn*	1	6
When love and truth together play'd	*Philipps*	1	6
When love was fresh from his cradle	*West*	1	6
When midst the gay	*Moore*	2	0
When night was spreading o'er me	*Stevenson*	2	0
When storms disturb old ocean's bed	*King*	1	0
When the days of the summer	*Kiallmark*	2	0
When the girl of my heart	*Dr. Clarke*	2	0
When the rose-bud of summer	*Stevenson*	2	0
When time, who steals	*Moore*	2	0
When twilight dews	*Stevenson*	2	0
When woe on the bosom of mercy	*Howell*	1	0
While parted from the youth	*King*	1	6
Whilst I listen to thy voice	*Stevenson*	2	0
Whilst on the beach I wander	*Doyle*	2	0
White rose of honor	*Kelly*	1	6
Who would not love?	*Cooke*	2	0
Why comes he not	*Smith*	1	6
William and Jannett	*Sanderson*	1	0
Will you come to the bower?	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Wilt thou say farewell, love?	*Moore*	2	0
Winds, whisper gently	*Stevenson*	2	0
Woman's power ending never	*Kearns*	1	0
Woman's smile	*Parry*	1	6
Woman, who conquers all	*Cooke*	1	6
Woodbine cottage	*Stevenson*	2	0
Woodman's cot	*Kelly*	1	0
Woodpecker	*Ditto*	2	0
Wreath you wove	*Moore*	1	6
Ye banks and braes, (*new edition*)	*Burns*	1	0
Ye light forms of fancy	*Kelly*	1	6
Yes, it is, love!	*Clifton*	1	6
Yes, thro' the wide world	*Mrs.* ———	1	0
Young Jessica	*Moore*	2	0
Young love	*Ditto*	2	0
Young son of chivalry	*King*	1	6
Youth I adore	*Cooke*	1	6
Youth is but short	*Dallas*	2	0
You watch'd the sun's ray	*Welsh Air*	1	0
Zounds, my lad	*Cooke*	1	0

DUETTS.

		s.	d.
Ah! say if the glance	*Black*	1	6
Alas! poor Lubin	*Stevenson*	1	6
As with slow-moving oar	*King*	2	0
Catherine	*Lady C. Stewart*	2	0
Chieftain	*Stevenson*	2	0
Chink-a-chink	*Horn*	1	6
Come, friendly night	*Livius*	1	6
Come, all ye youths	*Harris*	2	0
Congenial to friends	*Stevenson*	2	0
Could a man be secure (*new edition*)		1	0
Dear, in pity	*Stevenson*	1	6
Dragon fly	*Smith*	2	0
Dress, with me, the myrtle bower	*Stevenson*	1	6
Edmund of the hill	*Ditto*	1	6
Faithful love	*Parry*	2	0
Fare thee well!	*Ditto*	2	0
Flowers in the east	*Kelly*	2	0
Heave one sigh	*Horn*	1	0
Here is the lip	*Moore*	2	0
He 's gone, ah! me	*Kemp*	2	0
How happy pass'd morn's pleasant dream	*Sanderson*	1	6
If fortune smile	*Kelly*	1	6
In search of glory	*Cooke*	2	6
Invest my head with fragrant rose	*Stevenson*	2	0
Joys that pass away	*Moore*	2	0
Lady, by Cupid's darts I swear	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Life-boat	*Moore*	2	6
Love and the sun-dial	*Ditto*	2	0
Love in thine eyes (*new edition*)	*Jackson*	1	0
Love, my Mary, dwells	*Stevenson*	2	0
Love, wand'ring thro' the golden maze	*Ditto*	2	0
Mourn not, silly mortals	*Stevenson*	2	0
Nights of music	*Moore*	2	6
No! never shall my soul forget	*Stevenson*	2	6
Now bright July to pleasure calls	*Horn*	2	6
O dinna weep	*J. M. Harris*	2	0
Our first young love	*Moore*	2	0
Peace!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Send home those long strayed eyes	*Ditto*	1	6
Should we be forced to part	*Cobke*	2	0
Song of war	*Moore*	2	0
Sparkling fountains	*Stevenson*	2	0
Surprise	*Ditto*	1	6
Tell me where is fancy bred?	*Ditto*	2	0
Ditto ditto	*Arranged by Bishop*	2	0
That I no longer wish to rove	*Stevenson*	1	6
Think on me	*Ditto*	2	0
Thro' silent woods	*King*	2	0
Time has not thinn'd (*new edition*)	*Jackson*	1	0
Tit bits	*Cooke*	1	6
Together let us range the fields	*Dr. Boyce*	1	6
Turn to this heart	*Horn*	1	6
Wake thee, my dear	*Moore*	2	0
Warrior's soul is all in arms!	*Cooke*	2	6
Well-a-day!	*Horn*	1	0
When in languor sleeps the heart	*Stevenson*	2	0
When Jove from the skies	*Horn*	1	6
When war unfurls his banner bright	*King*	1	6
Where is the light from Lara's tower?	*Stevenson*	2	6
While parted from the youth I love	*King*	1	6
Wilt thou say farewell, love?	*Bishop*	2	0
Wine to cheer	*Parry*	1	6
Would you gain by art?	*Kelly*	1	6
Young rose	*Moore*	2	0

GLEES.

		s.	d.
A broken cake	*Stevenson*	2	0
Allen-a-Dale	*Horn*	2	6
And will he not come again	*Stevenson*	1	6
Archer's glee	*Ditto*	1	6
Awake! Apollo calls	*Ditto*	1	6
Banks of Allanwater	*Hawes*	2	6
Blithe are the bowers of Mosellai	*Kelly*	2	0
Blest were the days	*Stevenson*	2	6
Boat trio—"Row gently, row"	*Ditto*	2	0
Buds of Roses	*Ditto*	2	6
Canadian boat-song	*Moore*	3	0
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"I feel very anxious that a Work of this Kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only Talent for which our English Neighbours ever deigned to allow us any Credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected*; and, while the Composers of the Continent have enriched their Operas and Sonatas with Melodies borrowed from Ireland, very often without even the Honesty of Acknowledgment, we have left these Treasures in a great Degree unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our Airs, like too many of our Countrymen, for want of Protection at Home, have passed into the Service of Foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better Period both of Politics and Music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland at least, appears too plainly in the Tone of Sorrow and Depression which characterizes most of our early Songs.—The Task which you propose to me, of adapting Words to these Airs, is by no means easy. The Poet who would follow the various Sentiments which they express must feel and understand that rapid Fluctuation of Spirits, that unaccountable Mixture of Gloom and Levity, which compose the Character of my Countrymen, and has deeply tinged their Music. Even in their liveliest Strains we find some melancholy Note intrude, some minor Third or flat Seventh, which throws its Shade as it passes, and makes even Mirth interesting. If BURNS had been an Irishman, (and I would willingly give up all our Claims upon OSSIAN for him,) his Heart would have been proud of such Music, and his Genius would have made it immortal.

"Another Difficulty (which is, however, purely mechanical) arises from the irregular Structure of many of those Airs, and the lawless Kind of Metre which it will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these Instances the Poet must write, not to the Eye, but to the Ear; and must be content to have his Verses of that Description which CICERO mentions, '*Quos si cantu spoliaveris nuda remanebit oratio.*' That beautiful Air, 'The Twisting of the Rope,' which has all the romantic Character of the Swiss *Rans des Vaches*, is one of those wild and sentimental Rakes which it will not be very easy to tie down in sober Wedlock with Poetry. However, notwithstanding all these Difficulties, and the very little Talent which I can bring to surmount them, the Design appears to me so truly National, that I shall feel much Pleasure in giving it all the Assistance in my Power.

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INDEX

TO

THE SECOND NUMBER OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

INDEX

TO

THE HARMONIZED AIRS.

St. Senanus and the Lady.

Moderate Time

Staccato

Cres

pp

f

pp

ST. SENANUS

p

Cres

f

"Oh! haste, and leave this sacred isle Unho_ly

p

bark! ere morning smile; For on thy deck, tho' dark it be, A female

p

Cres

form I see; And I have sworn this sainted sod Shall ne'er by

lentando

p

woman's feet be trod."

p

THE LADY

"Oh! Father, send not hence my bark, Through win_try winds, and o'er billows

dark; I come, with hum_ble heart, to share Thy morn and ev'n _ _ ing

pray'r; Nor mine the feet, oh! ho_ly Saint, The brightness

of _ _ thy sod to taint.

TRIO

The Lady's pray'r Sena_nus spurn'd; The wind blew fresh, and the bark re_

The Lady's pray'r Sena_nus spurn'd; The wind blew fresh, and the bark re_

The Lady's pray'r Senanus spurn'd; The wind blew fresh, and the bark re_

Cres *f*

turn'd: But legends hint, that had the maid Till morning's light de-

turn'd: But legends hint, that had the maid Till morning's light de-

turn'd: But legends hint, that had the maid Till morning's light de-

lentando *p*

lay'd, And giv'n the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely

lay'd, And giv'n the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely

lay'd, And giv'n the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely

isle. And giv'n the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

isle. And giv'n the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

isle. And giv'n the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

p

St. Senanus and the Lady.

St. Senanus

"Oh haste and leave this sacred isle
Unholy bark ere morning smile
For on thy deck, tho' dark it be
A female form I see
And I have sworn this sainted sod
Shall never by woman's foot be trod."

OH. HASTE, AND LEAVE THIS SACRED ISLE

AIR—*The Brown Thorn.*

*St. Senanus**. " OH! haste, and leave this sacred isle,
" Unholy bark! ere morning smile;
' For on thy deck, tho' dark it be,
" A female form I see;
" And I have sworn this sainted sod
" Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod!"

The Lady. " Oh! Father, send not hence my bark,
" Thro' wint'ry winds, and billows dark;
" I come, with humble heart, to share
" Thy morn and ev'ning pray'r;
" Nor mine the feet, oh! holy Saint,
" The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The Lady's pray'r Senanus spurn'd;
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd:
But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd,
And given the Saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

---

* In a Metrical Life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS. and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the Island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any Woman of the party; he refused to receive even a Sister Saint, St. Cannera, whom an Angel had taken to the Island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious Answer of Senanus, according to his Poetical Biographer:—

Cui Præsul, quid fœminis
Commune est cum monachis,
Nec te nec ullam aliam
Admittemus in insulam.

See the ACTA SANCT. HIB. Page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a Personage than the River Shannon; but O'Connor, and other Antiquarians, deny this Metamorphosis indignantly.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

AIR—*The Twisting of the Rope* *.

I.

HOW dear to me the hour when day-light dies,
And sun-beams melt along the silent sea;
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And Mem'ry breathes her vesper sigh to thee!

II.

And, as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest!

* I had not sufficiently considered the structure of this delightful Air, when I asserted (in the Letter prefixed to this Work) that it was too wild for words of a regular metre.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies.

Slow and to be played very smoothly

pia

How dear to me the hour when

day - - light dies, And sunbeams melt a - long the si - lent sea;

For then sweet dreams of o_ther days a_rise, And

lentando

Mem'ry breathes her vesper sigh to thee! For then sweet dreams of o_ther

days a_rise, And Mem'ry breathes her ves_per sigh to

thee!

pia

Cres

tenuto Dim

2d VERSE.

And, as I watch the line of light that plays Along the smooth wave tow'rd the

burning west, I long to tread that golden path _ _ of rays And

lentando

think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest! I long to tread that golden

path of rays And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest!

pp

tenuto pp

pia

Take back the Virgin Page.

With Feeling.

Take back the vir - gin page, White and un - written still;

lentando

Some hand, more calm and sage, The leaf must fill. Thoughts come as pure as light,

lentando

Pure as ev'n you require; But oh! each word I write Love turns to fire. fire.

lento

Take back the Virgin Page.

With Feeling

Take back the vir - gin page, White and un - - writ - ten still;

Take back the vir - gin page, White and un - writ - ten still;

Some hand, more calm and sage, The leaf must fill.

Some hand, more calm and sage, The leaf must fill.

Thoughts come as pure as light, Pure as ev'n you require;

Thoughts come as pure as light, Pure as ev'n you require;

But oh! each word I write Love turns to fire. fire.

lentando 1st 2d

But oh! each word I write Love turns to fire. fire.

1st 2d

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

[*Written on returning a blank Book.*]

AIR—*Dermott.*

I

TAKE back the virgin page,
  White and unwritten still;
Some hand, more calm and sage,
  The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come as pure as light,
  Pure as even you require;
But oh! each word I write
  Love turns to fire.

II.

Yet let me keep the book;
  Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
  Dear thoughts of you!
Like you 'tis fair and bright;
  Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild Passion write
  One wrong wish there!

III.

Haply, when from those eyes
  Far, far away, I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
  Tow'rds you and home,
Fancy may trace some line
  Worthy those eyes to meet;
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
  Pure, calm, and sweet!

IV.

And, as the records are,
  Which wand'ring seamen keep,
Led by their hidden star,
  Thro' winter's deep;
So may the words I write
  Tell thro' what storms I stray,
You still the unseen light,
  Guiding my way!

THE LEGACY.

AIR—*Unknown.*

I.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it liv'd upon smiles, and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn to night.

II.

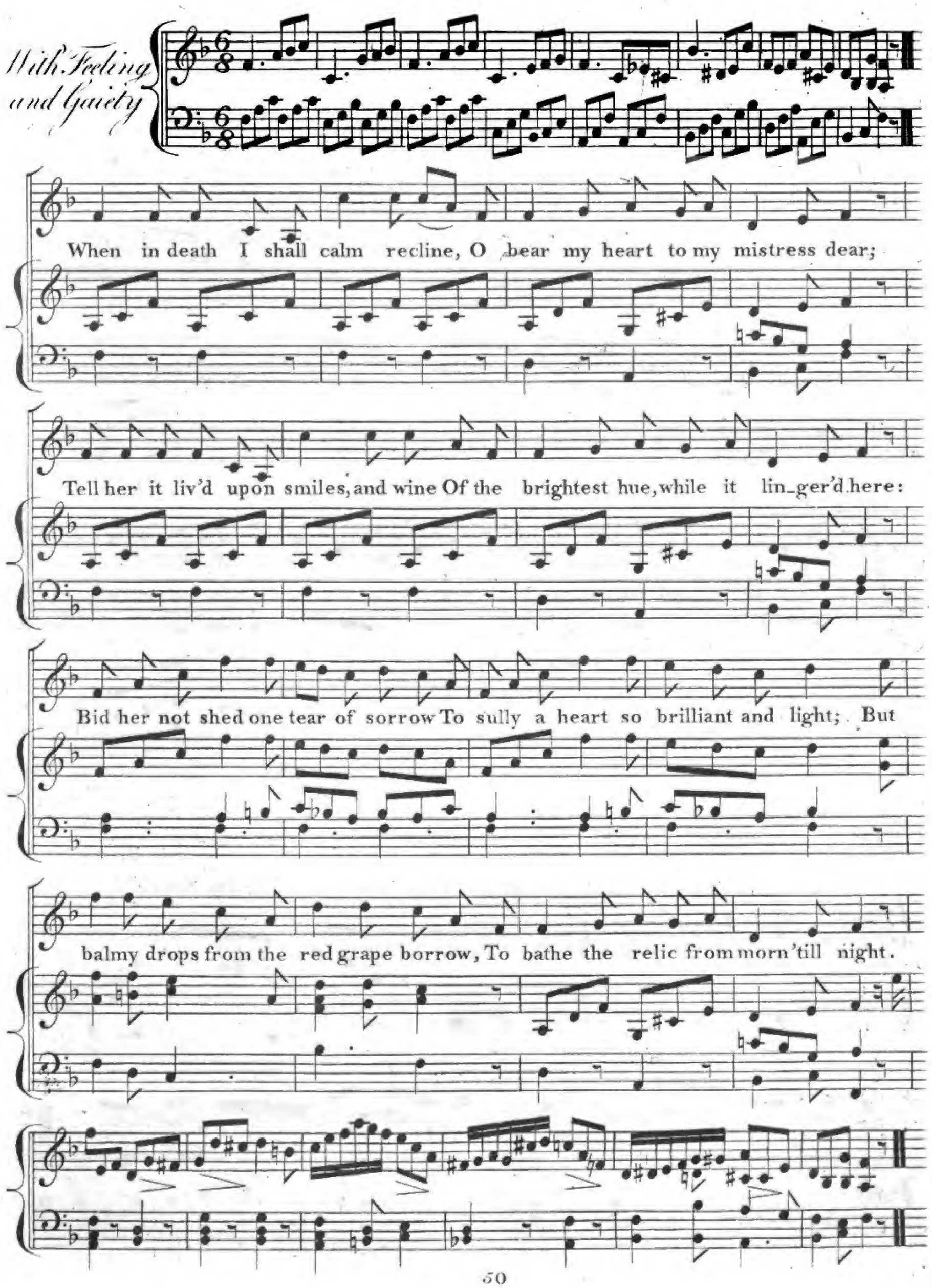
When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door
Where weary travellers love to call*:
Then if some Bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of Song.

III.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never, its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest!
But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Oh! then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

* "In every house was one or two Harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in Music."—O'HALLORAN.

When in Death I shall calm recline.



2.d VERSE.

When the light of my song is o'er, Then take my harp to your ancient hall;

Hang it up at that friendly door Where wea_ry tra_vel_lers love to call:

Then if some Bard, who roams for_saken, Revive its soft note in passing a_long, Oh!

let one thought of its master waken Your warmest smile for the child of song.

How oft has the Benshee cried!

Slow and with Solemnity

pia *for*

How oft' has the Benshee cried! How oft' has Death untied, Bright links that Glory wove,

pia *pp*

Sweet bonds entwin'd by love! Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth! Rest to each

Cres *for*

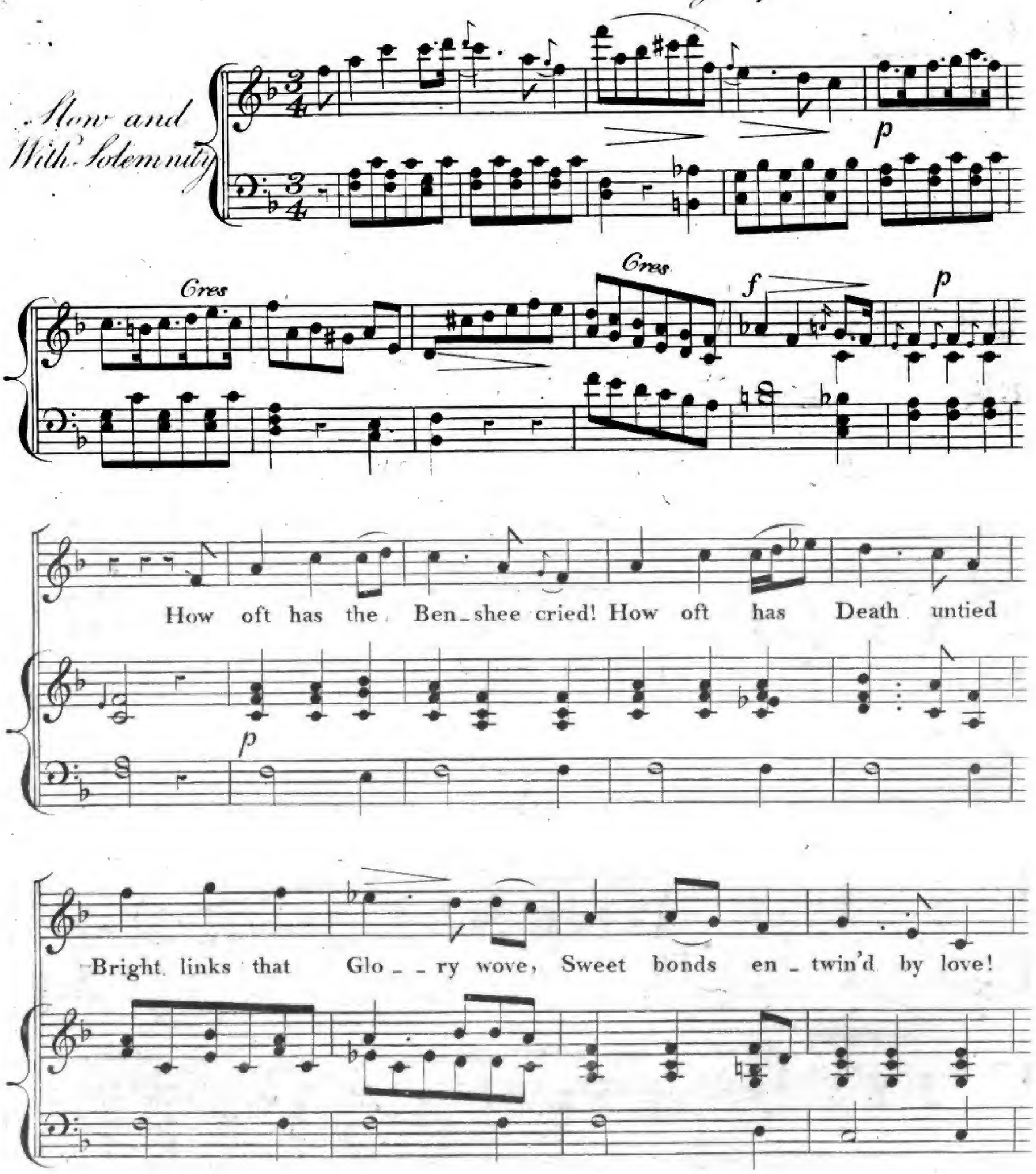
faithful eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

Dim

THE DIRGE.

How oft has the Benshee cried?

Harmonized for Four Voices.



First Voice

Peace to each man_ly soul that sleep_eth Rest to each

Second Voice

Tenor
8. Notes lower

Peace to each man_ly soul that sleep_eth Rest to each

Bass

Piano Forte

faithful eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the

eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the

he_ro's grave. Peace to each manly soul that sleep_eth! Rest to each

p

Peace to each soul that sleep_eth! Rest to each

he_ro's grave. Peace to each manly soul that sleep_eth! Rest to each

Peace Peace Rest to each

faith_ful eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

eye _ _ _ that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

p *Cres* *pp* *p*

We're fall'n up _ on gloo _ my days; Star af _ ter star de _ cays:

Ev'_ ry bright name, that shed Light o'er the land, is fled.

p

Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth Lost joy or hope that ne'er returneth;

Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth Lost joy that ne'er returneth;

Cres *p*

But brightly flows the tear Wept o'er a he_ro's bier! Dark falls the

Dark falls the

But brightly flows the tear Wept o'er a he_ro's bier! Dark falls the

Dark

tear of him who mourneth Lost joy or hope, that ne'er return_eth;

tear which mourneth Lost joy or hope, return_eth;

tear of him who mourneth Lost joy or hope, return_eth;

Dark Lost joy that ne'er - - - return_eth;

But bright_ly flows the tear Wept o'er a hero's bier!

But bright_ly flows the tear Wept o'er a hero's bier!

But bright_ly flows the tear Wept o'er a hero's bier!

But bright_ly flows the tear Wept o'er a hero's bier!

p *Dim* *pp*

Oh! quench'd are our bea_con lights, Thou, of the hundred fights!

Thou, on whose burn_ing tongue Truth, peace, and freedom, hung!

But mute— but, long as Va_lour shin_eth, Or Mer_cy's

But mute— but, long as Va_lour shin_eth, Or Mer_cy's

soul at war re_pineth, So long shall E_rin's pride Tell how they

soul re_pineth, So long shall E_rin's pride Tell how they

p

liv'd and died! Both mute— but, long as Va_lour shineth,

Both mute— but, while Love shineth,

liv'd and died! Both mute— but, long as Va_lour shineth,

mute— mute—

Cres

Or Mer _ cy's soul at war re _ pin_eth, So long shall

Or Mercy's soul re _ pineth, So long shall

Or Mer _ cy's soul re _ pineth, So long shall

Or Mercy's soul _ _ _ re _ pineth, So long _ shall

Dim p

E _ _ rin's pride Tell how they liv'd and died!

E _ _ rin's pride Tell how they liv'd and died!

E _ _ rin's pride Tell how they liv'd and died!

E _ _ rin's pride Tell _ _ _ how they liv'd and died!

p f Dim

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED

AIR—*The dear Black Maid.*

I.

HOW oft has the Benshee cried!
How oft has Death untied
Bright links that Glory wove,
Sweet bonds entwin'd by Love!
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth!
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth!
Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave!

II.

We're fall'n upon glo my days*;
Star after star decays:
Ev'ry bright name, that shed
Light o'er the land, is fled.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy or hope, that ne'er returneth;
But brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er the hero's bier!

III.

Oh! quench'd are our beacon-lights,
Thou†, of the hundred fights!
Thou, on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom, hung‡!
Both mute—but, long as Valour shineth,
Or Mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they liv'd and died!

* I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this Work, to allude to that sad and ominous fatality, by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

† This designation, which has been applied to LORD NELSON before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Guive, the Bard of O'Nial, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," Page 433:—"Con, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories!"

‡ FOX, "ultimus Romanorum."

WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

AIR—*Garyone.*

I.

WE may roam thro' this world like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest,
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings, and be off to the west;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own Green Isle
For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

II.

In England the garden of Beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery, plac'd within call;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd, after all.
Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells,
Which warns the touch while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

III.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye!
While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
Ever-smiling beside his faithful oar,
Thro' billows of woe and beams of joy,
The same as he look'd when he left the shore
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

We may roam thro' this World.

Merrily

We may roam thro' this world like a child at a feast, Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest, And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east, We may order our wings and be off to the west; But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile, Are the dearest gifts that Heav'n supplies, We

never need leave our own Green Isle For sen_si_tive heart and for

sun-bright eyes.Then remember wher_ever your goblet is crown'd, Thro' this

world whether eastward or westward you roam,When a cup to the smile of dear

woman goes round, Oh! remember the smile which a_dorns her at home.

Eveleen's Bower.

Plaintively

Oh! weep for the hour, When to Eveleen's bow'r The Lord of the Valley with false vows came; The moon hid her light From the Heavens that night, And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame. The clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon And Heav'n smil'd a_gain with her ves_tal flame; But none will see the day When the clouds shall pass a_way, Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

lentando

2d VERSE.

The white snow lay On the narrow pathway, Where the Lord of the Val_ley crost o_ver the moor; And

many a deep print On the white snow's tint Shew'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door. The

next sun's ray Soon melted a_way Ev'ry trace on the path where the false Lord came; But

lentando

there's a light above, Which a_lone can remove That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

Evelen's Bower.

Harmonized for Three Voices.

Plaintively

Oh! weep for the hour, When to E_ve_leen's bow'r The

Lord of the Valley with false vows came; The moon hid her light From the

Heaven's that night, And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

First Voice

The clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon, And

Tenor & Notes lower

The clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon, And

Bass

The clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon, And

Piano Forte

Heav'n smil'd a_gain with her ves_tal flame; But none will see the day When the

Heav'n smil'd a_gain with her ves_tal flame; But no - - - - the

Heav'n smil'd a_gain with her ves_tal flame; But none will see the day When the

lentando

clouds shall pass a_way, Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

clouds ne'er pass a_way, Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

clouds pass a_way, Which that hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

lentando

2d VERSE.

The white snow lay On the nar_row path_ _ way, Where the

Lord of the Val_ley crost o_ver the moor; And many a deep print On the

white snows tint Shew'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door

The next sun's ray Soon melted a_way Ev'ry trace on the path where the

The next sun's ray Soon melted a_way Ev'ry trace on the path where the

The next sun's ray Soon melted a_way Ev'ry trace on the path where the

false Lord came; But there's a light above, Which a_lone can remove That

false Lord came; But there's a light a_bove, can remove That

false Lord came; But there's a light a_bove, Which a_lone can remove That

lentando

stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

stain upon fair Eveleen's fame.

lentando

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

AIR—*Unknown**.

I.

OH! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the Heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.
The clouds past soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And Heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame

II.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way
Where the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Shew'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.
The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Ev'ry trace on the path where the false Lord came;
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame

* Our claim to this Air has been disputed; but they, who are best acquainted with National Melodies, pronounce it to be Irish. It is generally known by the name of "The Pretty Girl of Derby, O!"

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

Air—*The Red Fox.*

I.

LET Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her,
When Malachi wore the collar of gold*,
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her Kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights† to danger,
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

II.

On Lough-Neagh's bank‡, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining!
Thus shall Memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look thro' the waves of Time
For the long-faded glories they cover!

---

* "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the 10th Century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their Champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a Collar of Gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the Sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."
WARNER'S HISTORY OF IRELAND, Vol. I. Book 9.

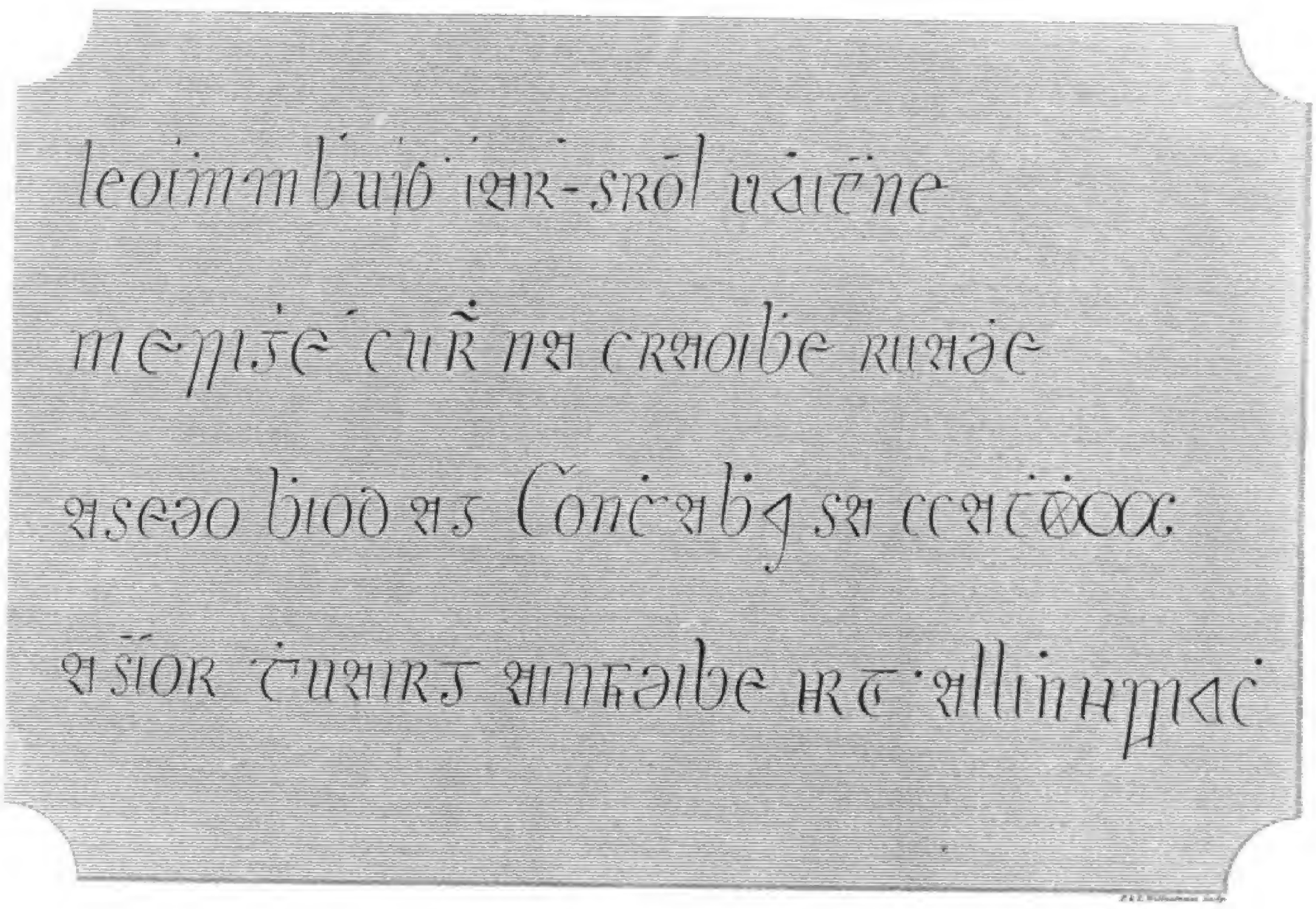
† "Military Orders of Knights were very early established in Ireland: long before the Birth of CHRIST we find an hereditary Order of Chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the Palace of the Ulster Kings, called *Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch; and contiguous to which was a large Hospital, founded for the sick Knights and Soldiers, called *Bron-bhearg*, or the House of the Sorrowful Soldier."
O'HALLORAN'S INTRODUCTION, &c. Part I. Chap. 5.

The Inscription upon Connor's Tomb (for the Fac-Simile of which I am indebted to Mr. Murphy, Chaplain of the late Lady Moira) has not believe, been noticed by any Antiquarian or Traveller.

‡ It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough-Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water:—"*Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste, sereno tempore conspiciunt et extraneis transeuntibus reique causas admirantibus frequenter ostenaunt.*"
TOPOGR. HIB. DIST. 2. C. 9.

Fac Simile

of an ancient Irish Inscription upon a Tombstone in the Abbey of Multifernon, County of Westmeath, Ireland.



Translation

A yellow Lion upon green Sattin
The Standard of the Heroes of the Red Branch
Which Conor carried in Battle
During his frequent Wars for the expulsion of Foreigners.

Let Erin remember the days of Old.

Grand and Spirited

Let Erin remember the days of old, Ere her faith_less sons be_
tray'd her, When Ma_lachi wore the collar of gold, Which he won from her proud in_
va_der; When her Kings, with standard of green unfurl'd, Led the Red-Branch Knights to
danger, Ere the emerald gem of the western world Was set in the crown of a stranger.

Let Erin remember the days of Old.

Harmonized for Three Voices.

Grand and Spirited

1st Treble

Let Erin remember the days of old, Ere her faith _ less sons be _

2nd Treble

Let Erin remember the days of old, Ere her faithless sons be _

Bass

Let Erin remember the days of old, Ere her faith _ less sons be _

Piano Forte

p

tray'd her, When Ma _ la _ chi wore the collar of gold, Which he

tray'd her, When Ma _ la _ chi wore the collar of gold, Which he

tray'd her, When Ma _ la _ chi wore the collar of gold, Which he

won from her proud in_vad_er When her Kings with standard of

won from her proud in_vad_er When her Kings with standard of

won from her proud in_vad_er When her Kings with standard of

green unfurl'd, Led the Red-Branch Knights to dan_ger, Ere the

green unfurl'd, Led the Red-Branch Knights the Knights to dan_ger, Ere the

green unfurl'd, Led the Red-Branch Knights the Knights to dan_ger, Ere the

emerald gem of the western world Was set in the crown of a stranger.

emerald gem of the western world Was set in the crown of a stranger.

emerald gem of the western world Was set in the crown of a stranger.

f *p* *f* *hr*

2.d VERSE.

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eve's de_

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eve's de_

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eve's de_

pia

clin_ _ing, He sees the round tow'rs of o_ther days In the

clin_ _ing, He sees the round tow'rs of o_ther days In the

clin_ _ing, He sees the round tow'rs of o_ther days In the

wave be_neath him shin_ _ing! Thus shall Mem'_ry of_ten, in

hr

wave be_neath him shin_ _ing! Thus shall Mem'ry often, in

wave be_neath him shin_ _ing! Thus shall Mem'ry often, in

dreams sub_lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o_ver; Thus

dreams sub_lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o_ver; Thus

dreams sub_lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o_ver; Thus

sighing, look thro' the waves of Time For the long_faded glories they co_ver!

sighing, look thro' the waves of Time For the long_faded glories they co_ver!

sighing, look thro' the waves of Time For the long_faded glories they co_ver!

for *pia* *for* *h*

Scotch. Moyle be the roar of thy water.

Mournfully

Si_lent, oh Moyle! be the roar of thy water, Break not, ye breez_es! your chain of repose, While,

murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter Tells to the nightstar her tale of woes.

When shall the Swan, her death-note singing, Sleep with wings in darkness furl'd?

When will Heav'n, its sweet bell ringing, Call my spirit from this stormy world?

p

hr *Cres* *p* *pp*

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA*.

AIR—*Arrah, my dear Eveleen.*

I.

SILENT, oh Moyle! be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes! your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the Swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep with wings in darkness furl'd?
When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

II.

Sadly, oh Moyle! to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay!
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

* To make this story intelligible in a Song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a Swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers of Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.——I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of MOIRA.

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

AIR—*We brought the Summer with us.*

I.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;
This moment's a flower too fair and brief
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue;
But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

II.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valu'd and try'd,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the hearts and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

Come send round the Wine.

Spirited

pia for pia for pia

Come, send round the wine and leave points of belief To

sim_ple_ton sa_ges and reas'n_ing fools; This mo_ment's a

flow'r too fair and brief, To be wither'd and stain'd by the

Scherzand

più

dust of the schools, Your glass may be pur_ple and mine may be

blue; But while they're both fill'd from the same bright bowl, The

fool that would quarrel for diff'rence of hue De_

serves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

for pia for

hr

for pia

Sublime was the warning which Liberty spoke.

With Spirit

Sub_lime was the warning which Li_ber_ty spoke, And grand was the moment when

Spaniards awoke Into life and revenge from the Conqueror's chain! Oh,

Liberty! let not this spirit have rest Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west-Give the

light of your look to each sorrowing spot, Nor, oh! be the Shamrock of Erin forgot, While you

add to your garland the Olive of Spain!

2.d VERSE.

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights, Give to country its charm, and to home its de_lights; If de_ceit be a wound and sus_picion a stain; Then, ye men of L_beria! our cause is the same-And, oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name, Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death, Than to turn his last sigh in_to Victory's breath. For the Shamrock of E_rin and O_live of Spain!

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

AIR—*The Black Joke.*

I

SUBLIME was the warning which Liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the Conqueror's chain!
Oh, Liberty! let not this spirit have rest
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west—
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor, oh! be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain!

II.

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
Give to country its charm and to home its delights;
If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
Then, ye men of Iberia! our cause is the same—
And, oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into Victory's breath
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

III.

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in vain,
Breathe a hope that the magical flame, which you light,
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright;
And forgive even Albion, while, blushing, she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

IV.

God prosper the cause!—Oh! it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel and its rights to maintain;
Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
The finger of glory shall point where they lie;
While far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young Spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

AIR—*My Lodging is on the cold Ground.*

I.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,—
Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still!

II.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!
Oh! the heart, that has truly lov'd, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

Believe me if all those endearing young Charms.

With Feeling

Be_lieve me, if all those en_dearing young charms, Which I gaze on so fondly to day, Were to change by to_morrow, and fleet in my arms, Like fairy-gifts, fading a_way,- Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art, Let thy loveliness fade as it will; And a_round the dear ruin each wish of my heart Would en_twine itself verdantly still!

Believe me if all those endearing young Charms,

Harmonized for Two Voices.

With Feeling

Treble

Be_lieve me, if all those endearing young charms, Which I gaze on so

Tenor
8. Notes lower

Be_lieve me, if all those endearing young charms, Which I gaze on so

Piano Forte

fondly to day, Were to change by to_morrow, and fleet in my arms, Like

fondly to day, Were to change by to_morrow, and fleet in my arms, Like

fai_ry gifts fading a _ way,— Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art, Let thy

fai_ry gifts fading a _ way,— Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art, Let thy

loveliness fade as it will; And a_round the dear ruin each wish of my heart Would en_

loveliness fade as it will; And a_round the dear ruin each wish of my heart Would en_

twine itself verdantly still!

twine itself verdantly still!

pia

2d VERSE.

It is not while beauty and youth are thy own, And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a

It is not while beauty and youth are thy own, And thy cheeks unpro_fan'd by a

tear, That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more

tear, That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more

dear! Oh! the heart which has truly lov'd never forgets But as tru_ly loves on to the

dear! Oh! the heart which has truly lov'd never forgets But as tru_ly loves on to the

close; As the sun-flow_er turns to her god, when he sets, The same look which she

close; As the sun-flower turns to her god, when he sets, The same look which she

turn'd when he rose!

turn'd when he rose!

pia

A Catalogue

OF

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,

PUBLISHED BY

J. POWER, 34, STRAND, LONDON.

A SELECTION OF

IRISH MELODIES

WITH

SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

FOR

THE PIANO-FORTE,

BY

SIR JOHN STEVENSON, MUS. DOC.

AND

HENRY R. BISHOP, ESQ.

THE WORDS BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

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Carolan's Concerto
The pleasant Rocks
Planxty Drury
The Beardless Boy
Go where Glory waits thee
Remember the Glories of Brien the Brave
Erin! the Tear and the Smile in thine Eyes
Oh! breathe not his name
When he who adores thee
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls
Fly not yet!
Oh! think not my Spirits are always as light
Tho' the last Glimpse of Erin
Rich and rare were the Gems she wore
As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may glow
The Meeting of the Waters

No. II.—Price 15*s*.—*Containing*

St. Senanus and the Lady
How dear to me the Hour
Take back the virgin Page
The Legacy—(When in Death I shall calm recline)
The Dirge—(How oft has the Benshee cried!)
We may roam thro' this World
Eveleen's Bower—(Oh! weep for the Hour)
Let Erin remember the Days of old
Silent, oh Moyle! be the Roar of thy Waters
Come, send round the Wine
Sublime was the Warning
Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms

No. III.—Price 15*s*.—*Containing*

Cean dubh Delish
The snowy-breasted Pearl
Planxty Johnstone
Captain Megan
Erin, oh! Erin—(Like the bright Lamp)
Drink to her
Oh! blame not the Bard
While gazing on the Moon's Light
When Daylight was yet sleeping under the Billow
Before the Battle—(By the Hope within us springing)
After the Battle
Oh! 'tis sweet to think
The Irish Peasant to his Mistress
When thro' Life unblest we rove
It is not the Tear at this Moment shed
'Tis believ'd that this Harp

No. IV.—Price 15*s*.—*Containing*

Love's young Dream—(Oh! the Days are gone)
The Prince's Day—(Tho' dark are our Sorrows)
Weep on, weep on
Lesbia hath a beaming Eye
I saw thy Form in youthful Prime
By that Lake whose gloomy Shore
She is far from the Land
Nay, tell me not
Avenging and bright
What the Bee is to the Floweret
Love and the Novice (Here we dwell in holiest Bowers)
This Life is all chequer'd

No. V.—Price 15*s*.—*Containing*

Thro' Erin's Isle
At the mid Hour of Night
One Bumper at Parting!
'Tis the last Rose of Summer
The young May Moon
The Minstrel Boy
The Valley lay smiling before me
Oh! had we some bright little Isle
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the Hour
Oh! doubt me not
You remember Ellen
I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me

No. VI.—Price 15*s*.—*Containing*

Come o'er the Sea
Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded?
No, not more welcome
When first I met thee
While History's Muse
The Time I've lost in wooing
Oh! where's the Slave?
Come, rest in this Bosom
'Tis gone, and for ever
I saw from the Beach
Fill the Bumper fair
Dear Harp of my Country

No. VII.—Price 15*s*.—*Containing*

My gentle Harp! once more I waken
As slow our ship her foamy Track
In the Morning of Life, when its Cares are unknown
When cold in the Earth lies the Friend thou hast lov'd
Remember thee! yes, while there's Life in this Heart
Wreath the Bowl
Whene'er I see those smiling Eyes
If thou'lt be mine, the Treasures of Air
To Ladies' Eyes a Round, Boy
Forget not the Field where they perish'd
They may rail at this Life
Oh for the Swords of former Time!

No. VIII.—Price 15*s*.—*Containing*

Ne'er ask the Hour
Sail on, sail on
The Parallel
Drink of this Cup
The Fortune-teller
Oh ye Dead!
O'Donohue's Mistress
The Echo
Oh banquet not
Thee, thee, only thee
Shall the Harp, then, be silent?
Oh the Sight entrancing

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Oft in the stilly night ..... *Scotch*
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Love is a hunter-boy ..... *Languedocian*
My harp has one unchanging theme *Swedish*
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Go then—'tis vain ..... *Sicilian*
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Peace to the Slumberers..... *Catalonian*
Row gently here ..... *Venetian*
Say what shall be our sport to-day *Sicilian*
See the dawn from Heaven .... *Italian*
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When Love was a Child ..... *Swedish*
When thou shalt wander..... *Sicilian*
Who'll buy my Love-knots.... *Portuguese*

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Go now and dream .....*Sicilian*
Here sleeps the Bard .....*Highland*
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Nets and cages.....*Swedish*
Take hence the Bowl .....*Neapolitan*
Though 'tis all but a dream ..*French*
'Tis when the cup is smiling..*Italian*
When the first summer Bee ..*German*
When through the Piazetta ..*Venetian*
Where shall we bury our shame *Neapolitan*

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Weep not for those
The Turf shall be my fragrant Shrine
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Go, let me weep
Come not, oh Lord!
Were not the sinful Mary's Tears
As down in the sunless Retreats
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Strike the Harp
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I crossed in its beauty thy Dee's Druid water
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The Lament of the Last Druid
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And thou art young	*King*	2	0
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Araby's daughter	*Kiallmark*	2	0
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Be gay! be gay!	*Stevenson*	2	0
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Obey!	*Horn*	1	6
Oh! come, sweet lass!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Oh! fair as the seaflower	*Welsh*	2	0
Oh! fate in pity	*Horn*	1	6
Oh! give me the heart that is cheerful	*Cooke*	1	6
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Oh! never from the maid depart	*King*	1	0
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Oh! Patrick	*Bishop*	2	0
Oh! remember the time	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! see those cherries	*Ditto*	2	0
Oh! smile not thus	*Smith*	1	6
Oh! soon return	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! turn away those mournful eyes	*Stevenson*	1	6
Oh! white is the snow	*Kelly*	2	0
Oh! why should the girl of my soul	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! Woman!!	*Ditto*	2	0
Oh! woods of green Erin	*Doyle*	2	0
Oh! would I ne'er had seen thee!	*Stevenson*	1	0
Oh! yes—so well, so tenderly	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! yes, when the bloom	*Ditto*	2	0
One dear smile	*Moore*	2	0
Orator Puff	*Ditto*	1	6
Orphan boy	*Smith*	2	0
O softly sleep!	*Ditto*	2	0
Paddy in London	*Irish Air*	1	0
Paddy the piper	*Ditto*	1	0
Pangs of absence	*Philipps*	1	6
Parting hour is come, love	*Doyle*	2	0
Parting look she gave	*Turnbull*	2	0
Pleasures of Brighton	*Horn*	1	6
Plumed casque	*Kelly*	1	6
Poh! Dermot, go 'long with your goster	*T. M., Esq.*	1	6
Pray, Goody!		1	0
Pretty Sophy	*Bishop*	2	0
Probability	*T. M., Esq.*	1	6
Rabbinical origin of woman	*Moore*	1	6
Ray that beams for ever	*Kelly*	2	0
Remembrances	*Mrs. Mc Mullan*	2	0
Return, my love	*Stevenson*	2	0
Roderigh Vich-Alpine	*Horn*	1	6
Roll, drums, merrily	*Cooke*	1	0
Rose of affection	*Stevenson*	1	6
Sale of loves	*Moore*	2	0
Savoyard's return	*Dr. Clarke*	2	0
Say, pretty weeping figure	*Stevenson*	1	6
Scenes of my childhood	*Bishop*	2	0
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled		1	0
Sea Boy's Dream	*Smith*	2	6
Send the bowl round merrily	*Moore*	1	0
Soft breezes breathing	*Stevenson*	1	6
Soft Zephyr	*Dr. Clarke*	1	6
Soldier, rest!	*Kemp*	1	6
Spanish patriots	*Parry*	1	0
Spirit of joy	*Moore*	2	0
Spirit's song	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Stay, one moment stay!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Summer	*Ditto*	2	0
Sweetest moments life allows	*Kelly*	1	6
Sweet is love	*Doyle*	2	0
Sweet is the beam of morning	*Dallas*	2	0
Sweet is the dream	*Stevenson*	1	6
Sweet lady! look not thus	*Ditto*	2	0
Sweet minstrel, sing!	*Ditto*	1	6
Sweet robin		1	6
Sweet Rose, come away!	*Dibdin*	1	6
Sweet seducer	*Moore*	1	6
Tablet of love	*Stevenson*	2	0
Take back the sigh	*Moore*	2	0
Tarry, ye moments	*Kelly*	1	6

		s.	d.
Taste life's glad moments	*Walmisley*	1	6
That shepherd, sure, is he	*Stevenson*	1	6
There's not a joy this world can give	*Ditto*	2	0
There's the bower	*Ditto*	1	6
They bid me sleep	*Kemp*	1	6
Think no more, love, of our parting	*Clifton*	2	0
Tho' far from thee I'm roving	*Dallas*	2	0
Tho' fate, my girl	*Stevenson*	1	6
Tho' gaily smiles the opening spring	*Kelly*	1	6
Tho' winter frowns	*Horn*	1	0
Thou hast sent me a flowery band	*Moore*	1	6
Thunder-bolt frigate	*Horn*	1	6
Thy gentle manners	*Attwood*	2	0
Thyrsis	*Stevenson*	1	6
Thyrza	*Walmisley*	3	0
'Tis love that should rule the breast	*Kelly*	1	6
'Tis Love, 'tis Love		1	0
'Tis wine alone can banish care	*Stevenson*	1	6
To Julia, weeping	*Ditto*	1	0
Toll not the bell	*Dallas*	2	0
To love thee	*Mrs. Opie*	1	6
To the brook and the willow	*Stevenson*	1	6
Too soon the flowers of spring may fade	*Kelly*	1	6
Triumph of Russia	*Ditto*	2	6
Trumpet of glory	*Moore*	2	0
'Twas his own voice	*Stevenson*	2	0
'Twas on a wild and lonely	*Kelly*	1	6
Tyrolese song	*Moore*	2	0
Ulrica	*Cooke*	1	0
Vittoria	*Ditto*	2	0
Wake, maid of Lorn	*Stevenson*	2	0
Waters of Elle	*Stevenson*		
What's life unblest with Love	*Ditto*	1	6
When a man weds	*Horn*	1	6
Whence can you inherit		1	0
When Charles was deceived	*Moore*	2	0
When fickle man for woman sighs	*Kelly*	1	6
When from thy sight, love	*Ditto*	1	6
When I first told my Rosa I lov'd	*Ditto*	2	0
When I think of my own green glen	*Turnbull*	1	6
When I went for a soldier	*Horn*	1	6
When Leila touch'd the lute	*Moore*	2	0
When love gets in the youthful brain	*Horn*	1	6
When love and truth together play'd	*Philipps*	1	6
When love was fresh from his cradle	*West*	1	6
When midst the gay	*Moore*	2	0
When night was spreading o'er me	*Stevenson*	2	0
When storms disturb old ocean's bed	*King*	1	0
When the days of the summer	*Kiallmark*	2	0
When the girl of my heart	*Dr. Clarke*	2	0
When the rose-bud of summer	*Stevenson*	2	0
When time, who steals	*Moore*	2	0
When twilight dews	*Stevenson*	2	0
When woe on the bosom of mercy	*Howell*	1	0
While parted from the youth	*King*	1	6
Whilst I listen to thy voice	*Stevenson*	2	0
Whilst on the beach I wander	*Doyle*	2	0
White rose of honor	*Kelly*	1	6
Who would not love?	*Cooke*	2	0
Why comes he not	*Smith*	1	6
William and Jannett	*Sanderson*	1	0
Will you come to the bower?	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Wilt thou say farewell, love?	*Moore*	2	0
Winds, whisper gently	*Stevenson*	2	0
Woman's power ending never	*Kearns*	1	0
Woman's smile	*Parry*	1	6
Woman, who conquers all	*Cooke*	1	6
Woodbine cottage	*Stevenson*	2	0
Woodman's cot	*Kelly*	1	0
Woodpecker	*Ditto*	2	0
Wreath you wove	*Moore*	1	6
Ye banks and braes, (*new edition*)	*Burns*	1	0
Ye light forms of fancy	*Kelly*	1	6
Yes, it is, love!	*Clifton*	1	6
Yes, thro' the wide world	*Mrs.* ——	1	0
Young Jessica	*Moore*	2	0
Young love	*Ditto*	2	0
Young son of chivalry	*King*	1	6
Youth I adore	*Cooke*	1	6
Youth is but short	*Dallas*	2	0
You watch'd the sun's ray	*Welsh Air*	1	0
Zounds, my lad	*Cooke*	1	0

DUETTS.

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Alas! poor Lubin	*Stevenson*	1	6
As with slow-moving oar	*King*	2	0
Catherine	*Lady C. Stewart*	2	0
Chieftain	*Stevenson*	2	0
Chink-a-chink	*Horn*	1	6
Come, friendly night	*Livius*	1	6
Come, all ye youths	*Harris*	2	0
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Dragon fly	*Smith*	2	0
Dress, with me, the myrtle bower	*Stevenson*	1	6
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Faithful love	*Parry*	2	0
Fare thee well!	*Ditto*	2	0
Flowers in the east	*Kelly*	2	0
Heave one sigh	*Horn*	1	0
Here is the lip	*Moore*	2	0
He 's gone, ah! me	*Kemp*	2	0
How happy pass'd morn's pleasant dream	*Sanderson*	1	6
If fortune smile	*Kelly*	1	6
In search of glory	*Cooke*	2	6
Invest my head with fragrant rose	*Stevenson*	2	0
Joys that pass away	*Moore*	2	0
Lady, by Cupid's darts I swear	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Life-boat	*Moore*	2	6
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Love in thine eyes (*new edition*)	*Jackson*	1	0
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Love, wand'ring thro' the golden maze	*Ditto*	2	0
Mourn not, silly mortals	*Stevenson*	2	0
Nights of music	*Moore*	2	6
No! never shall my soul forget	*Stevenson*	2	6
Now bright July to pleasure calls	*Horn*	2	0
O dinna weep	*J. M. Harris*	2	0
Our first young love	*Moore*	2	0
Peace!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Send home those long strayed eyes	*Ditto*	1	6
Should we be forced to part	*Cooke*	2	0
Song of war	*Moore*	2	0
Sparkling fountains	*Stevenson*	2	0
Surprise	*Ditto*	1	6
Tell me where is fancy bred?	*Ditto*	2	0
Ditto ditto	*Arranged by Bishop*	2	0
That I no longer wish to rove	*Stevenson*	1	6
Think on me	*Ditto*	2	0
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Tit bits	*Cooke*	1	6
Together let us range the fields	*Dr. Boyce*	1	6
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Wake thee, my dear	*Moore*	2	0
Warrior's soul is all in arms!	*Cooke*	2	6
Well-a-day!	*Horn*	1	0
When in languor sleeps the heart	*Stevenson*	2	0
When Jove from the skies	*Horn*	1	6
When war unfurls his banner bright	*King*	1	6
Where is the light from Lara's tower?	*Stevenson*	2	6
While parted from the youth I love	*King*	1	6
Wilt thou say farewell, love?	*Bishop*	2	0
Wine to cheer	*Parry*	1	6
Would you gain by art?	*Kelly*	1	6
Young rose	*Moore*	2	0

GLEES.

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Allen-a-Dale	*Horn*	2	6
And will he not come again	*Stevenson*	1	6
Archer's glee	*Ditto*	1	6
Awake! Apollo calls	*Ditto*	1	6
Banks of Allanwater	*Hawes*	2	6
Blithe are the bowers of Mosellai	*Kelly*	2	0
Blest were the days	*Stevenson*	2	6
Boat trio—"Row gently, row"	*Ditto*	2	0
Buds of Roses	*Ditto*	2	6
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Come, buy my cherries, &c.	*Ditto*	2	0
Come, follow me	*Ditto*	5	0
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Doubt thou the stars are fire	*Stevenson*	1	6
Ella	*Ditto*	2	6
Fairy glee	*Ditto*	5	0
Fair and False	*Lord Burghersh*	2	0
Fill, fill the goblet	*Aylmer*	1	6
Finland love-song	*Moore*	2	6
Give me the harp	*Stevenson*	5	0
Happy love	*Ditto*	2	0
Hark! the bell is ringing	*Ditto*	2	0
Hark! thro' the long resounding halls	*King*	1	6
Here's the bower	*Stevenson*	2	6
Hermits	*Ditto*	3	0
Holy be the pilgrim's sleep	*Moore*	5	0
I mark'd not eyes	*Stevenson*	2	0
Lonely isle	*Horn*	3	0
Merrily O!	*Stevenson*	2	6
Mountain cot	*Richards*	2	0
Nor throne of state	*Kelly*	1	6
Now is the merry month of May	*Stevenson*	5	0
Now let the warrior wave his sword	*Moore*	2	6
Now the star of day is high	*Stevenson*	3	0
Ocean king	*West*	2	6
Oh! lady fair!	*Moore*	3	0
Oh! stay, sweet fair	*Stevenson*	3	0
Oh! tell me, pilgrims	*Ditto*	2	6
Raise the song	*Stevenson*	1	6
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Sigh not thus, oh! simple boy	*Moore*	1	6
Sir Rowland the brave	*Stevenson*	2	6
Soldier, rest!	*Kemp*	2	6
Song that lightens the languid way	*Moore*	3	0
Spirit of Bliss	*Lord Burghersh*	3	0
Sweet lady, look not thus again	*Stevenson*	3	0
This is love	*Moore*	2	6
Ting-a-tingle	*Horn*	2	0
Tis done! the fatal deed	*Lord Burghersh*	2	6
To the brook and the willow	*Stevenson*	2	6
To thy lover	*Ditto*	2	0
Under the greenwood tree	*Ditto*	2	6
Under the hawthorn tree	*Ditto*	1	6
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We fairy folk	*Stevenson*	2	0
When time, who steals our years	*Phelps*	2	6
Where shall the lover rest?	*Stevenson*	2	6
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Wood nymph	*Smith*	2	6
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A SELECTION

OF

IRISH MELODIES,

WITH

Symphonies and Accompaniments

BY

Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.

AND

CHARACTERISTIC WORDS

BY

Thomas Moore Esq.

No. III. PRICE 15s.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY J. POWER, 34, STRAND.

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Mrs. Grant
532

Stevenson

Advertisement.

IN presenting the Third Number of this Work to the Public, POWER begs leave to offer his acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage with which it has been honoured; and to express a hope that the unabated zeal of those who have hitherto so admirably conducted it will enable him to continue it through many future Numbers with equal spirit, variety, and taste. The stock of popular Melodies is far from being exhausted; and there is still in reserve an abundance of beautiful Airs, which call upon Mr. MOORE, in the language he so well understands, to save them from the oblivion to which they are hastening.

POWER respectfully trusts he will not be thought presumptuous in saying, that he feels proud, as an Irishman, in even the very subordinate share which he can claim in promoting a Work so creditable to the talents of the Country—a Work, which, from the spirit of nationality it breathes, will do more, he is convinced, towards liberalizing the feelings of society, and producing that brotherhood of sentiment which it is so much our interest to cherish, than could ever be effected by the arguments of wise, but uninteresting, politicians.

The IRISH MELODIES will be continued in Numbers, containing each Twelve Airs, several of which will be arranged as Duets, Trios, *&c.*; and, with one of the succeeding Numbers, a List of the original Subscribers will be published.

J. POWER will be much obliged by the communication of any original Melodies which may have escaped his research, and which are worthy of a place in this Selection.

Printed by W. CLOWES,
Northumberland-court, Strand, London.


A Selection
of
IRISH MELODIES,
with Symphonies and
Accompaniments
by
SIR JOHN STEVENSON Mus. Doc.
and Characteristic Words by
Thomas Moore Esq.
Third Number.
Price 15 Shill.gs
London, Published by J. Power, 34, Strand.

To the

Nobility and Gentry of Ireland.

The following Work

Is respectfully Inscribed

By

The Publisher.

Sabatier sc. 5 Strand

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TO

THE THIRD NUMBER

INDEX

TO

THE HARMONIZED AIRS.

A Prefatory Letter

TO

THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF D——.

WHILE the Publisher of these Melodies very properly inscribes them to the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland in general, I have much pleasure in selecting *one* from that number, to whom *my* share of the Work is particularly dedicated. Though your Ladyship has been so long absent from Ireland, I know that you remember it well and warmly—that you have not allowed the charm of English society, like the taste of the lotus, to produce oblivion of your country, but that even the humble tribute which I offer here, derives its chief claim upon your interest from the appeal which it makes to your patriotism. Indeed absence, however fatal to some affections of the heart, rather strengthens our love for the land where we were born; and Ireland is the country, of all others, which an exile must remember with enthusiasm. Those few darker and less amiable traits, with which bigotry and misrule have stained her character, and which are too apt to disgust us upon a nearer intercourse, become softened at a distance, or altogether invisible, and nothing is remembered but her virtues and her misfortunes—the zeal with which she has always loved liberty, and the barbarous policy which has always withheld it from her—the ease with which her generous spirit might be conciliated, and the cruel ingenuity which has been exerted to "wring her into undutifulness*."

It has often been remarked, and oftener felt, that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament, to shake off, or forget, the wrongs which lie upon it:—such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and there are many airs, which, I think, it is difficult to listen to, without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems peculiarly applicable. Sometimes, when the strain is open and spirited, yet shaded here and there by a mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose†, marching to the aid of the royal cause, notwithstanding all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of their present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit for ever the land of their birth (like the bird that abandons the nest, which human touch has violated); and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile‡, mingling regret for the ties which he leaves at home, with sanguine expectations of the honours that await him abroad—such honours as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day in favour of the French, and extorted from George the Second that memorable exclamation, "Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!"

Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and perhaps we may look no further than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains, which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and which were applied to the mind, as music was formerly to the body,

---

* A phrase which occurs in a letter from the Earl of Desmond to the Earl of Ormond, in Elizabeth's time.—*Serinia Sacra*, as quoted by Curry.

† There are some gratifying accounts of the gallantry of these Irish auxiliaries in "The Complete History of the Wars in Scotland under Montrose" (1660). See particularly, for the conduct of an Irishman at the battle of Aberdeen, chap. 6. p. 49; and, for a tribute to the bravery of Colonel O'Kyan, chap. 7. p. 55. Clarendon owns that the Marquis of Montrose was indebted for much of his miraculous success to this small band of Irish heroes under Macdonnel.

‡ The associations of the Hindû Music, though more obvious and defined, were far less touching and characteristic. They divided their songs according to the seasons of the year, by which (says Sir William Jones) "they were able to recall the memory of autumnal merriment at the close of the harvest, or of separation and melancholy during the cold months," &c.—*Asiatic Transactions*, vol. 3. on the Musical Modes of the Hindûs.—What the Abbé du Bos says of the symphonies of Lully may be asserted with much more probability of our bold and impassioned airs:—Elles auroient produit de ces effets, qui nous paroissent fabuleux dans le récit des anciens, si on les avoit fait en tendre à des hommes, d'un naturel aussi vif que les Athéniens.—*Reflexions sur la Peinture*, &c. tom. 1. sect. 45.

"decantare loca dolentia." Mr. Pinkerton is of opinion* that none of the Scotch popular airs is as old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and though musical antiquaries refer us, for some of our melodies, to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few, of a *civilized* description, (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage Ceanans, cries†, &c.) which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the Scotch. But music is not the only subject upon which our taste for antiquity is rather unreasonably indulged; and, however heretical it may be to dissent from these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love our country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that Irish was the language spoken in Paradise‡; that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks§; or that Abaris, the Hyperborean, was a native of the North of Ireland‖.

By some of these archaiologists it has been imagined that the Irish were early acquainted with counter-point¶; and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates, with such elaborate praise, upon the beauties of our national minstrelsy. But the terms of this eulogy are too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew any thing of the artifice of counter-point. There are many expressions in the Greek and Latin writers which might be cited, with much more plausibility, to prove that they understood the arrangement of music in parts**; yet I believe it is conceded in general by the learned, that, however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern Science to transmit the "light of Song" through the variegating prism of Harmony.

Indeed the irregular scale of the early Irish (in which, as in the music of Scotland, the interval of the fourth was wanting††) must have furnished but wild and refractory subjects to the harmonist. It was only when the invention of Guido began to be known, and the powers of the harp‡‡ were enlarged by additional strings, that our melodies took the sweet character

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* Dissertation, prefixed to the 2d volume of his Scottish Ballads.

† Of which some genuine specimens may be found at the end of Mr. Walker's work upon the Irish Bards. Mr. Bunting has disfigured his last splendid volume by too many of these barbarous rhapsodies.

‡ See Advertisement to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin.

§ O'Halloran, vol. 1, part 1, chap. 6.

‖ Id. ib. chap. 7.

¶ It is also supposed, but with as little proof, that they understood the *diesis*, or enharmonic interval. The Greeks seem to have formed their ears to this delicate gradation of sound; and, whatever difficulties or objections may lie in the way of its practical use, we must agree with Mersenne (Preludes de l'Harmonie, quest. 7), that the theory of music would be imperfect without it; and, even in practice (as Tosi, among others, very justly remarks, Observations on Florid Song, chap. 1. sect. 16), there is no good performer on the violin who does not make a sensible difference between D sharp and E flat, though, from the imperfection of the instrument, they are the same notes upon the piano-forte. The effect of modulation by enharmonic transitions is also very striking and beautiful.

** The words ποικιλια and ἑτεροφωνια in a passage of Plato, and some expressions of Cicero in Fragment, lib. 2. de Republ. induced the Abbé Fraguier to maintain that the ancients had a knowledge of counter-point. M. Burette, however, has answered him, I think, satisfactorily. (Examen d'un Passage de Platon, in the 3d vol. of Histoire de l'Acad.) M. Huet is of opinion (Pensées Diverses) that what Cicero says of the music of the spheres, in his Dream of Scipio, is sufficient to prove an acquaintance with harmony; but one of the strongest passages which I recollect in favour of the supposition occurs in the Treatise attributed to Aristotle, Περι Κοσμου—Μουσικη δι οξεις αμα και βαρεις, κ. τ. λ.

†† Another lawless peculiarity of our music is the frequency of what composers call consecutive fifths; but this is an irregularity which can hardly be avoided by persons not very conversant with the rules of composition; indeed, if I may venture to cite my own wild attempts in this way, it is a fault which I find myself continually committing; and which has sometimes appeared so pleasing to my ear, that I have surrendered it to the critic with considerable reluctance. May there not be a little pedantry in adhering too rigidly to this rule?—I have been told that there are instances in Haydn of an undisguised succession of fifths; and Mr. Shield, in his Introduction to Harmony, seems to intimate that Handel has been sometimes guilty of the same irregularity.

‡‡ A singular oversight occurs in an Essay upon the Irish Harp, by Mr. Beauford, which is inserted in the Appendix to Walker's Historical Memoirs.—"The Irish (says he), according to Bromton, in the reign of Henry II. had two kinds of harps, 'Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam,' the one greatly bold and quick, the other soft and pleasing."—How a learned gentleman, like Mr. Beauford could so mistake the meaning and mutilate the grammatical construction of this extract is unaccountable. The following is the passage, as I find it entire in Bromton; and it requires but little Latin to perceive the injustice which has been done to the words of the old Chronicler:—"Et cum Scotia, hujus terræ filia, utatur lyrâ, tympano et choro, ac Wallia cithara, tubis et choro, Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, *quamvis præcipitem et velocem suavem tamen et jucundam*, crispatis modulis et intricatis notulis, *efficiunt harmoniam*." Hist. Anglic. Script. p. 1075.—I should not have thought this error worth remarking, but that the compiler of the Dissertation on the Harp, prefixed to Mr. Bunting's last work, has adopted it implicitly.

which interests us at present; and, while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale*, our music became gradually more amenable to the laws of harmony and counterpoint.

In profiting, however, by the improvements of the moderns, our style still kept its originality sacred from their refinements; and, though Carolan had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of Geminiani and other masters, we but rarely find him sacrificing his native simplicity to ambition of their ornaments, or affectation of their science. In that curious composition, indeed, called his Concerto, it is evident that he laboured to imitate Corelli; and this union of manners so very dissimilar produces the same kind of uneasy sensation, which is felt at a mixture of different styles of architecture. In general, however, the artless flow of our music has preserved itself free from all tinge of foreign innovation†; and the chief corruptions of which we have to complain arise from the unskilful performance of our own itinerant musicians, from whom, too frequently, the airs are noted down, encumbered by their tasteless decorations, and responsible for all their ignorant anomalies. Though it be sometimes impossible to trace the original strain, yet in most of them, "auri per ramos *aura* refulget‡," the pure gold of the melody shines through the ungraceful foliage which surrounds it; and the most delicate and difficult duty of a compiler is to endeavour, as much as possible, by retrenching these inelegant superfluities, and collating the various methods of playing or singing each air, to restore the regularity of its form, and the chaste simplicity of its character.

I must again observe, that, in doubting the antiquity of our music, my scepticism extends but to those polished specimens of the art, which it is difficult to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement; and that I would by no means invalidate the claims of Ireland to as early a rank in the annals of minstrelsy, as the most zealous antiquary may be inclined to allow her. In addition, indeed, to the power which music must always have possessed over the minds of a people so ardent and susceptible, the stimulus of persecution was not wanting to quicken our taste into enthusiasm; the charms of song were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom; and the Acts against minstrels in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians, as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics.

With respect to the verses which I have written for these Melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung than read, I can answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than their sense: yet it would be affectation to deny that I have given much attention to the task; and that it is not through want of zeal or industry, if I unfortunately disgrace the sweet airs of my country by Poetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their energy, and their tenderness.

Though the humble nature of my contributions to this work may exempt them from the rigours of literary criticism, it was not to be expected that those touches of political feeling, those tones of national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathizes with the music, would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said that the tendency of this publication is mischievous§, and that I have chosen these airs but as a vehicle of dangerous politics—as fair and precious vessels (to borrow an image of St. Augustin ‖) from which the wine of error might be administered. To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see, in every effort for Ireland, a system of hostility towards England—to those, too, who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness; like that Demophon of old, who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered¶!—to such men I

* The Scotch lay claim to some of our best airs, but there are strong traits of difference between their melodies and ours. They had formerly the same passion for robbing us of our Saints; and the learned Dempster was, for this offence, called "The Saint-stealer." I suppose it was an Irishman, who, by way of reprisal, stole Dempster's beautiful wife from him at Pisa.—See this anecdote in the *Pinacotheca* of Erythræus, part 1, page 25.

† Among other false refinements of the art, our music (with the exception perhaps of the air called "Mamma, Mamma," and one or two more of the same ludicrous description) has avoided that puerile mimicry of natural noises, motions, &c. which disgraces so often the works of even the great Handel himself. D'Alembert ought to have had better taste than to become the patron of this imitative affectation.—*Discours Préliminaire de l'Encyclopédie.* The reader may find some good remarks on the subject in Avison upon Musical Expression, a work, which, though under the name of Avison, was written, it is said, by Dr. Brown.

‡ Virgil, Æneid, lib. 6. v. 204.

§ See Letters, under the signatures of Timæus, &c. in the *Morning Post*, *Pilot*, and other papers.

‖ "Non accuso verba, quasi vasa electa atque pretiosa; sed vinum erroris, quod cum eis nobis propinatur ab ebriis doctoribus."—Lib. 1. Confess. chap. 16.

¶ This emblem of modern bigots was head-butler (τραπεζοποιος) to Alexander the Great *Sext. Empir. Pyrrh. Hypoth.* Lib. 1.

shall not deign to apologize for the warmth of any political sentiment, which may occur in the course of these pages. But as there are many, among the more wise and tolerant, who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet think that allusions in the least degree bold or inflammatory should be avoided in a publication of this popular description, I beg of these respected persons to believe, that there is no one who deprecates more sincerely than I do* any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude; but that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate: it looks much higher for its audience and readers; it is found upon the piano-fortes of the rich and the educated; of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated, without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them; and of many, whose nerves may be, now and then, alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears than could ever be expected from their justice.

Having thus adverted to the principal objection which has been hitherto made to the poetical part of this work, allow me to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs, by the chromatic richness of his symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies. We might cite the example of the admirable Haydn, who has sported through all the mazes of musical science in his arrangement of the simplest Scottish melodies; but it appears to me that Sir John Stevenson has brought a national feeling to this task, which it would be vain to expect from a foreigner, however tasteful or judicious. Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country's music; and, far from agreeing with those critics who think that his symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs which they introduce, I would say, that, in general, they resemble those illuminated initials of old manuscripts, which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly coloured and more curiously ornamented.

In those airs which are arranged for voices his skill has particularly distinguished itself; and though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of Feeling and Passion, yet, often, when a favourite strain has been dismissed, as having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns, in a harmonized shape, with new claims upon our interest and attention; and, to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself—a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure, independent of the rest; so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) *gavelled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part.

If your Ladyship's love of Music were not known to me, I should not have hazarded so long a letter upon the subject; but as, probably, I may have presumed too far upon your partiality, the best revenge you can take is to write me just as long a letter upon Painting; and I promise to attend to your theory of the art, with a pleasure only surpassed by that which I have so often derived from your practice of it.—That the mind, which such talents adorn, may continue calm as it is bright, and happy as it is virtuous, is the sincere wish

Of your Ladyship's grateful friend and servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

Dublin, January, 1810.

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* I am happy to take this opportunity of apologizing for the manner in which I have misrepresented the conduct of the Duke of Richmond, in a note upon my poems "Corruption and Intolerance,"—a fault into which I was led by too hastily taking for granted that his Grace, in adopting the party, would adopt also the errors, of his predecessors. On the contrary, however, upon the very point which I thoughtlessly selected as a subject of censure, his liberality and forbearance have been such as to entitle him to the highest praise; and though, in common with every man who really loves his country, I must protest against the principle upon which the present Ministry came into power, I am convinced that no one could have wielded the bad weapon intrusted to him with more caution, skill, and gentleness, than the Duke of Richmond; of whom, in these party times, it is no trifling eulogy to say, that he extorts the esteem and approbation of those who are most strongly adverse to the principle of his politics.—Should this apology appear misplaced or irrelevant, I know I shall at least be forgiven by those who have ever impatiently longed for an opportunity of acknowledging a fault and repairing an injustice.

Introductory Air for two Performers on one Pianoforte.

AIR *Cairn dubh Delish.*

First Performer

Slow

Second Performer

8va

loco

f

p

8va

f

p

Cres

AIR. The snowy-breasted Pearl.

Carolan.

MAJOR.

8va

MINOR.

8va

8va

loco

hr

f

p

8va

hr

hr

hr

hr

p

hr

hr

hr

hr

hr

hr

f

p

hr

f

Cres

f

AIR Marty Schaslone. Capelan.

Lively

8va

p

hr

Cres

ff

loco

p

8va

loco

AIR_ Captain Magan!

8va

hr

p

MINOR

loco

f

hr

8va

MAJOR

p

8va

hr

hr

Cres

loco

p

8va

hr

loco

Like the bright Lamp.

With feeling and Solemnity

Like the bright lamp that lay on Kil_dare's ho_ly shrine, And burn'd thro' long

ages of darkness and storm, Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in

vain, Whose spi_rit outlives them, un_fading and warm! E_rin! oh E_rin! thus

bright, thro' the tears Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit ap_pears!

E _ _ rin! oh E _ _ rin! thus bright, thro' the tears Of a

E _ _ rin! oh E _ _ rin! thus bright, thro' the tears Of a

E _ _ rin! oh E _ _ rin! thus bright, thro' the tears Of a

long night of bon _ _ dage, thy spi _ _ rit ap _ pears!

long night of bon _ _ dage, thy spi _ _ rit ap _ _ pears!

long night of bon _ _ dage, thy spi _ _ rit ap _ pears!

2d VERSE.

The na_tions have fall'n, and thou still art young; Thy sun is but

ri_sing, when o_thers are set: And, tho' Slave _ _ry's cloud o'er thy

morning hath hung, The full noon of Freedom shall beam round thee

yet. E _ _ rin! oh E _ _ rin! tho' long in the shade, Thy

star will shine out, when the proud _est shall fade!

E _ _rin oh E _ _ rin tho' long in the shade, Thy

E _ rin oh E _ _ rin tho' long in the shade, Thy

E _ rin oh E _ _ rin tho' long in the shade, Thy

star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade.

star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade.

star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade.

AIR—*Thamama Halla* *.

I

LIKE the bright lamp that lay on Kildare's holy shrine†,
And burn'd through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm!
Erin! oh Erin! thus bright, thro' the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears!

II.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young;
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set:
And, tho' Slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of Freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin! oh Erin! tho' long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade!

III.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold hour,
Till the hand of Spring her dark chain unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower‡,
Erin! oh Erin! *thy* winter is past,
And the hope, that liv'd thro' it, shall blossom at last!

---

* There are various settings of this air; that which differs most from the set we have adopted will be found at the end of this Number.

† The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions—"Apud Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam solicitè moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et nutriunt ut à tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus."

GIRALD. CAMB. *de Mirabil. Hibern.* Dist. 2, c. 34.

‡ Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite Lines on the Lily, has applied this image to a still more important subject.

AIR—*Heigh ho! my Jackey*

I.

DRINK to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh—
The girl, who gave to Song
What gold could never buy!
Oh! woman's heart was made
For minstrel-hands alone;
By other fingers play'd,
It yields not half the tone.
Then here's to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh—
The girl, who gave to Song
What gold could never buy!

II.

At Beauty's door of glass,
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her, "*Which* might pass?"
She answer'd, "He who could."
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but 'twould not do;
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way thro'!
Then here's to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh—
The girl, who gave to Song
What gold could never buy!

III.

The Love, that seeks a home
Where wealth or grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome,
That dwells in dark gold mines:
But, oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere;
Its native home's above,
Tho' woman keeps it here!
Then drink to her who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh—
The girl, who gave to Song
What gold could never buy!

Drink to Her.

Playful

8va

Drink to her, who long Hath wak'd the poet's sigh_The girl, who gave to Song What

loco

gold could never buy! Oh! woman's heart was made For minstrel-hands a_lone; By

other fingers play'd, It yields not half the tone. Then here's to her, who long Hath

wak'd the poet's sigh_The girl, who gave to Song What gold could never buy!

Oh! blame not the Bard!

With Expression

Oh! blame not the Bard, if he fly to the bowers, Where Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at Fame; He was born for much more, and, in happier hours, His soul might have burn'd with a holi_er flame. The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre, Might have bent a proud bow to the war_rior's dart; And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire, Might have pour'd the full tide of the patriot's heart!

Oh! blame not the Bard.

Harmonized for two Voices.

With Expression

Oh! blame not the Bard, if he fly to the bowers Where

Oh! blame not the Bard, if he fly to the bowers Where

Pleasure lies carelessly smi_ling at Fame; He was born for much more, and, in

Pleasure lies carelessly smi_ling at Fame; He was born for much more, and, in

hap_pi_er hours, His soul might have burn'd with a holi_er flame.

hap_pi_er hours, His soul might have burn'd with a holi_er flame.

The string, which now lan_guish_es loose on the lyre, Might have

The string, which now lan_guish_es loose on the lyre, Might have

bent a proud bow to the war_____ri_or's dart; And the

bent a proud bow to the war_____ri_or's dart; And the

lip, that now breathes but the song of de_sire, Might have pour'd the full

lip, that now breathes but the song of de_sire, Might have pour'd the full

tide of the patriot's heart!

tide of the patriot's heart!

AIR—*Kitty Tyrrel.*

I.

OH! blame not the Bard, if he fly to the bowers
Where Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at Fame;
He was born for much more, and, in happier hours,
His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow† to the warrior's dart;
And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have pour'd the full tide of the patriot's heart!

II.

But, alas for his country! her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken which never would bend:
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend!
Unpriz'd are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray,
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires:
And the torch, that would light them thro' dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires!

III.

Then blame not the Bard, if, in Pleasure's soft dream,
He should try to forget what he never can heal:
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Thro' the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
Ev'ry passion it nurs'd, ev'ry bliss it ador'd;
While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword‡

IV.

But, tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
Thy name, lov'd Erin! shall live in his songs;
Not ev'n in the hour when his heart is most gay
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs!
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy Harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

---

* We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering Bards, whom Spencer so severely, and perhaps truly, describes in his *State of Ireland,* and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

† It is conjectured by Wormius that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr,* the Runic for *a bow,* in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following:—"So that Ireland (called the land of *Ire,* for the constant broils therein for 400 years) was now become the land of Concord."—LLOYD's *State Worthies,* Art *The Lord Grandison.*

‡ See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus, Εν μυρτου κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω.—"I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," &c.

AIR—*Oonagh.*

I.

WHILE gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd,
To look at orbs, that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd:
But too far
Each proud star
For me to feel its warming flame;
Much more dear
That mild sphere,
Which near our planet smiling came*;
Thus, Mary dear! be thou my own—
While brighter eyes unheeded play,
I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
Which bless my home, and guide my way!

II.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lustre meek,
Illumin'd all the pale flowers,
Like hope, that lights a mourner's cheek.
I said, (while
The moon's smile
Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss,)
"The moon looks
"On many brooks;
"The brook can see no moon but this†:"
And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
For many a lover looks to thee;
While, oh! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me!

---

* "Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together."

WHISTON'S *Theory, &c.*

In the *Entretiens d' Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with the words *Non mille, quod absens.*

† This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works:—"The moon looks upon many night-flowers; the night-flower sees but one moon."

While gazing on the Moon's light.

Tenderly

While ga_zing on the moon's light, A mo_ment from her smile I turn'd, To look at orbs, that, more bright, In lone and dis__tant glo__ry burn'd: But too far Each proud star For me to feel its

warm _ ing flame; Much more dear That mild sphere, Which

near our pla _ net smi _ _ ling came; Thus, Ma _ _ ry dear! be

thou my own _ While bright _ _ er eyes un _ _ heed _ _ ed play, I'll

love those moon-light looks a _ lone, Which bless my home, and

guide my way!

8va

When Daylight was yet sleeping.

Moderate Time

When daylight was yet sleeping under the bil_low, And stars in the heavens still lin_gering shone, Young

Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pil_low, The last time she e'er was to press it a_lone: For the

youth, whom she treasur'd her heart and her soul in, Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon; And when

once the young heart of a maiden is stolen, The maiden herself will steal af_ter it soon!

When Daylight was yet sleeping.

Moderate Time

When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow, And stars in the heavens still lingering shone, Young

Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pil_low, The last time she e'er was to press it alone: For the,

youth, whom she treasur'd her heart and her soul in, Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon; And, when

once the young heart of a maiden is stolen, The maiden herself will steal af_ter it soon!

lentando

WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING UNDER THE BILLOW.

AIR—*Kitty of Coleraine*; or, Paddy's Resource.*

I.

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
The last time she e'er was to press it alone:
For the youth, whom she treasur'd her heart and her soul in,
Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon;
And, when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon!

II.

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
Enrag'd with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him—he fell, alas! never to rise:—
"Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces,
"For which the Soul's innocence too often dies!"

III.

While she stole thro' the garden, where heart's-ease was growing,
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;
And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too:
But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost:—
"Ah! this means," said the girl, (and she sigh'd at its meaning,)
"That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"

* Having some reason to suspect that "*Kitty of Coleraine*" is but a modern English imitation of our style, I have thought it right to give an authentic Irish air to the same words, without, however, omitting the former Melody, for which the words were originally written, and to which, I believe, they are best adapted.

BY THE HOPE WITHIN US SPRINGING

AIR—*The Fairy-Queen* *

I.

BY the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife—
By that sun, whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life—
Oh! remember, life can be
No charm for him, who lives not free!
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero to his grave,
'Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears!
Blessed is he, o'er whose decline
The smiles of Home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years:
But, oh! how grand they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on Victory's breast!

II.

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the foe-man's cheek turns white,
While his heart that field remembers,
Where we dimm'd his glory's light!
Never let him bind again
A chain like that we broke from then!
Hark! the horn of combat calls!—
Oh! before the evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round†!
Many a heart, that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken ev'n at Victory's sound:
But, oh! how blest that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wondering world shall weep!

* In order to bring this fine air of CAROLAN within the compass of the voice, it was necessary to raise some parts of it an octave higher than they are in the original setting, and to convert into a symphony the wild characteristic passage, which, more than once, breaks so boldly across the course of the Melody. The merit of this arrangement, as well as the responsibility, rests entirely with Sir JOHN STEVENSON. He gave me the air in its present harmonized form; and I found it rather a difficult task to follow, with words of any tolerable meaning, those abrupt varieties of expression with which it abounds. The Melody, in its original form, may be seen at the end of this Number.

† "The Irish *Corna* was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages our ancestors quaffed *Meadh* out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage to this day."—WALKER.

By the Hope within us springing,

Harmonized for four Voices.

Majestically

lentando *lentando* *a tempo* *a tempo*

1st Treble

By the hope within us spring_ing, Herald of to_morrow's strife,

2nd Treble

And by that sun, whose light is bring_ing

Tenor
8 Notes lower

Bass

Piano Forte

Oh! remem_ber, life can be No charm for him, who lives not free!

Chains or freedom, death or life — Oh! remem_ber, life can be No charm for him, who lives not free!

Oh! remem_ber, life can be No charm for him, who lives not free!

Oh! remem_ber, life can be No charm for him, who lives not free!

Sinks the he_ro to his grave,

Sinks the he_ro to his grave, Midst the dewfall of a na_tion's tears!

Like the day_star in the wave, 'Midst the dew_fall of a na_tions tears!

'Midst the dewfall of a na_tion's tears!

p

The smiles of home may

Blessed is he, o'er whose decline The smiles of home may

Blest is he, o'er whose de_cline The smiles of home may

Blest is he, o'er whose decline The smiles of home may

for

p

sooth_ing shine,

p *Cres*

sooth_ing shine, And light him down the steep of years _ _ _ _ _:

soothing shine, And light him down the steep of years _ _ _ _ _:

f

soothing shine, And light _ _ _ _ him down the steep of years:

p

fortis

But, oh! how grand Who close their eyes on

But, oh! how grand but, oh! how grand they sink to rest, Who close their eyes on

But, oh! how grandly how grandly but, oh! how grand they sink to rest, Who close their eyes on

But, oh! how grandly how grandly but, oh! how grand they sink to rest, Who close their eyes on

Victory's breast! O'er his watchfire's fading em_bers Now the foeman's

Victory's breast!

Victory's breast!

Victory's breast!

Cres

cheek turns white,

When his boding heart that field re_members, Where we dimm'd his glory's light!

Ne _ _ ver let him bind a_gain A chain like that we broke from then!

Ne _ _ ver let him bind a_gain A chain like that we broke from then!

Ne _ _ ver let him bind a_gain A chain like that we broke from then! Hark the

Ne _ _ ver let him bind a_gain A chain like that we broke from then!

Oh! be_fore the evening falls,

Oh! be_fore the evening falls, May we pledge that horn in triumph round!

horn of combat calls! _ May we pledge that horn in triumph round!

May we pledge that horn in triumph round!

p

In slum_ber cold at

Many a heart, that now beats high, In slum_ber cold at

Ma_ny hearts that now beat high, In slum_ber cold at

Ma_ny hearts that now beat high, In slum_ber cold at

for

p

night shall lie,

night shall lie, Nor wak _ en ev'n at Victory's sound _ _ _ _ _:

night shall lie, Nor wak _ en ev'n at Victory's sound _ _ _ _:

night shall lie, Nor wake _ _ _ nor wake at Victory's sound:

But, oh! how blest O'er

But, oh! how blest but, oh! how blest the he _ _ ro sleeps, O'er

But, oh! how bles_sed how blessed but, oh! how blest the he _ _ ro sleeps, O'er

But, oh! how bles_sed how blessed but, oh! how blest the he _ _ ro sleeps, O'er

whom a wond'ring world shall weep!

whom a wond'ring world shall weep!

whom a wond'ring world shall weep!

whom a wond'ring world shall weep!

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Night clos'd around.

With Solemnity

Night clos'd a_round the conqueror's way, And lightning shew'd the distant hill, Where those, who lost that dreadful day, Stood few and faint, but fearless still! The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal _ _, For ever dimm'd, for e_ver crost_ Oh! who shall say what heroes feel, When all but life and honour's lost?

Pocock Junr. Delt. J. Minasi Sculpt.

After the Battle.

Night closd around the conqueror's way,
And lightning showd the distant hill,
Where those, who lost that dreadful day,
Stood few and faint, but fearless still:
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimmd, for ever cross!
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost?

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NIGHT CLOS'D AROUND THE CONQUEROR'S WAY.

AIR—*Thy Fair Bosom.*

I.

NIGHT clos'd around the conqueror's way,
And lightning shew'd the distant hill,
Where those, who lost that dreadful day,
Stood few and faint, but fearless still!
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever crost—
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost?

II.

The last sad hour of Freedom's dream,
And Valour's task, mov'd slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise, and give them light to die!—
There is a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not Nature's bliss:
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

AIR—*Thady, you Gander.*

I

OH! 'tis sweet to think that, where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear
And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near*!
The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.
Then, oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear;
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near!

II.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest if the rose is not there;
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike;
They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too:
And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue!
Then, oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear;
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near!

* I believe it is Marmontel who says "*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.*"—There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them that Democritus was not the worse physiologist for having playfully contended that snow was black, nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.

Oh! 'tis sweet to think.

Playfully

Oh! 'tis sweet to think that, where'er we rove, We are sure to find some-thing

bliss-ful and dear, And that, when we're far from the lips we love, We have

but to make love to the lips we are near! The heart, like a tendril, ac-

custom'd to cling, Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone, But will

lean to the nearest and love _li _est thing It can twine with it - self, and make

close _ly its own. Then, oh! what pleasure, wher _ e'er we rove, To be

doom'd to find some _ thing, still, that is dear; And to know, when far from the

lips we love, We have but to make love to the lips we are near!

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

Through Grief and through Danger.

With feeling

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way, Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay; The darker our for_tune, the brighter our pure love burn'd, Till

shame in _ to glo _ ry, till fear in _ to zeal was turn'd: Oh!

slave as I was, in thy arms my spi _ rit felt free, And

bless'd e'en the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

Through Grief and through Danger,

Harmonized for two Voices.

With Feeling

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way, Till

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way, Till

hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay; The

hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay; The

dark_er our for_tune, the brighter our pure love burn'd, Till

dark_er our for_tune, the brighter our pure love burn'd, Till

shame in_to glo_ry, till fear in__to zeal was turn'd: Oh!

shame in_to glo_ry, till fear in__to zeal was turn'd: Oh!

slave as I was, in thy arms my spi_rit felt free, And

slave as I was, in thy arms my spi_rit felt free, And

bless'd e'en the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

bless'd e'en the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

2d VERSE.

Thy ri_val was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd; Thy

Thy ri_val was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd; Thy

crown was of bri_ers, but gold her brows a_ _ dorn'd: She

crown was of bri_ers, but gold her brows a_ _ dorn'd: She

woo'd me to tem_ples, while thou lay'st hid in caves; Her

woo'd me to tem_ples, while thou lay'st hid in caves; Her

40

friends were all masters, while thine, a _ _ las! were slaves: Yet

friends were all masters, while thine, a _ _ las! were slaves: Yet

cold in the earth at thy feet I would ra _ _ ther be Than

cold in the earth at thy feet I would ra _ _ ther be Than

wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.

wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.

THRO' GRIEF AND THRO DANGER.

AIR—*I once had a True-Love.*

I.

THRO' grief and thro' danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd:
Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd e'en the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

II.

Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd;
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd:
She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves;
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be
Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.

III.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale!
They say too, so long thou hast worn those ling'ring chains!
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains;
Oh! do not believe them—no chain could that soul subdue;
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too*!

* "Where the Spirit of the LORD is, there is liberty."—ST. PAUL. 2 Corinthians, iii. 17.

WHEN THROUGH LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE,

AIR—*Banks of Banna.*

I.

WHEN through life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes, we us'd to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear;
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain,
Wakening thoughts that long have slept—
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes, that long have wept!

II.

Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flow'rs,
Is the grateful breath of Song,
That once was heard in happier hours.
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death:
So, when Pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath!

III.

Music!—oh! how faint, how weak
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are ev'n more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly sooth, and not betray!

When through Life unblest we rove.

Slow and with Feeling

When thro' life unblest we rove, Losing all that made life dear, Should some notes, we us'd to love In days of boyhood, meet our ear; Oh! how welcome breathes the strain, Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept— Kindling former smiles a - gain In faded eyes, that long have wept!

When through life unblest we rove.

Harmonized for four Voices.

Slow and with feeling

1st Treble — When thro' life un__blest we rove, Losing all that

2nd Treble — When thro' life un__blest we rove, Losing all__ that

Tenor (8 Notes lower) — Losing all_____ that

Bass — When thro' life un__blest we rove, Losing all that

Piano Forte

made life dear, Should some notes we us'd to love In days of boy_hood,

made life dear, Should some notes we us'd to love In days of boy_hood,

made life dear, Should notes_____ we lov'd In days of boy_hood,

made life dear, Should notes_____ we us'd to love In days of boy_hood,

meet our ear, Oh! how wel_come breathes the strain, Wak'ning thoughts that

meet our ear, Wak'ning thoughts _ _ that

meet our ear, Oh! how wel_come breathes the strain, Wak'ning thoughts that

meet our ear, Wak'ning thoughts that

long have slept, Kindling for_mer smiles a_gain In fa_ded eyes, that

long have slept, Kindling for_mer smiles a_gain In fa_ _ded eyes, that

long have slept, Kindling for_mer smiles a_ _gain In faded eyes, that

long have slept, Kindling for_ _ _ _ _ mer smiles again In fa_ded eyes, that

long have wept!

long have wept!

long have wept!

long have wept!

Like the gale, that sighs a_long Beds of o_ri__ental flow'rs, Is the grateful

Like the gale, that sighs a_long Beds of o_ri_ental flow'rs, Is the grateful

Beds of o_____ri_ental flow'rs, Is the breath__ of

Like the gale, that sighs a_long Beds of o__ri_ental flow'rs, Is the grate___ful

breath of song, That once was heard in happier hours. Fill'd with balm, the gale goes on,

breath of song, That once was heard in happier hours. Tho' the

song, That once was heard in happier hours. Fill'd with balm, the gale goes on,

breath of song, That once was heard in happier hours.

Tho' the flow'rs have sunk in death: So, when pleasure's dream is gone, Its

Flow'rs___ have sunk in death: So, when pleasure's dream is gone, Its

Tho' the flow'rs have sunk in death: So, when pleasure's dream is gone,

Tho' the flow'rs have sunk in death: So, when plea_____sure's dream is gone, Its

mem'ry lives in music's breath!

mem'ry lives in music's breath!

Its mem'ry lives in music's breath!

mem'ry lives in music's breath!

Music!_oh! how faint, how weak Language fades be_fore thy spell!

Music!_oh! how faint, how weak Language fades be_fore thy spell! _ _ _

Language fades _ _ _ _ _ be_fore thy spell! Why shou'd

Music!_oh! how faint, how weak Language fades be_fore thy spell! Why shou'd

Why shou'd feel_ing e_ver speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well?

Why shou'd feeling e_ver speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well?

feel _ _ _ _ ing speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well?

feel _ _ _ _ _ ing e_ver speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well?

Friendship's balmy words may feign, Love's are ev'n more false than they;

Love's are ev'n - - - - more false than they;

Friendship's balmy words may feign, Love's are ev'n more false than they; Oh! 'tis

Love's are ev'n more false than they; Oh! 'tis

Oh! 'tis on - ly Mu - sic's strain Can sweetly sooth, and not be - tray!

Oh! 'tis on - ly Music's strain Can sweet - - - ly sooth, and not be - tray!

on - - ly Mu - sic's strain Can sweet - ly sooth, and not be - tray!

on - - - - - ly Mu - sic's strain Can sweet - - ly sooth, and not be - tray!

It is not the Tear.

With Expression

It is not the tear at this moment shed, When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him, That can tell how belov'd was the soul that's fled, Or how deep in our hearts we de_ plore him: 'Tis the tear thro' many a long day wept, Thro' a life by his loss all shaded; 'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept, When all lighter griefs have fa _ ded!

It is not the Tear at this moment shed,

Harmonized for Two Voices.

With Expression

It is not the tear at this moment shed, When the cold turf has just been laid

It is not the tear at this moment shed, When the cold turf has just been laid

o'er him, That can tell how belov'd was the soul that's fled, Or how deep in our hearts we de-

o'er him, That can tell how belov'd was the soul that's fled, Or how deep in our hearts we de-

plore him: 'Tis the tear thro' many a-long day wept Thro' a life by his loss all

plore him: 'Tis the tear thro' ma-ny a-long day wept Thro' a life by his loss all

sha _ ded; 'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept, When all light _ er griefs have

sha _ ded; 'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept, When all lighter griefs have

fa _ _ ded!

fa _ _ ded!

2d VERSE.

Oh! thus shall we mourn; and his mem' _ _ ry's light, While it

Oh! thus shall we mourn; and his mem' _ _ ry's light, While it

shines thro' our hearts, will im _ prove them; For worth shall look fair _ er, and

shines thro' our hearts, will im _ prove them; For worth shall look fair _ er, and

truth more bright, When we think how he liv'd but to love them! And, as

truth more bright, When we think how he liv'd but to love them! And, as

buried saints the grave perfume, Where, fadeless, they've long been ly_ _ing, So our

buried saints the grave per_fume, Where, fadeless, they've long been ly_ _ing, So our

hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom From the i_mage he left there in

hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom From the i_mage he left there in

dy_ _ ing!

dy_ _ _ ing!

AIR—*The Sixpence.*

I.

IT is not the tear, at this moment shed,
When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how belov'd was the soul that's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him:
'Tis the tear thro' many a long day wept,
Thro' a life by his loss all shaded:
'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded!

II.

Oh! thus shall we mourn; and his memory's light,
While it shines thro' our hearts, will improve them;
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he liv'd but to love them!
And, as buried saints the grave perfume,
Where, fadeless, they've long been lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying!

---

* These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who died lately at Madeira.

'TIS BELIEVED THAT THIS HARP

AIR—*Gage Fane.*

I.

'TIS believ'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a Syren, of old, who sung under the sea;
And who often at eve thro' the bright billow rov'd,
To meet on the green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

II.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears all the night her gold ringlets to steep,
Till Heav'n look'd with pity on true love so warm,
And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form!

III.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek smil'd the same—
While her sea-beauties gracefully curl'd round the frame;
And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its bright rings,
Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings*!

IV.

Hence it came that this soft Harp so long hath been known
To mingle Love's language with Sorrow's sad tone,
Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when away!

* This thought was suggested by an ingenious design, prefixed to an Ode upon St. Cecilia, published some years since, by Mr. Hudson, of Dublin.

'Tis believ'd that this Harp.

Moderate Time

Tis be_liev'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee, Was a

Sy__ren, of old, who sung un__der the sea; And who

of__ten at eve through the bright bil__low rov'd, To

meet on the green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

'Tis believ'd that this Harp

Harmonized for three Voices.

Slower than the Song

p

Tis believ'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee, Was a Syren, of old, who sung

Tis believ'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee, of old, who sung.

Tis be_liev'd this Harp, which I wake for thee, Was a Syren, of old, who sung

under the sea; And who often at eve thro' the bright bil_low rov'd, To meet on the

under the sea; And who often at eve thro' the bright bil_low rov'd, To meet on the

under the sea; And who oft' at eve thro' bright bil_lows rov'd, To meet on the

green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

2d VERSE.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep, And in tears all the

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep, in

But she lov'd in vain, for he left her to weep, And in tears all the

night her gold ring_lets to steep, Till Heav'n look'd with pi_ty on

tears her gold ring_lets to steep, Till Heav'n look'd with pi_ty on

night her gold ring_lets to steep, Till Heav'n look'd with pi__ty on

true love so warm, And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form!

true love so warm, And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form!

true love so warm, And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form!

3d VERSE.

Still her bo_som rose fair – still her cheek smil'd the same–While her sea – beauties

Still her bo_som rose fair – still her cheek smil'd the same– her

Still her bo_som rose fair – still her cheek smil'd the same–While her sea – beauties

p

graceful _ ly curl'd round the frame; And her hair shedding tear – drops from

sea – beauties curl'd round the frame; And her hair shedding tear – drops from

grace _ ful _ ly curl'd round the frame; And her hair shedding tear – drops from

all its bright rings, Fell o_ver her white arm to make the gold strings!

all its bright rings, Fell o_ver her white arm to make the gold strings!

all its bright rings, Fell o_ver her white arm to make the gold strings!

4th. VERSE.

Hence it came that this soft Harp so long hath been known Still to mingle love's

Hence it came that this soft Harp so long hath been known love's

Hence it came this soft Harp so long hath been known Still to mingle love's

lan_guage with sorrow's sad tone, Till thou didst di___vide them, and

lan_guage with sorrow's sad tone, Till thou didst di___vide them, and

lan_guage with sorrow's sad tone, Till thou didst di__vide them, and

teach the fond lay To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when a_way!

teach the fond lay To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when a_way!

teach the fond lay To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when a_way!

Chamama Bella

The Fairy Queen

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When he who adores thee
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls
Fly not yet!
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When Daylight was yet sleeping under the Billow
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After the Battle
Oh! 'tis sweet to think
The Irish Peasant to his Mistress
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It is not the Tear at this Moment shed
'Tis believ'd that this Harp

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She is far from the Land
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At the mid Hour of Night
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'Tis the last Rose of Summer
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Oh! had we some bright little Isle
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the Hour
Oh! doubt me not
You remember Ellen
I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me

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Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded?
No, not more welcome
When first I met thee
While History's Muse
The Time I've lost in wooing
Oh! where's the Slave?
Come, rest in this Bosom
'Tis gone, and for ever
I saw from the Beach
Fill the Bumper fair
Dear Harp of my Country

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My gentle Harp! once more I waken
As slow our ship her foamy Track
In the Morning of Life, when its Cares are unknown
When cold in the Earth lies the Friend thou hast lov'd
Remember thee! yes, while there's Life in this Heart
Wreath the Bowl
Whene'er I see those smiling Eyes
If thou'lt be mine, the Treasures of Air
To Ladies' Eyes a Round, Boy
Forget not the Field where they perish'd
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Oh for the Swords of former Time!

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Drink of this Cup
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Oh banquet not
Thee, thee, only thee
Shall the Harp, then, be silent?
Oh the Sight entrancing

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Say what shall be our sport to-day *Sicilian*
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Take hence the Bowl .....*Neapolitan*
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'Tis when the cup is smiling..*Italian*
When the first summer Bee ..*German*
When through the Piazetta ..*Venetian*
Where shall we bury our shame *Neapolitan*

*** *This Work is published in Royal Quarto, embellished with Illustrations, designed by T. STOTHARD, R. A., and engraved by CHARLES HEATH, J. MITAN, and C. MARR.*

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Hope, thou Nurse		1	0
Hope told a flattering tale	*Paisiello*	1	0
Hour of victory	*Stevenson*	1	6
How happy once	*Moore*	2	0
Hush'd be that sigh	*Stevenson*	1	6
Hush! dearest, hush!	*Horn*	1	0
I always turn to thee	*Kelly*	1	6
I can no longer stifle	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Je suis un pauvre Savoyard	*Ware*	1	6
If I swear by that eye	*Stevenson*	1	0
If maidens would marry	*Horn*	1	6
If then to love thee be offence	*Stevenson*	2	0
If winter frowns	*Horn*	1	6
I have woven a garland for thee	*Holden*	1	6
I'll love thee ever dearly	*Cooke*	1	6
I'm deep in love	*Parry*	1	6
I'm wearing awa	*Burns*	1	0
I'm wearing away	*Stevenson*	2	0
In days of old	*Horn*	1	0
Indian maid	*Kelly*	1	6
I never told my love	*Ditto*	1	6
I never will deceive thee	*Parry*	1	6
In moments to delight	*Walmisley*	1	6
In the days of my youth	*King*	1	0
In vain may that bosom	*Kelly*	1	6
Invitation, the	*Turnbull*	2	0
In yonder bower	*Arnold*	1	6
I sigh for the days that are gone	*Kelly*	1	6
It is not that a woman's eyes	*Cooke*	1	6
Kitty of Coleraine		1	0
Lament, the		2	0
Land of Shillelah		1	0
Land o' the Leal (*New Edition*)		1	0
Light as the shadows of evening	*Stevenson*	1	6
Light sounds the harp	*Moore*	2	6
Lilla, come down to me	*Cooke*	2	0
Little Mary's eye	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
London, now is out of town	*Ware*	1	6
Look that says I love thee	*Cooke*	1	6
Lord of the castle	*King*	1	6
Lottery, the	*Moore*	2	0
Love	*Horn*	1	6
Love and Folly	*Smith*	1	6
Love and Time	*Kelly*	2	0
Love Bird	*Smith*	1	6
Love, honour, and obey!	*Cooke*	1	6
Love in a storm	*Barry*	1	6
Love, like an April day	*Horn*	1	6
Lover's Smiles	*Turnbull*	2	0
Love's light summer cloud	*Moore*	2	0
Love thee, dearest, love thee	*Moore*	2	0
Love will find out the way	*Little*	2	0
Loud the trump of war was blowing	*Horn*	1	6
Maid of Marlivale	*Stevenson*	2	0
Maid of the rock	*Ditto*	1	6
Maid whose heart was cold to love	*Ditto*	2	0
Mansion of love	*Emdin*	2	0
March away, Helen!	*Horn*	1	6
Mary, I believ'd thee true	*Stevenson*	1	6
Monody	*Hawes*	2	0
My heart and lute	*Moore and Bishop*	2	0
My heart's my own		1	0
My life, I love thee!	*Kelly*	1	6
My love hastes him home	*Horn*	2	0
My love, when thou'rt away	*Nicholson*	2	0
My dying sire	*Kelly*	1	6
My mother did one rule bequeath	*Horn*	1	0

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Namouna's song	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Nay, weep not! dear Ellen	*Smith*	2	0
Ned of the hills	*Owenson*	1	0
Nightingale, the	*Sola*	2	0
No joy without my love	*Cooke*	1	6
Now morn is blushing	*Stevenson*	2	0
Obey!	*Horn*	1	6
Oh! come, sweet lass!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Oh! fair as the seaflower	*Welsh*	2	0
Oh! fate in pity	*Horn*	1	6
Oh! give me the heart that is cheerful	*Cooke*	1	6
Oh! if those eyes deceive me not	*Stevenson*	2	0
Oh! Liberty	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! listen to your lover	*Horn*	2	0
Oh list unto my tale of	*Stevenson*	1	6
Oh! lovely is the summer morn	*Bishop*	2	0
Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang	*Carter*	1	0
Oh! never doubt my love	*Cooke*	2	0
Oh! never from the maid depart	*King*	1	0
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Oh! Patrick	*Bishop*	2	0
Oh! remember the time	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! see those cherries	*Ditto*	2	0
Oh! smile not thus	*Smith*	1	6
Oh! soon return	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! turn away those mournful eyes	*Stevenson*	1	6
Oh! white is the snow	*Kelly*	2	0
Oh! why should the girl of my soul	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! Woman!	*Ditto*	2	0
Oh! woods of green Erin	*Doyle*	2	0
Oh! would I ne'er had seen thee!	*Stevenson*	1	0
Oh! yes—so well, so tenderly	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! yes, when the bloom	*Ditto*	2	0
One dear smile	*Moore*	2	0
Orator Puff	*Ditto*	1	6
Orphan boy	*Smith*	2	0
O softly sleep!	*Ditto*	2	0
Paddy in London	*Irish Air*	1	0
Paddy the piper	*Ditto*	1	0
Pangs of absence	*Philipps*	1	6
Parting hour is come, love	*Doyle*	2	0
Parting look she gave	*Turnbull*	2	0
Pleasures of Brighton	*Horn*	1	6
Plumed casque	*Kelly*	1	6
Poh! Dermot, go 'long with your goster	*T. M., Esq.*	1	6
Pray, Goody!		1	0
Pretty Sophy	*Bishop*	2	0
Probability	*T. M., Esq.*	1	6
Rabbinical origin of woman	*Moore*	1	6
Ray that beams for ever	*Kelly*	2	0
Remembrances	*Mrs. Mc Mullan*	2	0
Return, my love	*Stevenson*	2	0
Roderigh Vich-Alpine	*Horn*	1	6
Roll, drums, merrily	*Cooke*	1	0
Rose of affection	*Stevenson*	1	6
Sale of loves	*Moore*	2	0
Savoyard's return	*Dr. Clarke*	2	0
Say, pretty weeping figure	*Stevenson*	1	6
Scenes of my childhood	*Bishop*	2	0
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled		1	0
Sea Boy's Dream	*Smith*	2	6
Send the bowl round merrily	*Moore*	1	0
Soft breezes breathing	*Stevenson*	1	6
Soft Zephyr	*Dr. Clarke*	1	6
Soldier, rest!	*Kemp*	1	6
Spanish patriots	*Parry*	1	0
Spirit of joy	*Moore*	2	0
Spirit's song	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Stay, one moment stay!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Summer	*Ditto*	2	0
Sweetest moments life allows	*Kelly*	1	6
Sweet is love	*Doyle*	2	0
Sweet is the beam of morning	*Dallas*	2	0
Sweet is the dream	*Stevenson*	1	6
Sweet lady! look not thus	*Ditto*	2	0
Sweet minstrel, sing!	*Ditto*	1	6
Sweet robin		1	6
Sweet Rose, come away!	*Dibdin*	1	6
Sweet seducer	*Moore*	1	6
Tablet of love	*Stevenson*	2	0
Take back the sigh	*Moore*	2	0
Tarry, ye moments	*Kelly*	1	6

		s.	d.
Taste life's glad moments	*Walmisley*	1	6
That shepherd, sure, is he	*Stevenson*	1	6
There's not a joy this world can give	*Ditto*	2	0
There's the bower	*Ditto*	1	6
They bid me sleep	*Kemp*	1	6
Think no more, love, of our parting	*Clifton*	2	0
Tho' far from thee I'm roving	*Dallas*	2	0
Tho' fate, my girl	*Stevenson*	1	6
Tho' gaily smiles the opening spring	*Kelly*	1	6
Tho' winter frowns	*Horn*	1	0
Thou hast sent me a flowery band	*Moore*	1	6
Thunder-bolt frigate	*Horn*	1	6
Thy gentle manners	*Attwood*	2	0
Thyrsis	*Stevenson*	1	6
Thyrza	*Walmisley*	3	0
'Tis love that should rule the breast	*Kelly*	1	6
'Tis Love, 'tis Love		1	0
'Tis wine alone can banish care	*Stevenson*	1	6
To Julia, weeping	*Ditto*	1	0
Toll not the bell	*Dallas*	2	0
To love thee	*Mrs. Opie*	1	6
To the brook and the willow	*Stevenson*	1	6
Too soon the flowers of spring may fade	*Kelly*	1	6
Triumph of Russia	*Ditto*	2	6
Trumpet of glory	*Moore*	2	0
'Twas his own voice	*Stevenson*	2	0
'Twas on a wild and lonely	*Kelly*	1	6
Tyrolese song	*Moore*	2	0
Ulrica	*Cooke*	1	0
Vittoria	*Ditto*	2	0
Wake, maid of Lorn	*Stevenson*	2	0
Waters of Elle	*Stevenson*		
What's life unblest with Love	*Ditto*	1	6
When a man weds	*Horn*	1	6
Whence can you inherit		1	0
When Charles was deceived	*Moore*	2	0
When fickle man for woman sighs	*Kelly*	1	6
When from thy sight, love	*Ditto*	1	6
When I first told my Rosa I lov'd	*Ditto*	2	0
When I think of my own green glen	*Turnbull*	1	6
When I went for a soldier	*Horn*	1	6
When Leila touch'd the lute	*Moore*	2	0
When love gets in the youthful brain	*Horn*	1	6
When love and truth together play'd	*Philipps*	1	6
When love was fresh from his cradle	*West*	1	6
When midst the gay	*Moore*	2	0
When night was spreading o'er me	*Stevenson*	2	0
When storms disturb old ocean's bed	*King*	1	0
When the days of the summer	*Kiallmark*	2	0
When the girl of my heart	*Dr. Clarke*	2	0
When the rose-bud of summer	*Stevenson*	2	0
When time, who steals	*Moore*	2	0
When twilight dews	*Stevenson*	2	0
When woe on the bosom of mercy	*Howell*	1	0
While parted from the youth	*King*	1	6
Whilst I listen to thy voice	*Stevenson*	2	0
Whilst on the beach I wander	*Doyle*	2	0
White rose of honor	*Kelly*	1	6
Who would not love?	*Cooke*	2	0
Why comes he not	*Smith*	1	6
William and Jannett	*Sanderson*	1	0
Will you come to the bower?	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Wilt thou say farewell, love?	*Moore*	2	0
Winds, whisper gently	*Stevenson*	2	0
Woman's power ending never	*Kearns*	1	0
Woman's smile	*Parry*	1	6
Woman, who conquers all	*Cooke*	1	6
Woodbine cottage	*Stevenson*	2	0
Woodman's cot	*Kelly*	1	0
Woodpecker	*Ditto*	2	0
Wreath you wove	*Moore*	1	6
Ye banks and braes, (*new edition*)	*Burns*	1	0
Ye light forms of fancy	*Kelly*	1	6
Yes, it is, love!	*Clifton*	1	6
Yes, thro' the wide world	*Mrs.* ——	1	0
Young Jessica	*Moore*	2	0
Young love	*Ditto*	2	0
Young son of chivalry	*King*	1	6
Youth I adore	*Cooke*	1	6
Youth is but short	*Dallas*	2	0
You watch'd the sun's ray	*Welsh Air*	1	0
Zounds, my lad	*Cooke*	1	0

DUETTS.

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Ah! say if the glance	*Black*	1	6
Alas! poor Lubin	*Stevenson*	1	6
As with slow-moving oar	*King*	2	0
Catherine	*Lady C. Stewart*	2	0
Chieftain	*Stevenson*	2	0
Chink-a-chink	*Horn*	1	6
Come, friendly night	*Livius*	1	6
Come, all ye youths	*Harris*	2	0
Congenial to friends	*Stevenson*	2	0
Could a man be secure (*new edition*)		1	0
Dear, in pity	*Stevenson*	1	6
Dragon fly	*Smith*	2	0
Dress, with me, the myrtle bower	*Stevenson*	1	6
Edmund of the hill	*Ditto*	1	6
Faithful love	*Parry*	2	0
Fare thee well!	*Ditto*	2	0
Flowers in the east	*Kelly*	2	0
Heave one sigh	*Horn*	1	0
Here is the lip	*Moore*	2	0
He 's gone, ah! me	*Kemp*	2	0
How happy pass'd morn's pleasant dream	*Sanderson*	1	6
If fortune smile	*Kelly*	1	6
In search of glory	*Cooke*	2	6
Invest my head with fragrant rose	*Stevenson*	2	0
Joys that pass away	*Moore*	2	0
Lady, by Cupid's darts I swear	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Life-boat	*Moore*	2	6
Love and the sun-dial	*Ditto*	2	0
Love in thine eyes (*new edition*)	*Jackson*	1	0
Love, my Mary, dwells	*Stevenson*	2	0
Love, wand'ring thro' the golden maze	*Ditto*	2	0
Mourn not, silly mortals	*Stevenson*	2	0
Nights of music	*Moore*	2	6
No! never shall my soul forget	*Stevenson*	2	6
Now bright July to pleasure calls	*Horn*	2	0
O dinna weep	*J. M. Harris*	2	0
Our first young love	*Moore*	2	0
Peace!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Send home those long strayed eyes	*Ditto*	1	6
Should we be forced to part	*Cooke*	2	0
Song of war	*Moore*	2	0
Sparkling fountains	*Stevenson*	2	0
Surprise	*Ditto*	1	6
Tell me where is fancy bred?	*Ditto*	2	0
Ditto ditto	*Arranged by Bishop*	2	0
That I no longer wish to rove	*Stevenson*	1	6
Think on me	*Ditto*	2	0
Thro' silent woods	*King*	2	0
Time has not thinn'd (*new edition*)	*Jackson*	1	0
Tit bits	*Cooke*	1	6
Together let us range the fields	*Dr. Boyce*	1	6
Turn to this heart	*Horn*	1	6
Wake thee, my dear	*Moore*	2	0
Warrior's soul is all in arms!	*Cooke*	2	6
Well-a-day!	*Horn*	1	0
When in languor sleeps the heart	*Stevenson*	2	0
When Jove from the skies	*Horn*	1	6
When war unfurls his banner bright	*King*	1	6
Where is the light from Lara's tower?	*Stevenson*	2	6
While parted from the youth I love	*King*	1	6
Wilt thou say farewell, love?	*Bishop*	2	0
Wine to cheer	*Parry*	1	6
Would you gain by art?	*Kelly*	1	6
Young rose	*Moore*	2	0

GLEES.

		s.	d.
A broken cake	*Stevenson*	2	0
Allen-a-Dale	*Horn*	2	6
And will he not come again	*Stevenson*	1	6
Archer's glee	*Ditto*	1	6
Awake! Apollo calls	*Ditto*	1	6
Banks of Allanwater	*Hawes*	2	6
Blithe are the bowers of Mosellai	*Kelly*	2	0
Blest were the days	*Stevenson*	2	6
Boat trio—"Row gently, row"	*Ditto*	2	0
Buds of Roses	*Ditto*	2	6
Canadian boat-song	*Moore*	3	0
Cease not yet, sweet bard!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Come, buy my cherries, &c.	*Ditto*	2	0
Come, follow me	*Ditto*	5	0
Day set on Norham's castle steep	*Lord Burghersh*	3	0
Doubt thou the stars are fire	*Stevenson*	1	6
Ella	*Ditto*	2	6
Fairy glee	*Ditto*	5	0
Fair and False	*Lord Burghersh*	2	0
Fill, fill the goblet	*Aylmer*	1	6
Finland love-song	*Moore*	2	6
Give me the harp	*Stevenson*	5	0
Happy love	*Ditto*	2	0
Hark! the bell is ringing	*Ditto*	2	0
Hark! thro' the long resounding halls	*King*	1	6
Here's the bower	*Stevenson*	2	6
Hermits	*Ditto*	3	0
Holy be the pilgrim's sleep	*Moore*	5	0
I mark'd not eyes	*Stevenson*	2	0
Lonely isle	*Horn*	3	0
Merrily O!	*Stevenson*	2	6
Mountain cot	*Richards*	2	0
Nor throne of state	*Kelly*	1	6
Now is the merry month of May	*Stevenson*	5	0
Now let the warrior wave his sword	*Moore*	2	6
Now the star of day is high	*Stevenson*	3	0
Ocean king	*West*	2	6
Oh! lady fair!	*Moore*	3	0
Oh! stay, sweet fair	*Stevenson*	3	0
Oh! tell me, pilgrims	*Ditto*	2	6
Raise the song	*Stevenson*	1	6
Roderigh Vich-Alpine	*Horn*	3	0
Sigh not thus, oh! simple boy	*Moore*	1	6
Sir Rowland the brave	*Stevenson*	2	6
Soldier, rest!	*Kemp*	2	6
Song that lightens the languid way	*Moore*	3	0
Spirit of Bliss	*Lord Burghersh*	3	0
Sweet lady, look not thus again	*Stevenson*	3	0
This is love	*Moore*	2	6
Ting-a-tingle	*Horn*	2	0
Tis done! the fatal deed	*Lord Burghersh*	2	6
To the brook and the willow	*Stevenson*	2	6
To thy lover	*Ditto*	2	0
Under the greenwood tree	*Ditto*	2	6
Under the hawthorn tree	*Ditto*	1	6
Up, quit the bower	*Attwood*	2	0
Wake, Rosa, wake (*serenade*)	*Bartlett*	2	6
We fairy folk	*Stevenson*	2	0
When time, who steals our years	*Phelps*	2	6
Where shall the lover rest?	*Stevenson*	2	6
Why so pale?	*Lord Burghersh*	2	6
Wood nymph	*Smith*	2	6
Wreaths of flowers	*Stevenson*	2	6

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O softly sleep	*Kiallmark*	2	0
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Pastoral Rondo	*Holder*	3	0
Peace be around thee	*Hummell*	2	6
Pria che l'Impegno	*Gelinek*	2	6
Prussian Air	*Ditto*	2	0
Pyrenese Air	*Ditto*	1	6
Queen of Prussia's Waltz	*Ditto*	2	6
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Turn again, Whittington, with accompaniments, Flute and Violoncello	*Turnbull*	3	6
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Valse Françoise	*Ringwood*	1	6
Venetian Air	*Hummell*	1	0
When love was a child	*Ries*	3	0
When the Rosebud	*Kiallmark*	2	6
Wood-pecker	*Burrowes*	2	6
Ye Cambrian Youths	*Parry*	2	0
Young Love	*Burrowes*	2	6

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To Ladies eyes	*Ditto*	2	6
We're a' Noddin	*Chipp*	2	6

A SELECTION

OF

IRISH MELODIES,

WITH

Symphonies and Accompaniments

BY

Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.

AND

CHARACTERISTIC WORDS

BY

Thomas Moore Esq.

No. IV. PRICE 15s.

Stevenson

Jan 4.

Advertisement.

THIS Number of THE MELODIES ought to have appeared much earlier; and the writer of the words is ashamed to confess, that the delay of its publication must be imputed chiefly, if not entirely, to him. He finds it necessary to make this avowal, not only for the purpose of removing all blame from the publisher, but in consequence of a rumour, which has been circulated industriously in Dublin, that the Irish Government had interfered to prevent the continuance of the Work. This would be, indeed, a revival of HENRY the Eighth's enactments against Minstrels, and it is flattering to find that so much importance is attached to our compilation even by such persons as the inventors of the report. Bishop LOWTH, it is true, was of opinion that *one* song, like the *Hymn to Harmodius,* would have done more towards rousing the spirit of the Romans than *all* the philippics of CICERO. But we live in wiser and less musical times; ballads have long lost their revolutionary powers, and we question if even a "Lillibullero" would produce any very *serious* consequences at present. It is needless, therefore, to add, that there is no truth in the report; and we trust that whatever belief it obtained was founded more upon the character of *the Government* than of *the Work.*

The Airs of the last Number, though full of originality and beauty, were perhaps in general, too curiously selected to become all at once as popular as, we think, they deserve to be. The Public are remarkably reserved towards new acquaintances in music, which, perhaps, is one of he reasons why many modern composers introduce none but old friends to their notice. Indeed, it is natural that persons, who love music only by association, should be slow in feeling the charms of a new and strange melody; while those, who have a quick sensibility for this enchanting art, will as naturally seek and enjoy novelty, because in every variety of strain they find a fresh combination of ideas, and the sound has scarcely reached the ear, before the heart has rapidly translated it into sentiment. After all, however, it cannot be denied that the most popular of our national Airs are also the most beautiful; and it has been our wish, in the present Number, to select from those Melodies only which have long been listened to and admired. The least known in the collection is the Air of "*Love's young Dream;*" but it is one of those easy, artless strangers, whose merit the heart acknowledges instantly.

Bury-street, St. James's,
Nov. 1811.

T. M.

Printed by W. CLOWES,
Northumberland-court, Strand, London.

A Selection of IRISH MELODIES,

with Symphonies and Accompaniments

By SIR JOHN STEVENSON Mus. Doc.

and Characteristic Words by

Thomas Moore Esq.

Fourth Number.

London, Published by J. Power, 34, Strand.

Price 15 Shill.gs

To the

Nobility and Gentry

of

Ireland.

The following Work

Is respectfully Inscribed

By

The Publisher.

Aldwyn sc. 29 Strand

INDEX

TO

THE SECOND NUMBER OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

INDEX

TO

THE HARMONIZED AIRS.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh! the Days are gone.

Moderate Time with Expression

Oh! the days are gone, when beauty bright My heart's chain wove; When my dream of life, from morn till night, Was love, still love! New hope may bloom, And days may come, Of milder, calmer beam, But there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream! Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream!

2d VERSE.

Tho the bard to pur_er fame may soar, When wild youth's past; Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd before, To smile at last; He'll never meet A joy so sweet In all his noon of fame, As when first he sung to Woman's ear His soul - felt flame, And at ev'_ry close, she blush'd to hear The one lov'd name!

3d VERSE.

Oh! that fai_ry form is ne'er for_got, Which first love trac'd, Still it

ling'ring haunts the greenest spot On memory's waste! 'Twas o_dour fled As

soon as shed; 'Twas morning's wing_ed dream! 'Twas a light, that ne'er can

shine a_gain On life's dull stream! Oh! 'twas light, that ne'er can

shine again On life's dull stream! *Dim_ _in_u_en_ _do*

OH! THE DAYS ARE GONE.

AIR—*The Old Woman*

I.

OH! the days are gone, when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love!
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!
Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!

II.

Tho' the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Tho he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one lov'd name!

III.

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love trac'd;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste!
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream!
'Twas a light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!
Oh! 'twas light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!

THO' DARK ARE OUR SORROWS.

AIR—*St. Patrick's Day.*

I.

THO' dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
And smile thro' our tears, like a sun-beam in showers;
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours!
But, just when the chain
Has ceas'd to pain,
And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,
There comes a new link
Our spirit to sink!—
Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
But tho' 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

II.

Contempt on the minion, who calls you disloyal!
Tho' fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart, that loves liberty too.
While cowards, who blight
Your fame, your right,
Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array;
The standard of green
In front would be seen.—
Oh! my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,
You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And shew what the arm of old Erin has in it,
When rous'd by the foe on her Prince's Day.

III.

He loves the green isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts, which have suffer'd too much to forget;
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet!
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last,
And thus, Erin, my country! tho' broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay;
A spirit, that beams thro' each suffering part,
And now smiles at their pain, on the Prince's Day!

This Song was written for a Fête in honour of the PRINCE OF WALES's Birth-Day, given by the friend, Major BRYAN, last year, (1810,) at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

THE PRINCES DAY.

Tho' dark are our sorrows.

With Spirit and Feeling

Tho' dark are our sor - rows, to-

day we'll for - get them, And smile thro' our tears, like a

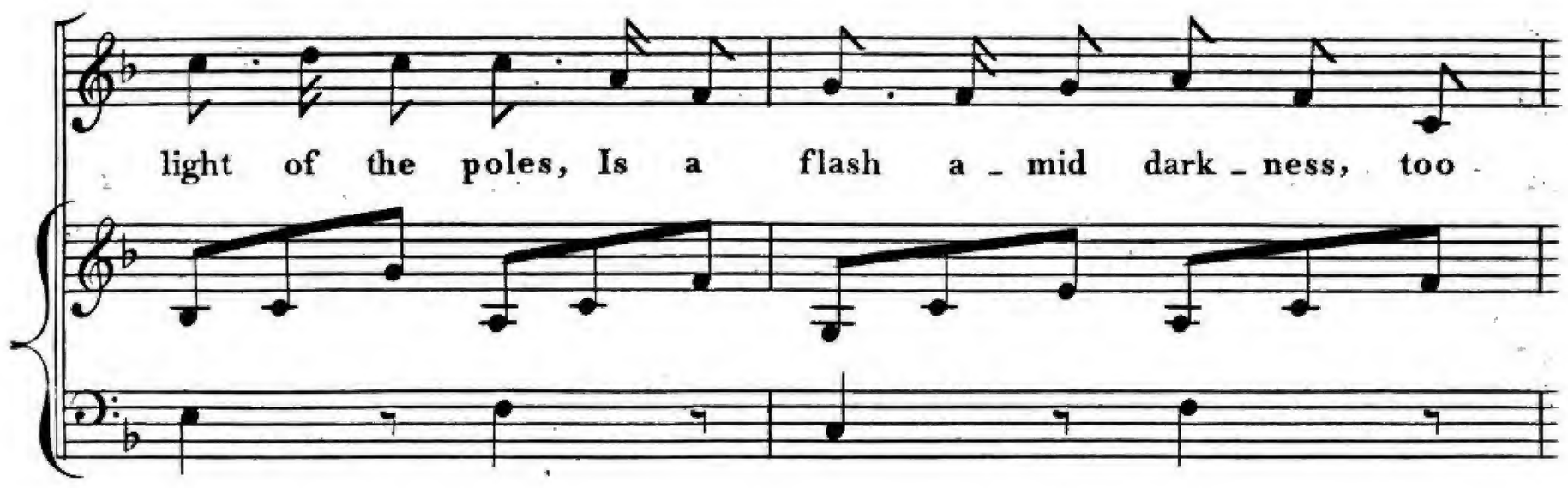
sun - beam in show'rs; There ne - ver were hearts, if our

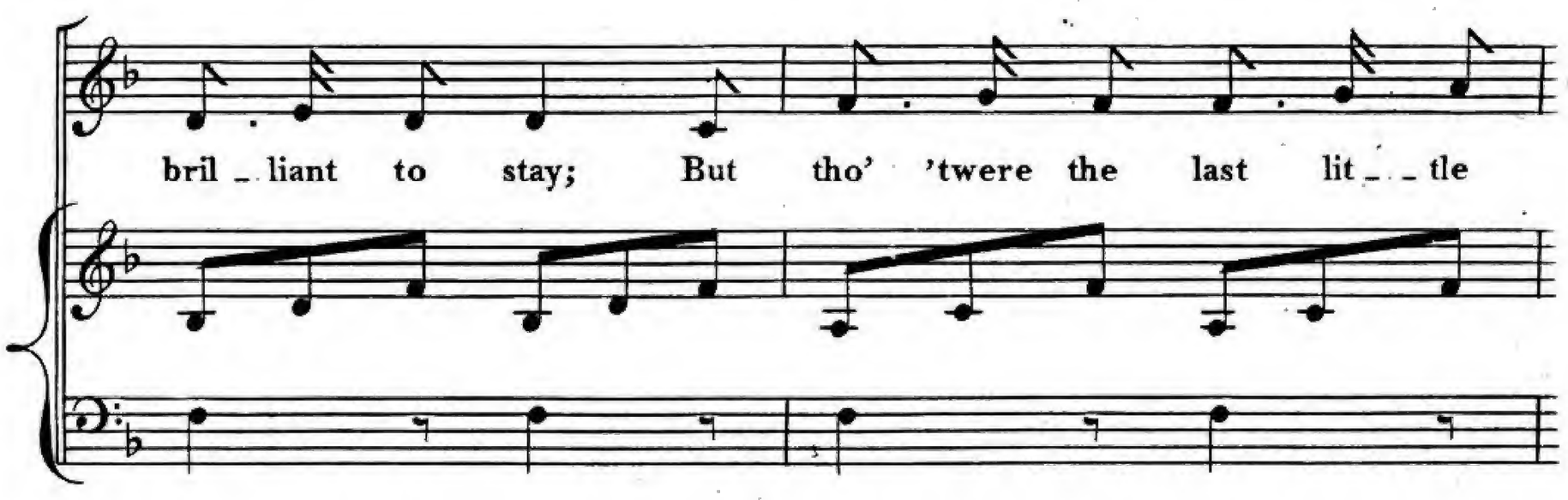
rul - ers would let them, More form'd to be tran - quil and

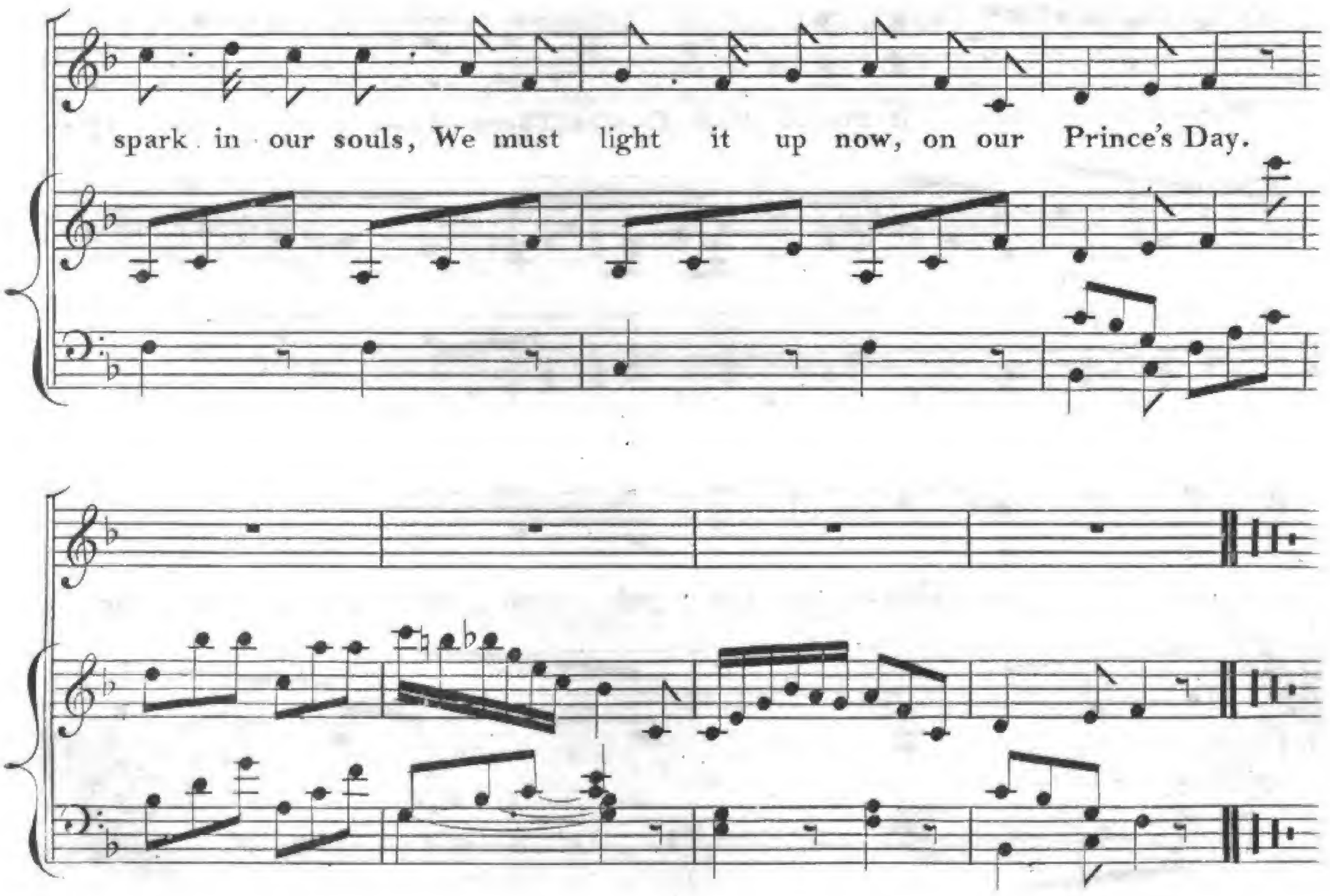
blest than ours! But, just when the chain Has ceas'd to pain, And

hope has enwreath'd it round with flow'rs, There comes a new link Our

spi - rit to sink!— Oh! the joy of such hearts, like the


light of the poles, Is a flash a _ mid dark _ ness, too


bril _ liant to stay; But tho' 'twere the last lit _ _ tle


spark in our souls, We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

Weep on, weep on!

Mournfully

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past; Your dreams of pride are o'er; The fa_tal chain is round you cast, And you are men no more! In vain the He_ro's heart hath bled; The Sa_ge's tongue hath warn'd in vain; — Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled, It ne_ver lights a_ gain!

2d VERSE.

Weep on — per - haps in af - ter days, They'll learn to love your

name; And many a deed may wake in praise, That long hath slept in

blame! And, when they tread the ru - in'd isle, Where rest, at length, the

lord and slave, They'll wond'- ring ask, how hands so vile Could

con - quer hearts so brave?

70

3d VERSE.

"'Twas fate" they'll say, "a way-ward fate, Your web of dis - - cord

wove; And while your ty - rants join'd in hate, You ne - ver join'd in

love! But hearts fell off, that ought to twine, And man pro - fan'd what

God had giv'n, Till some were heard to curse the shrine, Where

o - thers knelt to Heav'n!"

Air—*The Song of Sorrow.*

I.

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past;
  Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
  And you are men no more!
In vain the hero's heart hath bled;
  The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain;—
Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
  It never lights again!

II.

Weep on—perhaps in after days
  They'll learn to love your name;
And many a deed may wake in praise,
  That long hath slept in blame!
And, when they tread the ruin'd isle,
  Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wondering ask, how hands so vile
  Could conquer hearts so brave?

III.

"'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate
  "Your web of discord wove;
"And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
  "You never join'd in love!
"But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
  "And man profan'd what God had given,
"Till some were heard to curse the shrine,
  "Where others knelt to heaven!"

AIR—*Nora Creina.*

I.

LESBIA has a beaming eye,
  But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
  But what they aim at no one dreameth!
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
  My Nora's lid, that seldom rises;
Few her looks, but every one,
  Like unexpected light, surprises!
    Oh, my Nora Creina, dear!
  My gentle, bashful Nora Creina!
      Beauty lies
      In many eyes,
  But love in your's, my Nora Creina!

II.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
  But all so close the nymph has lac'd it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
  Presumes to stay where Nature plac'd it!
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
  That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
  To sink or swell, as heaven pleases!
    Yes, my Nora Creina, dear!
  My simple, graceful Nora Creina!
      Nature's dress
      Is loveliness,
  The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina!

III.

Lesbia has a wit refin'd,
  But, when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd
  To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
  In safer slumber love reposes;—
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
  Is but the crumpling of the roses!
    Oh, my Nora Creina, dear!
  My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
      Wit, tho' bright,
      Has not the light
  That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia has a beaming Eye.

With lightness and Expression

espress

Les_bia has a beaming eye, But

no one knows for whom it beameth; Right and left its arrows fly, But

what they aim at no one dreameth! Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon My

No - ra's lid, that sel - dom ris - es; Few her looks, but, ev' - ry, one Like

un - expect - ed light sur - pris - es! Oh, my No - ra Crei - na dear! My

gen - tle, bash - ful No - ra Creina! Beauty lies In ma - ny eyes, But

love in yours, my No - ra Crei - na!

espress

2d VERSE.

Les_bia wears a robe of gold, But all so close the nymph has lac'd it,

Not a charm of beauty's mould Presumes to stay where na_ture plac'd it!

Oh! my No_ra's gown for me, That floats as wild as mountain breezes,

Leav_ing ev'_ry beauty free To sink or swell, as heaven pleas_es!

Yes, my No_ra Creina, dear! My simple, grace_ful No _ra Crei_na!

Nature's dress is love _ li_ness, The dress *you* wear, my No _ ra Crei _ na!

espress

3d VERSE.

Lesbia has a wit refin'd, But, when its points are gleaming round us,

Who can tell if they're design'd To dazzle mere_ly, or to wound us?

Pillow'd on my No_ra's heart, In saf_er slum_ber love re_pos_es;—

Bed of peace! whose roughest part Is but the crumpling of the ros_es!

Oh, my No_ra Creina dear! My mild, my art_less No_ra Creina!

Wit, tho' bright, Has not the light That warms your eyes, my No_ra Crei_na!

espress

I saw thy form.

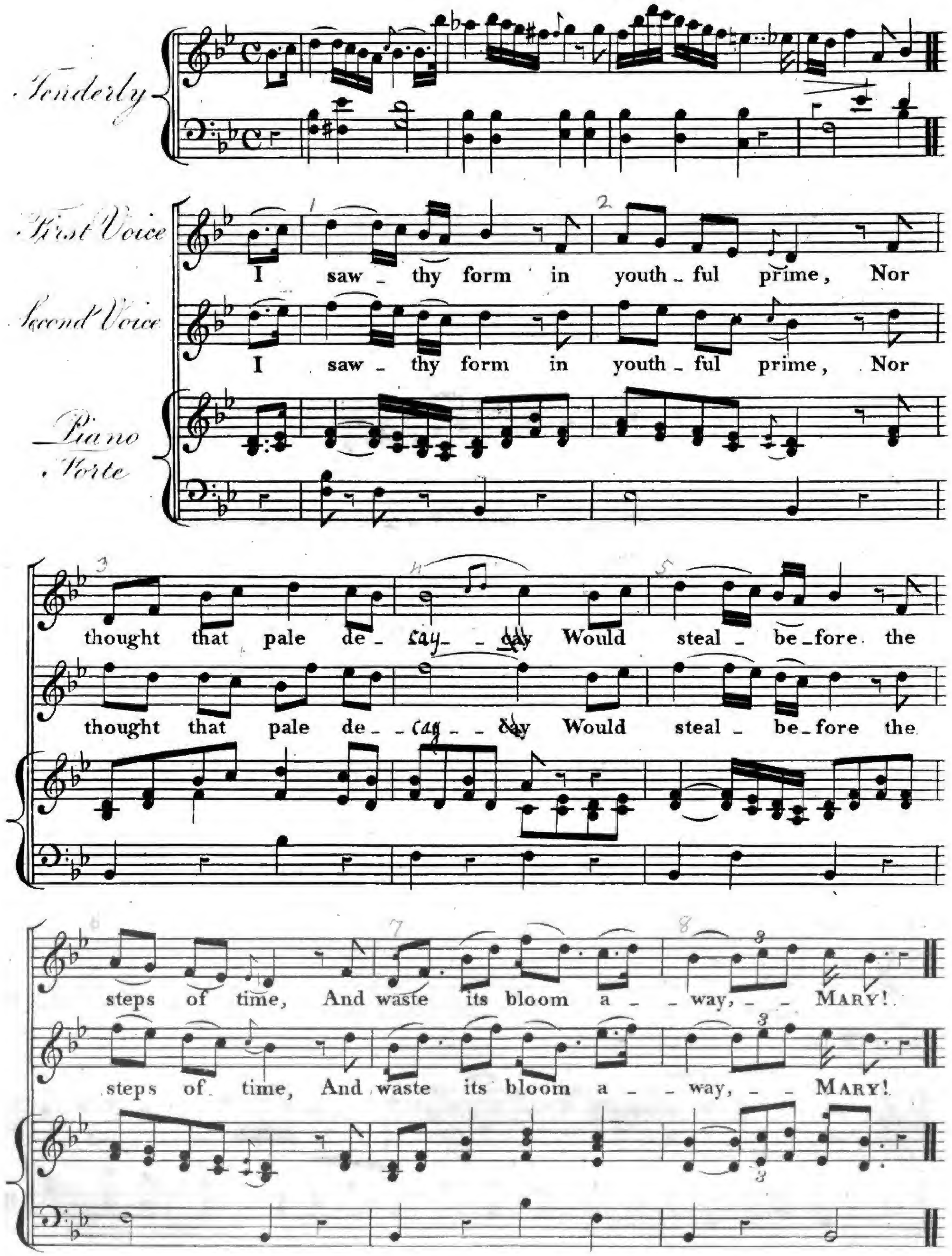
Tenderly

I saw thy form in youthful prime, Nor thought that pale de - - - cay Would steal be - fore the steps of time And waste its bloom a - - way MARY!

Yet still thy features wore that light Which fleets not with the breath; And life ne'er look'd more purely bright Than in thy smile of death, MARY!

I Saw thy form,

Harmonized for Two Voices.



Yet still thy fea _ tures wore that light Which fleets not with _ the

Yet still thy fea _ tures wore that light Which fleets not with _ the

breath; And life ne'er look'd more purely bright Than in thy smile of

breath; And life ne'er look'd more purely bright Than in thy smile of

death, _ MARY!

death, _ MARY!

2d VERSE.

As streams that run o'er gold - en mines With mo - dest

As streams that run o'er gold - en mines With mo - dest

mur - - mur glide, - - Nor seem - to know the

mur - - mur glide, - - Nor seem - to know the

wealth that shines With - in their gen - tle tide, - MARY!

wealth that shines With - in their gen - tle tide, - MARY!

So, veil'd beneath a sim - ple guise, - Thy ra - diant ge - - - nius

So, veil'd beneath a sim - ple guise, - Thy ra - diant ge - - - nius

shone, And that, which charm'd all o - ther eyes, Seem'd worthless in thy

shone, And that, which charm'd all o - ther eyes, Seem'd worthless in thy

own, - MARY!

own, - MARY!

AIR—*Domhnall.*

I

I SAW thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of time,
And waste its bloom away, MARY!
Yet still thy features wore that light
Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more purely bright
Than in thy smile of death, MARY!

II

As streams, that run o'er golden mines,
With modest murmur glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, MARY!
So, veil'd beneath a simple guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that, which charm'd all other eyes,
Seem'd worthless in thy own, MARY!

III.

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or, could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, MARY!
Tho' many a gifted mind we meet,
Tho' fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, MARY*!

* I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of SHENSTONE's—"*Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse?*"

AIR—*The Brown Irish Girl.*

I.

BY that Lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er [b],
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young St. Kevin stole to sleep.
" Here, at least," he calmly said,
" Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

II.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had lov'd him well and long,
Wish'd him her's, nor thought it wrong
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

III.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there;
But nor earth, nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

IV.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

V.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave,
Soon the Saint (yet, ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said " Heav'n rest her soul!"
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

---

* This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. KEVIN, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

[b] There are many other curious traditions concerning this lake, which may be found in GIRALDUS, COLGAN, &c.

By that lake

Moderate Time

By that Lake whose gloomy shore Sky-lark never warbles o'er, Where the cliff hangs high and steep, Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep. "Here, at least," he calm-ly said, "Woman ne'er shall find my bed," Ah! the

good Saint lit_tle knew What that wi_ly sex can do. Ah the!

good Saint lit_tle knew What that wi_ly sex can do.

2d VERSE.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew, Eyes of

most un_ho_ly blue! She had lov'd him well and long, Wish'd him

her's nor thought it wrong. Where-so-e'er the Saint would fly, Still he

heard her light foot nigh; East or west, wher-e'er he turn'd, Still her

eyes before him burn'd. East or west, where'er he turn'd, Still her

eyes before him burn'd.

She is far from the land.

With Melancholy Expression

She is far from the land, where her young hero sleeps, And lovers are round her sigh_ing; But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps, For her heart in his grave is ly_ing!

She is far from the land.

Harmonized for Three Voices.

With Melancholy Expression

First Voice

Tenor
8. Solo lower

Bass

Piano Forte

She is far from the land, where her

She is far from the land, where her

She is far from the land, where her

young Hero sleeps, And lo_vers are round her sigh _ _ ing;

young Hero sleeps, And lo_vers are round her sigh _ _ ing;

young Hero sleeps, And lo_vers are round her sigh _ _ ing;

But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps, For her

But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps, For her

But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps, For her

heart in his grave is ly - - - - - ing!

heart in his grave is ly - - - - ing!

heart in his grave is ly - - - - - ing!

2.d VERSE.

She sings the wild song of her dear na _ tive

She sings the wild song of her dear na _ tive

She sings the wild song of her dear na _ tive

plains, Ev'_ry note which he lov'd a _ _ wak _ _ ing.—

plains, Ev'_ry note which he lov'd a _ _ wak _ _ ing.—

plains, Ev'_ry note which he lov'd a _ _ wak _ _ _ ing.—

Ah! lit _ tle they think, who de _ light in her strains, How the

Ah! lit _ tle they think, who de _ light in her strains, How the

Ah! lit _ tle they think, who de _ light in her strains, How the

heart of the Min _ strel is break _ _ _ ing!

heart of the Min _ strel is break _ _ _ ing!

heart of the Min _ strel is break _ _ _ ing!

AIR—*Open the Door.*

I.

SHE is far from the land, where her young Hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

II.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking.—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking!

III.

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him,—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

IV.

Oh! make her a grave, where the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own lov'd Island of sorrow!

AIR—*Dennis, don't be Threatening.*

I.

NAY, tell me not, dear! that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.
Ne'er hath a beam
Been lost in the stream,
That ever was shed from thy form or soul!
The balm of thy sighs,
The spell of thine eyes,
Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl!
Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

II.

They tell us that Love in his fairy bower
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
But bath'd the other with mantling wine.
Soon did the buds,
That drank of the floods
Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
While those, which the tide
Of ruby had dy'd,
All blush'd into beauty like thee, sweet maid!
Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

Nay, tell me not.

With Gaiety and Spirit

8va

Nay, tell me not, dear! that the gob_let drowns One charm of feeling, one fond re_gret; Be_ _lieve me, a few of thy an_gry frowns Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet. Ne'er hath a beam been lost in the stream That e_ver was shed from thy form or soul; The

balm of thy sighs, The spell of thine eyes, Still float on the surface, and

hal_low my bowl! Then fan_cy not, dear_est! that wine can steal One

bliss_ful dream of the heart from me; Like founts, that a_waken the

pil_grim's zeal, The bowl but bright_ens my love for thee!

2d VERSE.

They tell us that Love in his fai - ry bow'r Had two blush-roses, of

birth divine; He sprinkled the one with a rain-bow's show'r, But

bath'd the o-ther with mant - ling wine. Soon did the buds, That

drank of the floods Dis-till'd by the rain-bow, de - cline and fade; While

those, which the tide Of ru_by had dy'd, All blush'd in_to beau_ty like

thee, sweet maid! Then fan_cy not, dearest! that wine can steal One

bliss_ful dream of the heart from me; Like founts, that awak_en the

pil_ _grim's zeal, The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

Avenging and bright.

Boldly

A _ veng _ ing and bright fall the swift sword of E _ rin, On him, who the brave sons of Us _ na be _ tray'd!

espress

For ev' _ ry fond eye which he wak _ en'd a tear in, A

for

drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

hr hr hr hr hr

2d VERSE.

By the red cloud which hung over Conor's dark dwell_ing, When U _ lad's three

champions lay sleep_ing in gore— By the billows of war which, so

of_ten, high swelling, Have waft_ed these heroes to vic_to_rys shore!—

hr hr hr hr hr

AIR—*Crooghan a Venee*[a].

I

AVENGING and bright fall the swift sword of Erin,
On him, who the brave sons of Usna betray'd!
For ev'ry fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

II.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling[b],
When Ulad's[c] three champions lay sleeping in gore—
By the billows of war which, so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore!—

III.

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

IV.

Yes, monarch! tho' sweet are our home recollections,
Tho' sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Tho' sweet are our friendships, our hopes and affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

---

[a] The name of this beautiful and truly Irish air is, I am told, properly written *Cruachàn na Fèine*, i. e., the Fenian mount, or mount of the Finnian heroes, those brave followers of *Finn Mac Cool*, so celebrated in the early history of our country.

The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the lamentable fate of the sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'FLANAGAN, (see Vol. I. of Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin,) and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, king of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman "This story (says Mr. O'FLANAGAN) has been from time immemorial held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are 'The death of the Children of Touran,' 'The death of the Children of Lear,' (both regarding Tuatha de Danans,) and this 'The death of the Children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story."—It will be recollected, that, in the Second Number of these Melodies, there is a Ballad upon the story of the Children of Lear or Lir: "Silent, oh Moyle!" &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'FLANAGAN and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement which they merit.

[b] "Oh Naisi! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red." Deirdri's song.

[c] Ulster.

AIR—*The Yellow Horse.*

I.

He.—WHAT the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey dew
Thro' the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you!

She.—What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear!

II.

She.—But, they say, the bee's a rover,
That he'll fly, when sweets are gone;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on!

He.—Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
If sunny banks *will* wear away,
'Tis but right, that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

What the bee is to the flowret.

Playfully

HE

What the bee is to the flow_ret, When he looks for ho_ney dew

Thro' the leaves that close embow'r it, That my love, I'll be to you!

SHE

What the bank, with verdure glowing, Is to waves that wan_der near,

Whisp'ring kisses, while they're going, That I'll be to you, my dear!

DUETTO

What the bank, with ver - dure glowing, Is to waves that

What the bank, with ver - dure glow-ing, Is to waves that

wan - der near, Whisp'ring kiss - es, while they're go - ing,

wan - der near, Whisp'ring kiss - es, while they're go - ing,

That I'll be to you, my dear!

That I'll be to you, my dear!

SHE

But, they say, the bee's a rover, That he'll fly, when sweets are gone;

And when once the kiss is o_ver, Faithless brooks will wander on!

HE

Nay, if flow'rs *will* lose their looks, If sunny banks *will* wear a_way,

'Tis but right, that bees and brooks Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

DUETTO.

Nay, if flow'rs *will* lose their looks, If sun - ny banks *will*

Nay, if flow'rs *will* lose their looks, If sun - ny banks *will*

wear a - way, 'Tis but right, that bee's and brooks Should

wear a - way, 'Tis but right, that bee's and brooks Should

sip and kiss them, while they may.

sip and kiss them, while they may.

Here we dwell.

Smoothly and in Moderate Time

"Here we dwell in ho_liest bow_er's, Where An_gel's of light o'er our

o_risons bend; Where sighs of de_votion and breath_ing of flowers To

hea_ven in mingled odours ascend! Do not disturb our calm, oh Love! So

like is thy form to the che_rubs a_bove, It well might deceive such hearts as ours."

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f

2.d VERSE.

Love stood near the No_vice, and lis_ten'd, And Love is no no_vice in

tak_ing a hint; His laugh_ing blue eyes soon with pi_e_ty glis_ten'd; His

rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint. "Who would have thought, the urchin cries, "That

Love could so well, so grave_ly dis_guise His wander_ing wings, and wounding eyes?"

f

HERE WE DWELL.

AIR—*Cean dubh Delish*[a].

I.

" HERE we dwell, in holiest bowers,
" Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend;
" Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
" To heaven in mingled odour ascend·
" Do not disturb our calm, oh Love!
" So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
" It well might deceive such hearts as ours."

II.

Love stood near the Novice, and listen'd,
And Love is no novice in taking a hint;
His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisten'd;
His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint.
" Who would have thought," the urchin cries,
" That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
" His wandering wings, and wounding eyes?"

III.

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
Young Novice! to him all thy orisons rise;
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer's flame with his sighs!
Love is the saint enshrin'd in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
If he came to them, cloth'd in Piety's vest.

---

[a] We have taken the liberty of omitting a part of this Air, which appeared to us to wander rather unmanageably out of the compass of the voice. It has been given, however, in its perfect form, at the beginning of the Third Number

AIR—*The Bunch of Green Rushes that grew at the Brim.*

I.

THIS life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another like waves of the deep,
Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is awak'd, ere the tear can be dried;
And as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light grief, that is sister to joy,
And the short brilliant folly, that flashes and dies!

II.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Thro' fields full of sun-shine, with heart full of play,
Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way[a].
Thus some who, like me, should have drawn and have tasted
The fountain, that runs by philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine!
But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
Her flowerets together, if Wisdom can see
One bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me!

[a] Proposito florem prætulit officio.—PROPERT. *Lib. I. Eleg.* 20.

This life is all chequered.

With Feeling and Gaiety

This life is all chequer'd with plea_sures and woes, That chase one an_o_ther like waves of the deep, Each bil__low, as bright_ly or dark_ly it flows, Re_

flect _ ing our eyes, as they spar_kle or weep. So

close _ly our whims on our mi _ se _ ries tread, That the

laugh is call'd up, ere the tear can be dried; And as

fast as the rain _ drop of Pi _ ty is shed, The goose-

plumage of Fol _ ly can turn it a _ _ side, But

pledge me the cup — if ex _ ist _ ence would cloy, With

hearts e _ _ ver hap _ py, and heads e _ ver wise, Be

ours the light grief that is sis _ ter to joy, And the

short bril _ liant fol _ ly that flash _ _ es and dies!

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Oh! breathe not his name
When he who adores thee
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls
Fly not yet!
Oh! think not my Spirits are always as light
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As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may glow
The Meeting of the Waters

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While gazing on the Moon's Light
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Before the Battle—(By the Hope within us springing)
After the Battle
Oh! 'tis sweet to think
The Irish Peasant to his Mistress
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'Tis believ'd that this Harp

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Weep on, weep on
Lesbia hath a beaming Eye
I saw thy Form in youthful Prime
By that Lake whose gloomy Shore
She is far from the Land
Nay, tell me not
Avenging and bright
What the Bee is to the Floweret
Love and the Novice (Here we dwell in holiest Bowers)
This Life is all chequer'd

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At the mid Hour of Night
One Bumper at Parting!
'Tis the last Rose of Summer
The young May Moon
The Minstrel Boy
The Valley lay smiling before me
Oh! had we some bright little Isle
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the Hour
Oh! doubt me not
You remember Ellen
I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me

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Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded?
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Wreath the Bowl
Whene'er I see those smiling Eyes
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Oh for the Swords of former Time!

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The Echo
Oh banquet not
Thee, thee, only thee
Shall the Harp, then, be silent?
Oh the Sight entrancing

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Love is a hunter-boy ..... *Languedocian*
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Row gently here ..... *Venetian*
Say what shall be our sport to-day *Sicilian*
See the dawn from Heaven .... *Italian*
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Take hence the Bowl .....*Neapolitan*
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'Tis when the cup is smiling..*Italian*
When the first summer Bee ..*German*
When through the Piazetta ..*Venetian*
Where shall we bury our shame *Neapolitan*

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Come not, oh Lord!
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Oh! come thou not near
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2. Scenes of my Childhood (written by Mrs. Cornwall B. Wilson,)	2	0
3. O lovely is the Summer Morn (written by Miss Anna Maria Porter)	2	0

(To be continued.)

A DRAMATIC FAIRY SCENE. The Words by CHARLES HALLETT, Esq., the Music by T. ROVEDINO, price 5s.

A SERIES OF FRENCH SONGS,

NEWLY ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE OR HARP.

		s.	d.
Le Vaillant Troubadour	*Sauvan*	1	0
Le Portrait		1	0
Le Serment Français		1	0
Partant pour la Syrie		1	0
Rose d'Amour	*Boieldieu*	1	0
Depuis longtems Gentille Annette	*Ditto*	1	0
Le Gentil Housard		1	0
Celui qui sut toucher mon cœur		1	0

(To be continued.)

A SERIES OF ITALIAN SONGS, DUETTS, &c. &c.

NEWLY ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE OR HARP.

		s.	d.
Ah Perdona, *Duett*	*Mozart*	1	0
Batti batti o bel	*Ditto*	1	0
Che dice mal d'amore	*Mayer*	1	6
Deh vieni alla finestra	*Mozart*	1	0
Di piacer mi balza il cor	*Rossini*	2	0
Fin ch' han dal vino	*Mozart*	1	0
Fra tante angoscie	*Carafa*	2	0
Giovinette che fate, *Duett* and *Chorus*	*Mozart*	1	6
La ci darem la mano *Duett*	*Mozart*	1	0
La dove prende, *Duett*	*Ditto*	1	0
Lungi dal caro bene	*Sarti*	1	6
Non più andrai	*Mozart*	2	0
Oh quanto l' anima	*Mayer*	1	0
Su l'aria *Duett*	*Mozart*	1	0
Sul Margine		1	0
Tu che accendi	*Rossini*	2	0
Vederlo sol bramo *Duett*	*Paer*	2	6
Vedrai carino	*Mozart*	1	0
Voi che sapete	*Mozart*	1	0
Zitti, Zitti, Piano, Piano, *Trio*	*Rossini*	2	0

(To be continued.)

SONGS.

		s.	d.
ABSENCE	*Bishop*	2	0
Adieu, at day-break	*Kiallmark*	2	0
A farewell!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Ah! me, why should I heave the fond	*Kelly*	1	6
Ah! say, lovely Emma!	*Stevenson*	1	6
Ah! what woes are mine	*Ditto*	2	0
Ah! who would heed the seeming sigh?	*Horn*	1	6
Alice of Fyfe	*West*	2	0
A medley	*Horn*	1	6
And thou art young	*King*	2	0
Annot Lyle	*Doyle*	2	0
Araby's daughter	*Kiallmark*	2	0
A rosy cheek	*Horn*	1	6
Auld lang syne	*Burns*	1	0
Auld Robin Gray	*Ditto*	1	0
Away with this pouting and	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
A youth sat sighing	*Kelly*	1	6
Banks of Allan Water	*Horn*	1	0
Be gay! be gay!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Be sure that a smart little maid	*King*	1	6
Bill of fare	*Horn*	1	6
Black and blue eyes	*Moore*	2	0
Blighted rose	*Stevenson*	2	0
Bold is the maiden's heart	*Kelly*	1	6
Bosoms who conquer'd and bled	*Ditto*	2	0
Bud in beauty	*Stevenson*	2	0
Can I again that form caress?	*Moore*	1	6
Cease, oh! cease to tempt	*Ditto*	2	0
Cease your funning, (*New Edition*)		1	0
Chain and lute	*Walmisley*	2	0
Chapter on pockets		1	0
Child of glory	*Kelly*	1	6
Come, all you forsaken	*Dr. Clarke*	1	6
Come, take the harp	*Stevenson*	2	0
Come, tell me, says Rosa	*Ditto*	1	6
Come tell me where the maid is found	*Ditto*	2	0
Contradiction	*Cooke*	1	6
Day of love	*Moore*	2	0
Damon's complaint	*Kelly*	2	0
Dandy beau	*Cooke*	1	0
Dear aunt	*Moore*	2	0
Dear Fanny	*Stevenson*	2	0
Dear ladies, listen to my tale	*Howell*	1	6
Dearest Ellen, awake	*Emdin*	2	0
Deep in my soul	*Duval*	1	6
Did not?	*Moore*	1	6
Disasters of poor Jerry Blossom	*Smith*	1	6
Does the harp of Rosa slumber?	*Stevenson*	1	6
Donald, (*new edition*)		1	0
Emblem	*Horn*	2	0
Ethereal hope, nuptial song	*Hawes*	2	0
Every hour I lov'd thee more	*Blewitt*	2	0
Exile of Erin	*Campbell*	1	0
Expostulation	*Kelly*	1	6
Fair as the morn's light	*B. Livius, Esq.*	1	6
Fair lady, why this frowning?	*Cooke*	1	6
Fair Rosa!	*Parry*	1	6
Fanny, dearest!	*Moore*	2	0
Fanny was in the grove	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Fare thee well, thou first and fairest!	*Molineux*	1	0
Farewell, Bessy!	*Moore*	1	6
Fly, fly away	*Parry*	1	6
Fly from the world, O Bessy!	*Moore*	1	6
Fly to the desert	*Kiallmark*	2	0
Folly, the	*Kelly*	1	0
For her I die	*Stevenson*	1	6
Friend of my soul	*Moore*	1	6
From glory's heights descending	*Kelly*	1	6
From life, without freedom	*Moore*	2	0
Gallant Troubadour	*Stevenson*	2	0
Georgian maid	*Bishop*	2	6
Give, love! give	*Beethoven*	2	0
Golden chain	*Leonard*	2	0
Good night	*Moore*	2	0
Go, sweet enchantress!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Green spot that blooms	*Kelly*	1	6

		s.	d.
Grotto	*Parry*	1	6
Hapless Mary!	*Dr. Clarke*	2	0
Hark! the trumpet, hark!	*Cooke*	2	0
Heath, this night, must be my bed	*Kemp*	1	6
Hence, faithless hope!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Henry and Sue	*Horn*	1	6
Here, in this lone little wood	*Stevenson*	2	0
Here's the bower	*Moore*	2	0
Her heart was made to love	*Horn*	1	6
Hoax	*Ditto*	1	6
Hope, thou Nurse		1	0
Hope told a flattering tale	*Paisiello*	1	0
Hour of victory	*Stevenson*	1	6
How happy once	*Moore*	2	0
Hush'd be that sigh	*Stevenson*	1	6
Hush! dearest, hush!	*Horn*	1	0
I always turn to thee	*Kelly*	1	6
I can no longer stifle	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Je suis un pauvre Savoyard	*Ware*	1	6
If I swear by that eye	*Stevenson*	1	0
If maidens would marry	*Horn*	1	6
If then to love thee be offence	*Stevenson*	2	0
If winter frowns	*Horn*	1	6
I have woven a garland for thee	*Holden*	1	6
I'll love thee ever dearly	*Cooke*	1	6
I'm deep in love	*Parry*	1	6
I'm wearing awa	*Burns*	1	0
I'm wearing away	*Stevenson*	2	0
In days of old	*Horn*	1	0
Indian maid	*Kelly*	1	6
I never told my love	*Ditto*	1	6
I never will deceive thee	*Parry*	1	6
In moments to delight	*Walmisley*	1	6
In the days of my youth	*King*	1	0
In vain may that bosom	*Kelly*	1	6
Invitation, the	*Turnbull*	2	0
In yonder bower	*Arnold*	1	6
I sigh for the days that are gone	*Kelly*	1	6
It is not that a woman's eyes	*Cooke*	1	6
Kitty of Coleraine		1	0
Lament, the		2	0
Land of Shillelah		1	0
Land o' the Leal (*New Edition*)		1	0
Light as the shadows of evening	*Stevenson*	1	6
Light sounds the harp	*Moore*	2	6
Lilla, come down to me	*Cooke*	2	0
Little Mary's eye	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
London, now is out of town	*Ware*	1	6
Look that says I love thee	*Cooke*	1	6
Lord of the castle	*King*	1	6
Lottery, the	*Moore*	2	0
Love	*Horn*	1	6
Love and Folly	*Smith*	1	6
Love and Time	*Kelly*	2	0
Love Bird	*Smith*	1	6
Love, honour, and obey!	*Cooke*	1	6
Love in a storm	*Barry*	1	6
Love, like an April day	*Horn*	1	6
Lover's Smiles	*Turnbull*	2	0
Love's light summer cloud	*Moore*	2	0
Love thee, dearest, love thee	*Moore*	2	0
Love will find out the way	*Little*	2	0
Loud the trump of war was blowing	*Horn*	1	6
Maid of Marlivale	*Stevenson*	2	0
Maid of the rock	*Ditto*	1	6
Maid whose heart was cold to love	*Ditto*	2	0
Mansion of love	*Emdin*	2	0
March away, Helen!	*Horn*	1	6
Mary, I believ'd thee true	*Stevenson*	1	6
Monody	*Hawes*	2	0
My heart and lute	*Moore and Bishop*	2	0
My heart's my own		1	0
My life, I love thee!	*Kelly*	1	6
My love hastes him home	*Horn*	2	0
My love, when thou'rt away	*Nicholson*	2	0
My dying sire	*Kelly*	1	6
My mother did one rule bequeath	*Horn*	1	0

		s.	d.
Namouna's song	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Nay, weep not! dear Ellen	*Smith*	2	0
Ned of the hills	*Owenson*	1	0
Nightingale, the	*Sola*	2	0
No joy without my love	*Cooke*	1	6
Now morn is blushing	*Stevenson*	2	0
Obey!	*Horn*	1	6
Oh! come, sweet lass!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Oh! fair as the seaflower	*Welsh*	2	0
Oh! fate in pity	*Horn*	1	6
Oh! give me the heart that is cheerful	*Cooke*	1	6
Oh! if those eyes deceive me not	*Stevenson*	2	0
Oh! Liberty	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! listen to your lover	*Horn*	2	0
Oh list unto my tale of	*Stevenson*	1	6
Oh! lovely is the summer morn	*Bishop*	2	0
Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang	*Carter*	1	0
Oh! never doubt my love	*Cooke*	2	0
Oh! never from the maid depart	*King*	1	0
Oh! nothing in life can sadden us	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Oh! Patrick	*Bishop*	2	0
Oh! remember the time	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! see those cherries	*Ditto*	2	0
Oh! smile not thus	*Smith*	1	6
Oh! soon return	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! turn away those mournful eyes	*Stevenson*	1	6
Oh! white is the snow	*Kelly*	2	0
Oh! why should the girl of my soul	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! Woman!	*Ditto*	2	0
Oh! woods of green Erin	*Doyle*	2	0
Oh! would I ne'er had seen thee!	*Stevenson*	1	0
Oh! yes—so well, so tenderly	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! yes, when the bloom	*Ditto*	2	0
One dear smile	*Moore*	2	0
Orator Puff	*Ditto*	1	6
Orphan boy	*Smith*	2	0
O softly sleep!	*Ditto*	2	0
Paddy in London	*Irish Air*	1	0
Paddy the piper	*Ditto*	1	0
Pangs of absence	*Philipps*	1	6
Parting hour is come, love	*Doyle*	2	0
Parting look she gave	*Turnbull*	2	0
Pleasures of Brighton	*Horn*	1	6
Plumed casque	*Kelly*	1	6
Poh! Dermot, go 'long with your goster	*T. M., Esq.*	1	6
Pray, Goody!		1	0
Pretty Sophy	*Bishop*	2	0
Probability	*T. M., Esq.*	1	6
Rabbinical origin of woman	*Moore*	1	6
Ray that beams for ever	*Kelly*	2	0
Remembrances	*Mrs. Mc Mullan*	2	0
Return, my love	*Stevenson*	2	0
Roderigh Vich-Alpine	*Horn*	1	6
Roll, drums, merrily	*Cooke*	1	0
Rose of affection	*Stevenson*	1	6
Sale of loves	*Moore*	2	0
Savoyard's return	*Dr. Clarke*	2	0
Say, pretty weeping figure	*Stevenson*	1	6
Scenes of my childhood	*Bishop*	2	0
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled		1	0
Sea Boy's Dream	*Smith*	2	6
Send the bowl round merrily	*Moore*	1	0
Soft breezes breathing	*Stevenson*	1	6
Soft Zephyr	*Dr. Clarke*	1	6
Soldier, rest!	*Kemp*	1	6
Spanish patriots	*Parry*	1	0
Spirit of joy	*Moore*	2	0
Spirit's song	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Stay, one moment stay!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Summer	*Ditto*	2	0
Sweetest moments life allows	*Kelly*	1	6
Sweet is love	*Doyle*	2	0
Sweet is the beam of morning	*Dallas*	2	0
Sweet is the dream	*Stevenson*	1	6
Sweet lady! look not thus	*Ditto*	2	0
Sweet minstrel, sing!	*Ditto*	1	6
Sweet robin		1	6
Sweet Rose, come away!	*Dibdin*	1	6
Sweet seducer	*Moore*	1	6
Tablet of love	*Stevenson*	2	0
Take back the sigh	*Moore*	2	0
Tarry, ye moments	*Kelly*	1	6

		s.	d.
Taste life's glad moments	*Walmisley*	1	6
That shepherd, sure, is he	*Stevenson*	1	6
There's not a joy this world can give	*Ditto*	2	0
There's the bower	*Ditto*	1	6
They bid me sleep	*Kemp*	1	6
Think no more, love, of our parting	*Clifton*	2	0
Tho' far from thee I'm roving	*Dallas*	2	0
Tho' fate, my girl	*Stevenson*	1	6
Tho' gaily smiles the opening spring	*Kelly*	1	6
Tho' winter frowns	*Horn*	1	0
Thou hast sent me a flowery band	*Moore*	1	6
Thunder-bolt frigate	*Horn*	1	6
Thy gentle manners	*Attwood*	2	0
Thyrsis	*Stevenson*	1	6
Thyrza	*Walmisley*	3	0
'Tis love that should rule the breast	*Kelly*	1	6
'Tis Love, 'tis Love		1	0
'Tis wine alone can banish care	*Stevenson*	1	6
To Julia, weeping	*Ditto*	1	0
Toll not the bell	*Dallas*	2	0
To love thee	*Mrs. Opie*	1	6
To the brook and the willow	*Stevenson*	1	6
Too soon the flowers of spring may fade	*Kelly*	1	6
Triumph of Russia	*Ditto*	2	6
Trumpet of glory	*Moore*	2	0
'Twas his own voice	*Stevenson*	2	0
'Twas on a wild and lonely	*Kelly*	1	6
Tyrolese song	*Moore*	2	0
Ulrica	*Cooke*	1	0
Vittoria	*Ditto*	2	0
Wake, maid of Lorn	*Stevenson*	2	0
Waters of Elle	*Stevenson*		
What's life unblest with Love	*Ditto*	1	6
When a man weds	*Horn*	1	6
Whence can you inherit		1	0
When Charles was deceived	*Moore*	2	0
When fickle man for woman sighs	*Kelly*	1	6
When from thy sight, love	*Ditto*	1	6
When I first told my Rosa I lov'd	*Ditto*	2	0
When I think of my own green glen	*Turnbull*	1	6
When I went for a soldier	*Horn*	1	6
When Leila touch'd the lute	*Moore*	2	0
When love gets in the youthful brain	*Horn*	1	6
When love and truth together play'd	*Philipps*	1	6
When love was fresh from his cradle	*West*	1	6
When midst the gay	*Moore*	2	0
When night was spreading o'er me	*Stevenson*	2	0
When storms disturb old ocean's bed	*King*	1	0
When the days of the summer	*Kiallmark*	2	0
When the girl of my heart	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
When the rose-bud of summer	*Stevenson*	2	0
When time, who steals	*Moore*	2	0
When twilight dews	*Stevenson*	2	0
When woe on the bosom of mercy	*Howell*	1	0
While parted from the youth	*King*	1	6
Whilst I listen to thy voice	*Stevenson*	2	0
Whilst on the beach I wander	*Doyle*	2	0
White rose of honor	*Kelly*	1	6
Who would not love?	*Cooke*	2	0
Why comes he not	*Smith*	1	6
William and Jannett	*Sanderson*	1	0
Will you come to the bower?	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Wilt thou say farewell, love?	*Moore*	2	0
Winds, whisper gently	*Stevenson*	2	0
Woman's power ending never	*Kearns*	1	0
Woman's smile	*Parry*	1	6
Woman, who conquers all	*Cooke*	1	6
Woodbine cottage	*Stevenson*	2	0
Woodman's cot	*Kelly*	1	0
Woodpecker	*Ditto*	2	0
Wreath you wove	*Moore*	1	6
Ye banks and braes, (*new edition*)	*Burns*	1	0
Ye light forms of fancy	*Kelly*	1	6
Yes, it is, love!	*Clifton*	1	6
Yes, thro' the wide world	*Mrs.* ———	1	0
Young Jessica	*Moore*	2	0
Young love	*Ditto*	2	0
Young son of chivalry	*King*	1	6
Youth I adore	*Cooke*	1	6
Youth is but short	*Dallas*	2	0
You watch'd the sun's ray	*Welsh Air*	1	0
Zounds, my lad	*Cooke*	1	0

DUETTS.

		s.	d.
Ah! say if the glance	*Black*	1	6
Alas! poor Lubin	*Stevenson*	1	6
As with slow-moving oar	*King*	2	0
Catherine	*Lady C. Stewart*	2	0
Chieftain	*Stevenson*	2	0
Chink-a-chink	*Horn*	1	6
Come, friendly night	*Livius*	1	6
Come, all ye youths	*Harris*	2	0
Congenial to friends	*Stevenson*	2	0
Could a man be secure (*new edition*)		1	0
Dear, in pity	*Stevenson*	1	6
Dragon fly	*Smith*	2	0
Dress, with me, the myrtle bower	*Stevenson*	1	6
Edmund of the hill	*Ditto*	1	6
Faithful love	*Parry*	2	0
Fare thee well!	*Ditto*	2	0
Flowers in the east	*Kelly*	2	0
Heave one sigh	*Horn*	1	0
Here is the lip	*Moore*	2	0
He 's gone, ah! me	*Kemp*	2	0
How happy pass'd morn's pleasant dream	*Sanderson*	1	6
If fortune smile	*Kelly*	1	6
In search of glory	*Cooke*	2	6
Invest my head with fragrant rose	*Stevenson*	2	0
Joys that pass away	*Moore*	2	0
Lady, by Cupid's darts I swear	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Life-boat	*Moore*	2	6
Love and the sun-dial	*Ditto*	2	0
Love in thine eyes (*new edition*)	*Jackson*	1	0
Love, my Mary, dwells	*Stevenson*	2	0
Love, wand'ring thro' the golden maze	*Ditto*	2	0
Mourn not, silly mortals	*Stevenson*	2	0
Nights of music	*Moore*	2	6
No! never shall my soul forget	*Stevenson*	2	6
Now bright July to pleasure calls	*Horn*	2	0
O dinna weep	*J. M. Harris*	2	0
Our first young love	*Moore*	2	0
Peace!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Send home those long strayed eyes	*Ditto*	1	6
Should we be forced to part	*Cooke*	2	0
Song of war	*Moore*	2	0
Sparkling fountains	*Stevenson*	2	0
Surprise	*Ditto*	1	6
Tell me where is fancy bred?	*Ditto*	2	0
Ditto ditto	*Arranged by Bishop*	2	0
That I no longer wish to rove	*Stevenson*	1	6
Think on me	*Ditto*	2	0
Thro' silent woods	*King*	2	0
Time has not thinn'd (*new edition*)	*Jackson*	1	0
Tit bits	*Cooke*	1	6
Together let us range the fields	*Dr. Boyce*	1	6
Turn to this heart	*Horn*	1	6
Wake thee, my dear	*Moore*	2	0
Warrior's soul is all in arms!	*Cooke*	2	6
Well-a-day!	*Horn*	1	0
When in languor sleeps the heart	*Stevenson*	2	0
When Jove from the skies	*Horn*	1	6
When war unfurls his banner bright	*King*	1	6
Where is the light from Lara's tower?	*Stevenson*	2	6
While parted from the youth I love	*King*	1	6
Wilt thou say farewell, love?	*Bishop*	2	0
Wine to cheer	*Parry*	1	6
Would you gain by art?	*Kelly*	1	6
Young rose	*Moore*	2	0

GLEES.

		s.	d.
A broken cake	*Stevenson*	2	0
Allen-a-Dale	*Horn*	2	6
And will he not come again	*Stevenson*	1	6
Archer's glee	*Ditto*	1	6
Awake! Apollo calls	*Ditto*	1	6
Banks of Allanwater	*Hawes*	2	6
Blithe are the bowers of Mosellai	*Kelly*	2	0
Blest were the days	*Stevenson*	2	6
Boat trio—"Row gently, row"	*Ditto*	2	0
Buds of Roses	*Ditto*	2	6
Canadian boat-song	*Moore*	3	0
Cease not yet, sweet bard!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Come, buy my cherries, &c.	*Ditto*	2	0
Come, follow me	*Ditto*	5	0
Day set on Norham's castle steep	*Lord Burghersh*	3	0
Doubt thou the stars are fire	*Stevenson*	1	6
Ella	*Ditto*	2	6
Fairy glee	*Ditto*	5	0
Fair and False	*Lord Burghersh*	2	0
Fill, fill the goblet	*Aylmer*	1	6
Finland love-song	*Moore*	2	6
Give me the harp	*Stevenson*	5	0
Happy love	*Ditto*	2	0
Hark! the bell is ringing	*Ditto*	2	0
Hark! thro' the long resounding halls	*King*	1	6
Here's the bower	*Stevenson*	2	6
Hermits	*Ditto*	3	0
Holy be the pilgrim's sleep	*Moore*	5	0
I mark'd not eyes	*Stevenson*	2	0
Lonely isle	*Horn*	3	0
Merrily O!	*Stevenson*	2	6
Mountain cot	*Richards*	2	0
Nor throne of state	*Kelly*	1	6
Now is the merry month of May	*Stevenson*	5	0
Now let the warrior wave his sword	*Moore*	2	6
Now the star of day is high	*Stevenson*	3	0
Ocean king	*West*	2	6
Oh! lady fair!	*Moore*	3	0
Oh! stay, sweet fair	*Stevenson*	3	0
Oh! tell me, pilgrims	*Ditto*	2	6
Raise the song	*Stevenson*	1	6
Roderigh Vich-Alpine	*Horn*	3	0
Sigh not thus, oh! simple boy	*Moore*	1	6
Sir Rowland the brave	*Stevenson*	2	6
Soldier, rest!	*Kemp*	2	6
Song that lightens the languid way	*Moore*	3	0
Spirit of Bliss	*Lord Burghersh*	3	0
Sweet lady, look not thus again	*Stevenson*	3	0
This is love	*Moore*	2	6
Ting-a-tingle	*Horn*	2	0
Tis done! the fetal deed	*Lord Burghersh*	2	6
To the brook and the willow	*Stevenson*	2	6
To thy lover	*Ditto*	2	0
Under the greenwood tree	*Ditto*	2	6
Under the hawthorn tree	*Ditto*	1	6
Up, quit the bower	*Attwood*	2	0
Wake, Rosa, wake (*serenade*)	*Bartlett*	2	6
We fairy folk	*Stevenson*	2	0
When time, who steals our years	*Phelps*	2	6
Where shall the lover rest?	*Stevenson*	2	6
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Wood nymph	*Smith*	2	6
Wreaths of flowers	*Stevenson*	2	6

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O softly sleep	*Kiallmark*	2	0
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AND

CHARACTERISTIC WORDS

BY

Thomas Moore Esq.r

No. V. PRICE 15s.

LONDON:
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LONDON:—PRINTED BY J. RAYLD,
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Margaret
Stevenson

Tom. 5.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is but fair to those, who take an interest in this Work, to state that it is now very near its termination, and that the Sixth Number, which shall speedily appear, will, most probably, be the Last of the Series. Three Volumes will then have been completed, according to the original plan, and the Proprietors desire me to say that a List of Subscribers will be published with the concluding Number.

It is not so much from a want of materials, and still less from any abatement of zeal or industry, that we have adopted the resolution of bringing our task to a close; but we feel so proud, for our Country's sake and our own, of the interest which this purely Irish Work has excited, and so anxious lest a particle of that interest should be lost by any ill-judged protraction of its existence, that we think it wiser to take away the cup from the lip, while its flavour is yet, we trust, fresh, and sweet, than to risk any longer trial of the charm, or give so much as not to leave some wish for more. In speaking thus I allude entirely to the Airs, which are, of course, the main attraction of these Volumes; and, though we have still many popular and delightful Melodies to produce,[a] yet it cannot be denied that we should soon experience some difficulty, in equalling the richness and novelty of the earlier Numbers, for which, as we had the choice of all before us, we naturally selected only the most rare and beautiful. The Poetry too would be sure to sympathize with the decline of the Music; and, however feebly my words have kept pace with the *excellence* of the Airs, they would follow their *falling off*, I fear, with wonderful alacrity. So that, altogether, both pride and prudence counsel us to stop, while the Work is yet, we believe, flourishing and attractive, and, in the imperial attitude "*stantes mori*," before we incur the charge either of altering for the worse, or, what is equally unpardonable, continuing too long the same.

We beg, however, to say it is only in the event of our failing to find Airs as exquisite as most of those we have given, that we mean thus to anticipate the natural period of dissolution (like those Indians, who put their relatives to death, when they become feeble); and they, who wish to retard this Euthanasia of the Irish Melodies, cannot better effect it than by contributing to our collection, not, what are called, curious Airs, for we have abundance of them, and they are, in general, *only* curious, but any really sweet and expressive Songs of our Country, which either chance or research may have brought into their hands.

THOMAS MOORE.

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne,
December, 1813.

---

[a] Among these is *Savourna Deelish*, which I have hitherto only withheld, from the diffidence I feel in treading upon the same ground with Mr. Campbell, whose beautiful words to this fine Air have taken too strong possession of all ears and hearts, for me to think of producing any impression after him. I suppose, however, I must attempt it for the next Number.

A SELECTION OF IRISH MELODIES

With Symphonies and Accompaniments by SIR JOHN STEVENSON Mus. Doc.

And Characteristic Words BY Thomas Moore Esq.r

5.th NUMBER.

PRICE 0-15-0.

LONDON

Published by J. Power, 34, Strand.

To the

Nobility and Gentry of Ireland.

The following Work

Is respectfully Inscribed

By

The Publisher.

Silvester sc. 17 Strand.

INDEX

TO

THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

INDEX

TO

THE HARMONIZED AIRS

The Shamrock.

In Moderate Time

Thro'

ERIN'S Isle, To sport a-while, As LOVE and VALOUR wan - der'd, With

WIT, the sprite, Whose quiver bright A thousand arrows squan-der'd; Wher -

e'er they pass, A triple grass Shoots up, with dew-drops stream - ing, As

softly green As emeralds, seen Thro' purest chrystal gleaming! Oh the

Shamrock, the green immor_tal Shamrock! Chosen leaf Of Bard and Chief, Old

2d VERSE.

ERIN's native Shamrock! Says

VALOUR, "See They spring for me, Those leaf_y gems of morn_ing!" Says

LOVE, "No, no, For *me* they grow, My fra_grant path a_dorn_ing!" — But

WIT perceives The tri_ple leaves, And cries "Oh! do not se_ _ _ver A

type, that blends Three godlike friends, LOVE, VALOUR, WIT, for e _ _ver!"

Oh the Sham_rock, the green, im_mor_tal Sham_rock!

Chosen leaf Of Bard and Chief, Old ERIN's native Sham_rock!

AIR—*Alley Croker.*

I.

THROUGH ERIN's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As LOVE and VALOUR wander'd,
With WIT, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd:
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass[a]
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds, seen
Through purest crystal gleaming!
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old ERIN's native Shamrock!

II.

Says VALOUR, "See,
"They spring for me,
"Those leafy gems of morning!"—
Says LOVE, "No, no,
"For *me* they grow,
"My fragrant path adorning!"—
But WIT perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries "Oh! do not sever
"A type, that blends
"Three godlike friends,
"LOVE, VALOUR, WIT, for ever!"
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old ERIN's native Shamrock!

III.

So firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On WIT's celestial feather!
May LOVE, as twine
His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
May VALOUR ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old ERIN's native Shamrock!

---

[a] SAINT PATRICK is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. HOPE, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, "standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil or three-coloured grass in her hand."

AIR—*Molly, my Dear.*

I.

AT the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think that, if spirits can steal from the region of air
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd even in the sky!

II.

Then I sing the wild song, which once 'twas rapture to hear,
When our voices, both mingling, breath'd like one on the ear;
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls,[a]
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear!

---

a "There are countries," says MONTAIGNE, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields; and that it is those souls repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."

At the mid hour of Night.

Mon'd with Melancholy Expreſsion.

Cres

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly To the lone vale we

lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye; And I think that, if spirits can

steal from the region of air To re_visit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me

there, And tell me our love is remember'd ev'n in the sky!

At the mid hour of Night.

Harmonized for Four Voices.

Slow with Melancholy Expression

1st Treble — *pia* — *Cres* — *pia*

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weep_ing I

Counter Tenor or 2nd Treble — *pia* — *Cres* — *pia*

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weep_ing I

Tenor — *pia* — *Cres*

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weep_ing I

Bass — *Cres*

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weep_ing I

Piano Forte

fly To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye;

fly To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye;

fly To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye;

fly To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye;

p *Cres*

And I think that, if spi_rits can steal from the region of air To re_

And I think that, if spi_rits can steal from the region of air To re_

And I think that, if spi_rits can steal from the region of air To re_

And I think that, if spi_rits can steal from the region of air To re_

pia *pia* *p.*

vi_sit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our

pia

vi_sit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our

pia

vi_sit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our

vi_sit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our

Dim

love is re_member'd ev'n in the sky!

Dim

love is re_member'd ev'n in the sky!

love is re_member'd ev'n in the sky!

love is re_member'd ev'n in the sky!

2d VERSE.

for

Then I sing the wild song, which once 'twas rap_ture to

for

Then I sing the wild song, which once 'twas rap_ture to

for

Then I sing the wild song, which once 'twas rap_ture to

Then I sing the wild song, which once 'twas rap_ture to

pia

hear, When our voic_es, both ming_ling, breath'd like one on the ear;

pia

hear, When our voic_es, both ming_ling, breath'd like one on the ear;

pia

hear, When our voic_es, both ming_ling, breath'd like one on the ear;

pia

hear, When our voic_es, both ming_ling, breath'd like one on the ear;

Cres - - -

pia

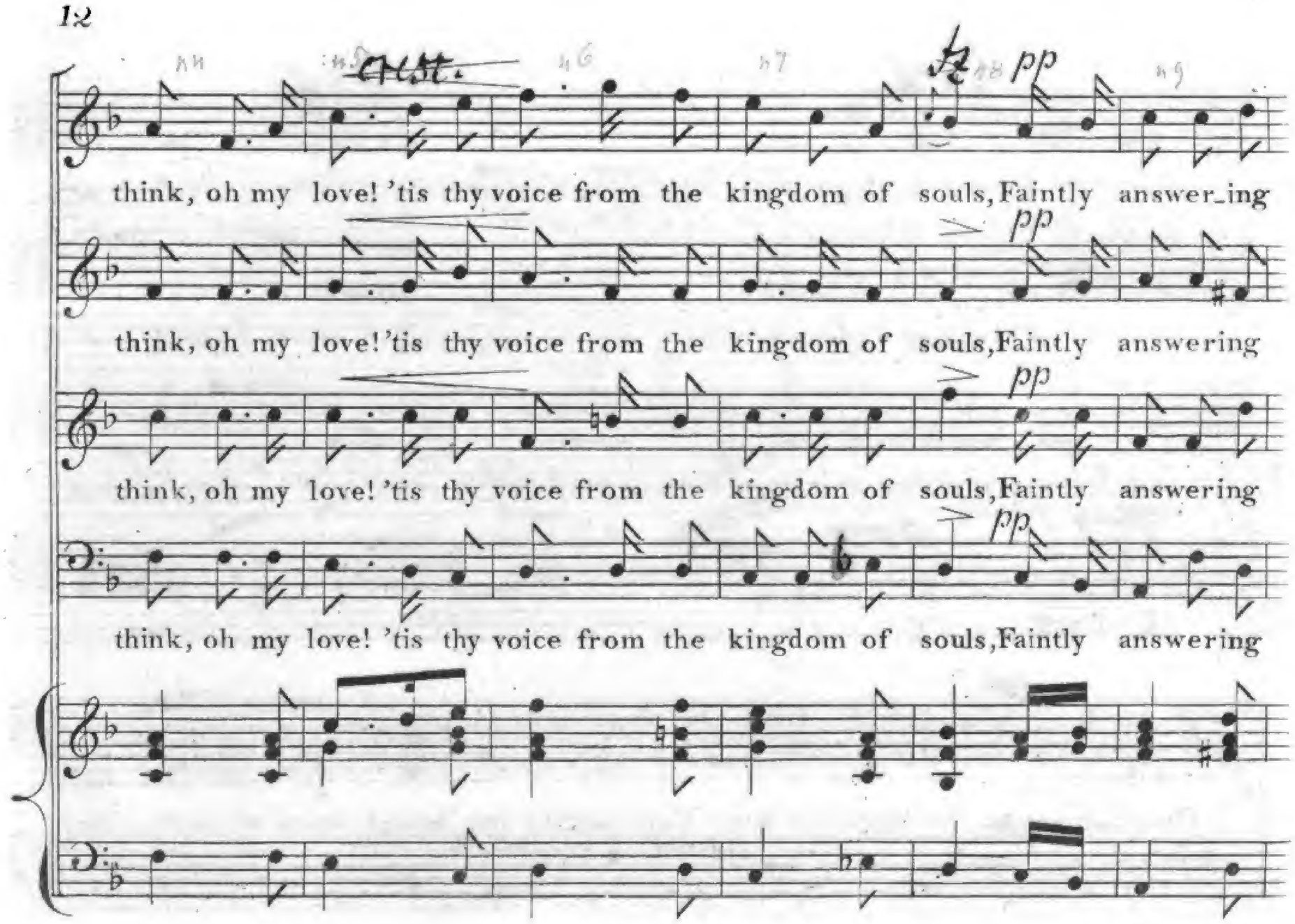
And, as E_cho far off thro' the vale my sad o_ri_son rolls, I

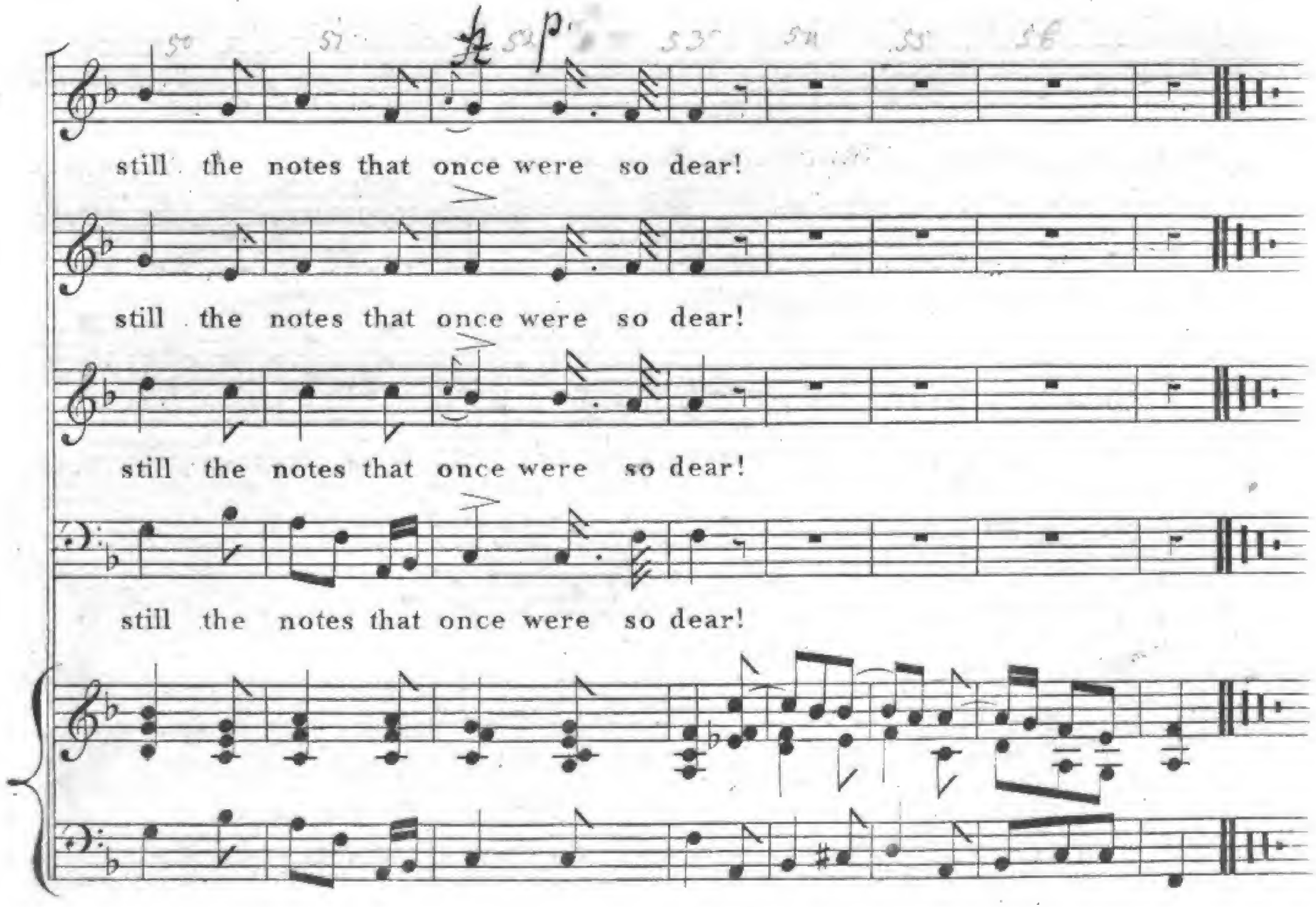
pia

And, as E_cho far off thro' the vale my sad o_ri_son rolls, I

And, as E_cho far off thro' the vale my sad o_ri_son rolls, I

And, as E_cho far off thro' the vale my sad o_ri_son rolls, I


pp
think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls, Faintly answer_ing
pp
think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls, Faintly answering
pp
think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls, Faintly answering
pp
think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls, Faintly answering


p
still the notes that once were so dear!
still the notes that once were so dear!
still the notes that once were so dear!
still the notes that once were so dear!

One Bumper at parting.

With Animation

One bumper at parting!- tho' many Have circled the board since we met, The fullest, the saddest of a_ny Re_mains to be crown'd by us yet. The sweetness, that pleasure has in it, Is always so slow to come forth, That

seldom, a_las, till the mi_nute It dies, do we know half its worth! But

oh! may our life's happy measure Be all of such moments made up; They're

born on the bosom of Pleasure, They die midst the tears of the cup

for *Cres*

AIR—*Moll Roe in the Morning.*

I.

ONE bumper at parting!—tho' many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure has in it,
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth!
But, oh! may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die midst the tears of the cup.

II.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries "onward!" and spurs the gay hours—
Ah! never does Time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But, come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die midst the tears of the cup.

III.

How brilliant the sun look'd in sinking!
The waters beneath him how bright!
Oh! trust me, the farewell of drinking
Should be like the farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd, by darting
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
So fill up, let's shine at our parting,
In full liquid glory, like him.
And, oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up;
'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies mid the tears of the cup!

AIR—*Groves of Blarney.*

I.

'TIS the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh!

II.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one.
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

III.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

'Tis the last Rose of Summer.

Feelingly

pia

'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming a_ _lone; All her lovely com_

panions Are fa_ded and gone; No flow'r of her kindred, No rosebud is

nigh, To re_flect back her blushes Or give sigh for sigh!

'Tis the last Rose of Summer.

Harmonized for Four Voices.

Feelingly

Treble

'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom_ing a_ _

Counter Tenor

'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming a_ _

Tenor

'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom_ing a_ _

Bass

'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom_ing a_ _

Piano Forte

lone; All her love_ly com_panions are fa_ded and gone; No

lone; All her love_ly com_panions are fa_ded and gone; No

lone; All her love_ly com_panions are fa_ded and gone; No

lone; All her love_ly com_pa_nions are fa_ded and gone; No

Cres - cen - - do p

flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re-

Cres p

flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re-

Cres

flow'r her kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re-

flow'r her kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re-

pia Dim

flect back her blushes Or give sigh for sigh!

Dim

flect back her blushes Or give sigh for sigh!

flect back her blushes Or give sigh for sigh!

flect her blushes - - Or give sigh for sigh!

hr hr hr

VOLTI

2d VERSE.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one! To pine on the stem; Since the

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one! To pine on the stem; Since the

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one! To pine on the stem; Since the

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one! To pine on the stem; Since the

pp

love_ly are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with them; Thus kind_ly I

pp

love_ly are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with them; Thus kind_ly I

pp

love_ly are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with them; Thus kind I

pp

love_ly are sleep_ing, Go, sleep thou with them; Thus kind I

Cres - - - - - *p*

scat_ter Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the

scat_ter Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the

scat_ter Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the

scat_ter Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates the

pp

garden Lie scentless and dead.

pp

garden Lie scentless and dead.

pp

garden Lie scentless and dead.

pp

garden - Lie scentless and dead.

The young May Moon.

Slowly

The young May moon is beaming, love, The glow-worm's lamp is

ad lib: *a tempo.*

gleaming, love, How sweet to rove Thro' Morna's grove, While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!

Then a-wake!-the heav'ns look bright, my dear! 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear! And the

lentando. *ad lib:* *a tempo.*

best of all ways To length-en our days Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

2d VERSE.

Now all the world is sleep_ing, love, But the Sage, his star-watch keep_ing, love, And

ad lib a tempo

I, whose star, More glorious far, Is the eye from that casement peep _ ing, love,

Then a _ wake, till rise of sun, my dear! The Sa _ ge's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or, in

ad lib a tempo

watching the flight Of bodies of light, He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

The young May Moon.

Harmonized for Four Voices.

Andy

Treble

The young May moon is beaming, love, The glow-worms lamp is

Counter Tenor or 2nd Treble

The moon is beaming, love, The glow-worms lamp is

Tenor

The moon is beaming, love, The glow-worms lamp is

Bass

The moon is beaming, love, The glow-worms lamp is

Piano Forte

ad lib:

gleam_ing, love, How sweet to rove Thro' Mor_na's grove, While the

gleam_ing, love, How sweet to rove Thro' Mor__na's grove, While the

gleam_ing, love, How sweet to rove Thro' Mor__na's grove, While the

gleam_ing, love, How sweet to rove Thro' Mor__na's grove, While the

a tempo

drowsy world is dreaming, love! Then a_wake!- the heav'ns look bright my dear! 'Tis

drowsy world is dreaming, love! Then a__wake!- look bright my dear! 'Tis

world is dreaming, love! Then a__wake!- look bright my dear! 'Tis

drowsy world is dreaming, love! Then a__wake!- look bright my dear! 'Tis

lentando

ne_ver too late for de_light, my dear! And the best of all ways To

ne_ver too late for de_light, my dear! And the best of all ways To

ne_ver too late for de_light, my dear! And the best of all ways To

ne_ver too late for de_light, my dear! And the best of all ways To

ad lib: *a tempo.*

length_en our days Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

length_en our days Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

length_en our days Is to steal ____ from the night, my dear!

length_en our days Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

a tempo.

2d VERSE.

Now all the world is sleep_ing, love, But the Sage, his star-watch keep_ing, love, And

The world is sleeping, love, But the Sage, his star-watch keep_ing, love, And

The world is sleep_ing, love, But the Sage, his star-watch keep_ing, love, And

The world is sleep_ing, love, But the Sage, his star-watch keep_ing, love, And

I, whose star, More glorious far, Is the eye from that casement peeping, love,

I, whose star, More glo_rious far, Is the eye from that casement peeping, love,

I, whose star, More glo_rious far, Is the eye from that casement peeping, love,

I, whose star, More glo_rious far, Is the eye from that casement peeping, love,

Then a_wake till rise of sun, my dear! The Sa_ge's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or, in

Then a_wake, of sun, my dear! The Sa_ge's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or, in

Then a_wake, of sun, my dear! The Sa_ge's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or, in

Then a_wake, of sun, my dear! The Sa_ge's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or, in

lentando *ad lib:* *a tempo*

watching the flight Of bodies of light, He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

watching the flight Of bodies of light, He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

watching the flight Of bodies of light, He might take ---- thee for one, my dear!

watching the flight Of bodies of light, He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

a tempo

AIR—*The Dandy O!*

I.

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,[a]
While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear!
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear!
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

II.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake, till rise of sun, my dear!
The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

---

a "Steal silently to Morna's grove."

See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by JOHN BROWN, one of my earliest college-companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate, as his life had been amiable honourable, and exemplary.

AIR—*The Mereen.*

I

THE Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
"*One* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
"*One* faithful harp shall praise thee!"

II.

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
"Thou soul of love and bravery!
"Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
"They shall never sound in slavery."

The Minstrel Boy.

With Strength and Spirit

ff

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone, In the

pia

ranks of death you'll find him; His fa_ther's sword he has gird_ed on, And his

for

tenderly

wild harp slung be_hind him. "Land of song!" said the warrior bard, "Tho' all the world be_

Cres

pia

trays thee, *One* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, *One* faith_ful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel Boy.

Harmonized for Three Voices.

With Strength and Spirit

f

Treble

The Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll

Tenor

The Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll

Bass

The Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll

Piano Forte

find him; His father's sword he has girded on, And his wild harp slung be-

find him; His father's sword he has girded on, And his wild harp slung be-

find him; His father's sword he has girded on, And his wild harp slung be-

tenderly

hind him. "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard, "Tho' all the world be-

hind him. "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard, "Tho' all the world be-

hind him. "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard, "Tho' all the world be-

f

trays thee, *One* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, *One* faith-ful harp shall

trays thee, *One* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, *One* faith-ful harp shall

trays thee, *One* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, *One* faith-ful harp shall

praise thee!"

praise thee!"

praise thee!"

2d VERSE.

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain Could not bring that proud soul

The Minstrel fell!— but the foeman's chain Could not bring that proud soul

The Minstrel fell!— but the foeman's chain Could not bring that proud soul

un - der; The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again, For he

un - der; The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a - gain, For he

un - der; The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a - gain, For he

tore its chords a - - sun - - der; And said "No chains shall

tore its chords a - - - - - sun - - der; And said "No chains shall

tore its chords a - - - sun - - der; And said "No chains shall

sul _ _ ly thee, Thou soul of love and bra _ ve _ ry! Thy

sul _ _ ly thee, Thou soul of love and bra _ ve _ ry! Thy

sul _ _ ly thee, Thou soul of love and bra _ _ ve _ ry! Thy

tones were made for the pure and free, They shall ne_ver sound in

tones were made for the pure and free, They shall ne_ver sound in

tones were made for the pure and free, They shall ne_ver sound in

sla _ ve _ ry!"

sla _ ve _ ry!"

sla _ve _ ry!"

The Valley lay smiling before me.

In Moderate Time and According to the feeling of each Verse.

The val_ley lay smiling before me, Where lately I left her behind; Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me, That sadden'd the joy of my mind.

I look'd for the lamp which, she told me, Should shine, when her Pilgrim return'd, But, tho' dark_ness began to in_fold me, No lamp from the bat_tle_ments burn'd!

THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

AIR—*The Pretty Girl milking her Cow.*

I.

THE valley lay smiling before me,
  Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
  That sadden'd the joy of my mind.
I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,
  Should shine, when her Pilgrim return'd,
But, though darkness began to infold me,
  No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

II.

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely
  As if the lov'd tenant lay dead—
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
  But no—the young false one had fled.
And *there* hung the lute, that could soften
  My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand, that had wak'd it so often,
  Now throbb'd to my proud rival's kiss!

III.

There *was* a time, falsest of women!
  When BREFFNI's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
  Who dar'd but to doubt thee *in thought!*
While now—oh! degenerate daughter
  Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!
And, through ages of bondage and slaughter,
  Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

IV.

Already, the curse is upon her,
  And strangers her vallies profane;
They come to divide—to dishonour—
  And tyrants they long will remain!
But, onward!—the green banner rearing,
  Go, flesh ev'ry brand to the hilt;
On *our* side is VIRTUE and ERIN,
  On *theirs* is THE SAXON and GUILT.

---

[a] These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of dividing, conquering, and enslaving us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran. "The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet could it not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage, (an act of piety frequent in those days,) and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns."—The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation,) "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antoninus, and by the destruction of Troy."

AIR—*Sheela na Guira.*

I.

OH! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone;
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers.
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breath, that we live,
Is worth the best joys that life elsewhere can give!

II.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they lov'd in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there!
With affection as free
From decline as the bowers;
And with Hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers;
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on holy and calm as the night!

Oh! had we some bright little Isle.

With lightness and in Moderate Time

Oh! had we some bright lit - - tle isle of our own, In a blue summer ocean, far off and a - lone; Where a leaf ne - - ver dies in the still - blooming bow'rs And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flow'rs.

pia

Where the sun loves to pause with so fond a de_ _ _lay, That the

night on_ly draws a thin veil o'er the day; Where sim_ply to

pia

feel that we breathe, that we live, Is worth the best joy that life

elsewhere can give!

Farewell! but, whenever you welcome the hour.

With Expression

Farewell!— but, when - ever you welcome the hour, Which a_

for *pia*

wakens the night-song of mirth in your bow'r, Then think of the friend, who once

for

welcom'd it too, And for_got his own griefs to be happy with you.

His griefs may re_turn— not a hope may re_main Of the

for *Dim* *ad lib:*

few that have brighten'd his path - way of pain— But he

a tempo:

ne'er will for_get the short vi_sion, that threw Its en_

pia

chantment a_round him, while ling'ring with you!

Farewell! but, whenever you welcome the hour,

Harmonized for Two Voices.

With Expression

Fare - well! - but, when - e - ver you welcome the hour, Which a - - wakens the

Fare - well! - but, when - e - ver you wel - come the hour, Which a - - wakens the

nightsong of mirth in your bow'r, Then think of the friend, who once

nightsong of mirth in your bow'r, Then think of the friend, who once

welcom'd it too, And for - got his own griefs to be happy with you.

welcom'd it too, And for - got his own griefs to be happy with you.

His griefs may return not a hope may remain Of the few that have brighten'd his

His griefs may return not a hope may remain Of the few that have brighten'd his

ad lib: *a tempo.*

pathway of pain But he ne'er will for_get the short vi_sion, that threw Its en_

pathway of pain But he ne'er will forget the short vi _ sion, that threw Its en_

chantment around him, while ling'ring with you!

chantment around him, while ling'ring with you!

AIR—*Moll Roone.*

I.

FAREWELL!—but, whenever you welcome the hour,
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend, who once welcom'd it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his path-way of pain—
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you!

II.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles!—
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd "I wish he were here!"

III.

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy—
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy us'd to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will;
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still!

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

AIR—*Yellow Wat and the Fox.*

I.

OH! doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.
Although this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
They only shook some blossoms down,
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.

II.

And tho' my lute no longer
May sing of passion's ardent spell,
Oh! trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.
The bee thro' many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But, when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there and hums no more.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when Folly kept me free,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall guard the flame awak'd by thee.

Oh! Doubt me not.

With feeling and Cheerfulness

Oh! doubt me not-the sea_son Is o'er, when Fol__ly made me rove, And

now the ves_tal, Rea_son Shall watch the fire a_wak'd by Love. Al_

tho' this heart was ear_ly blown, And fair__est hands disturb'd the tree, They

on_ly shook some blossoms down, Its fruit has all been kept for thee. Then

doubt me not– the sea _ _ son Is o'er, when Fol _ ly made me rove, And

now the ves _ tal, Rea _ son, Shall watch the fire a _ wak'd by Love.

2d VERSE.

And tho' my lute no lon _ ger May sing of passion's ar _ dent spell, Oh!

trust me, all the stron _ ger I feel the bliss I do not tell. The

bee thro' many a gar_den roves, And hums his lay of court_ship o'er, But,

when he finds the flow'r he loves, He set_tles there and hums no more. Then

doubt me not- the sea_son Is o'er, when Fol_ly kept me free, And

now the ves_tal, Rea_son, Shall guard the flame a_wak'd by thee.

Oh! Doubt me not.

Harmonized for Two Voices.

With feeling and Cheerfulness

Oh! doubt me not—the sea_son Is o'er, when Fol_ly made me rove, And

Oh! doubt me not—the sea_son Is o'er, when Fol_ly made me rove, And

now the ves_tal, Rea_son, Shall watch the fire a_wak'd by Love. Al_

now the ves_tal, Rea_son, Shall watch the fire a_wak'd by Love. Al_

tho' this heart was ear_ly blown, And fair_est hands dis_turb'd the tree, They

tho' this heart was ear_ly blown, And fair_est hands dis_turb'd the tree, They

only shook some blossoms down, Its fruit has all been kept for thee. Then

only shook some blossoms down, Its fruit has all been kept for thee. Then

a tempo

doubt me not— the sea_son Is o'er, when Fol_ly made me rove, And

doubt me not— the sea_son Is o'er, when Fol_ly made me rove, And

now the ves_tal, Rea_son, Shall watch the fire a_wak'd by Love.

now the ves_tal, Rea_son, Shall watch the fire a_wak'd by Love.

2d VERSE.

And tho' my lute no lon_ger May sing of passion's ar_dent spell, Oh!

And tho' my lute no lon_ger May sing of passion's ar_dent spell, Oh!

trust me, all the stronger I feell the bliss I do not tell. The

trust me, all the stronger I feell the bliss I do not tell. The

bee thro' many a garden roves, And hums his lay of court_ship o'er, But

bee thro' many a garden roves, And hums his lay of court_ship o'er, But

when he finds the flow'r he loves, He set_tles there and hums no more. Then

when he finds the flow'r he loves, He set_tles there and hums no more. Then

doubt me not— the sea_son Is o'er, when Fol_ly kept me free, And

doubt me not— the sea_son Is o'er, when Fol_ly kept me free, And

now the ves_tal, Rea_son, Shall guard the flme a_wak'd by thee.

now the ves_tal, Rea_son, Shall guard the flme a_wak'd by thee.

You remember Ellen?

Simply & in Moderate Time

pia

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride, How meekly she bless'd her humble lot, When the

pia

stranger, William, had made her his bride, And Love was the light of their low_ly cot.

for *pia*

To_gether they toil'd thro' winds and rains Till William at length, in sadness, said, "We must

Dim

seek our fortune on o_ther plains;"_ Then, sighing, she left her low_ly shed.

2d VERSE.

They roam'd a long and a weary way, Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease, When

now, at close of one stor_my day, They see a proud castle a_mong the trees.

"To night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there; The wind blows cold, the hour is late:" So, he

con spirito

blew the horn with a chieftain's air, And the Por_ter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

3d VERSE.

"Now, welcome, Lady!" exclaim'd the youth,—"This cas_tle is thine, and these dark woods all." She be_

lev'd him wild, but his words were truth, For Ellen is La_dy of Ros _ na Hall!

And dear_ly the Lord of Rosna loves What William, the stran_ger, woo'd and wed; And the

light of bliss, in those lord_ly groves, Is pure as it shone in the low _ ly shed.

AIR—*Were I a Clerk.*

I

YOU remember ELLEN, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
When the stranger, WILLIAM, had made her his bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toil'd thro' winds and rains
Till WILLIAM at length, in sadness, said,
" We must seek our fortune on other plains;"—
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

II.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.
" To-night," said the youth, " we'll shelter there;
" The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the Porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

III.

" Now, welcome, Lady!" exclaim'd the youth,—
" This castle is thine, and these dark woods all."
She believ'd him wild, but his words were truth,
For ELLEN is Lady of Rosna Hall!
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What WILLIAM, the stranger, woo'd and wed;
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.

* This Ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story, told of a certain Noble Family in England.

AIR—*The Rose-Tree.*

I.

I'D mourn the hopes that leave me,
If *thy* smiles had left me too;
I d weep, when friends deceive me,
If *thou* wert, like them, untrue.
But, while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light!

II.

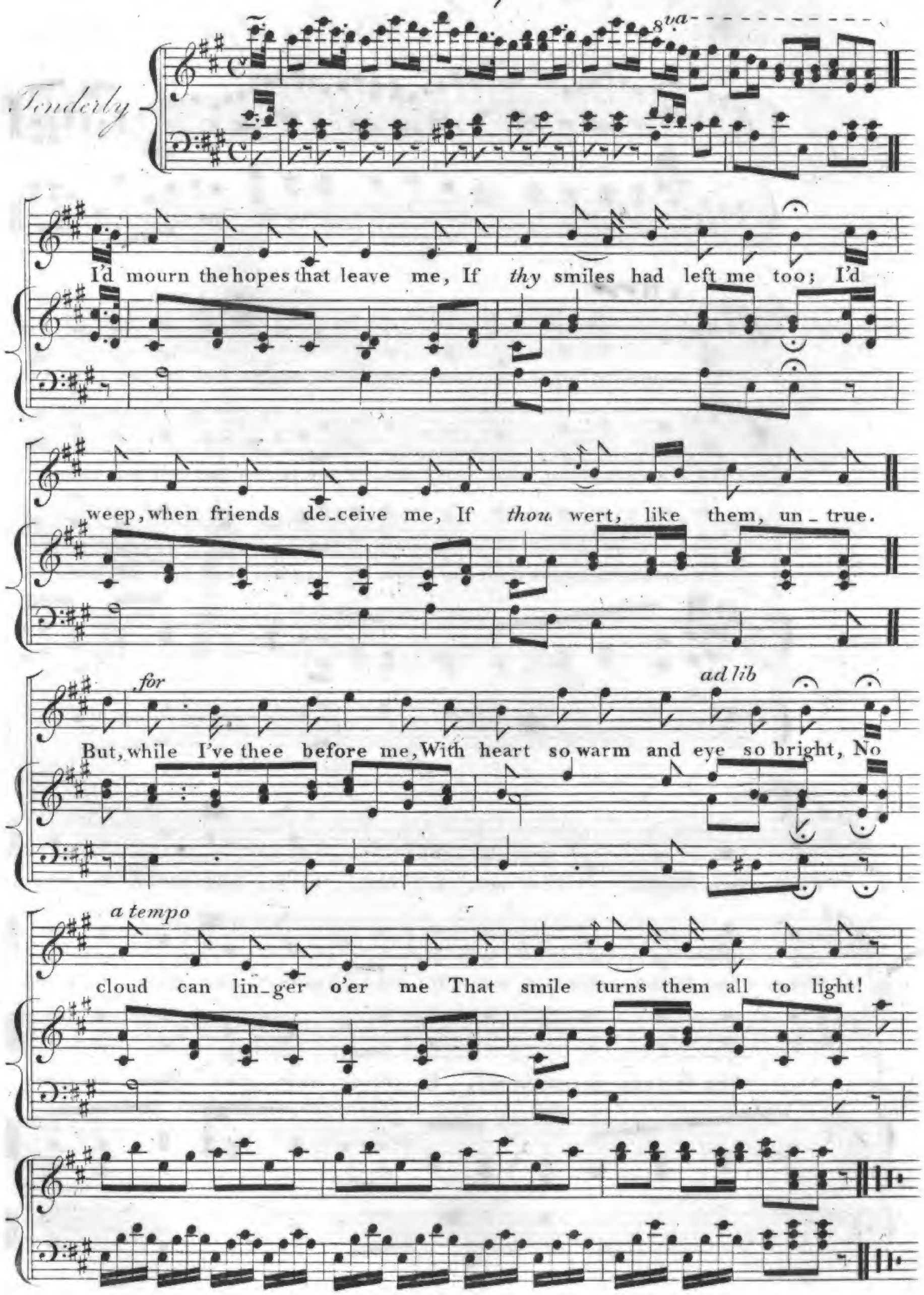
'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shar'd with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!

III.

And, tho' the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely, without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam,
The mind, that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home

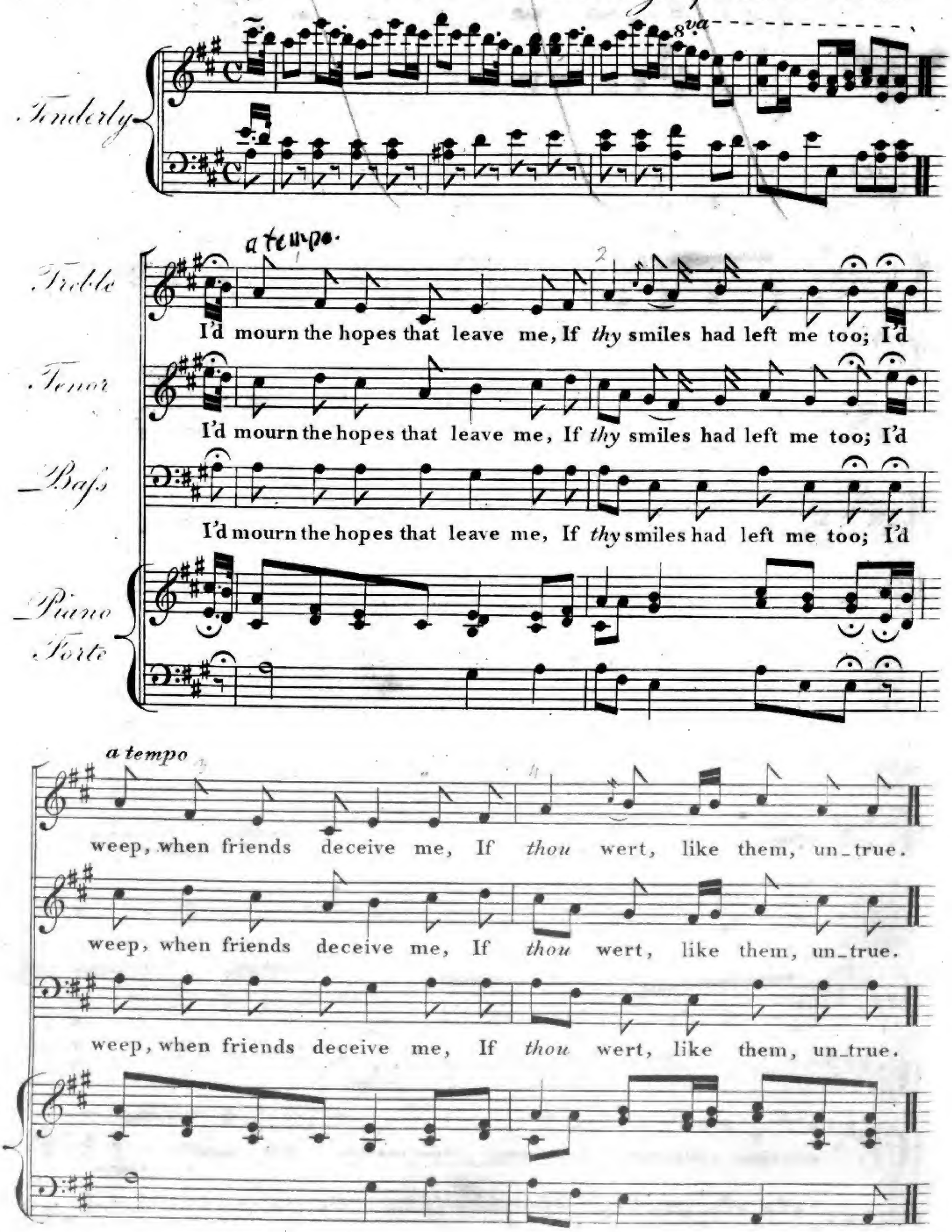
IV.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller, at first goes out,
He feels a while benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless star-light on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds!


Tenderly
8va
I'd mourn the hopes that leave me, If thy smiles had left me too; I'd
weep, when friends de_ceive me, If thou wert, like them, un_true.
for
ad lib
But, while I've thee before me, With heart so warm and eye so bright, No
a tempo
cloud can lin_ger o'er me That smile turns them all to light!

I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me.

Harmonized for Three Voices.



ad lib

But, while I've thee before me, With heart so warm and eyes so bright, No

But, while I've thee be_fore me, With heart _ _ _ _ _ _ _ so bright, No

But, while I've thee before me, With heart and eyes so bright, No

a tempo

clouds can lin_ger o'er me, That smile turns them all to light!

clouds can lin_ger o'er me, That smile turns them all to light!

clouds can lin_ger o'er me, That smile turns them all to light!

2d VERSE.

a tempo

'Tis not in fate to harm me, While fate leaves thy love to me; 'Tis

'Tis not in fate to harm me, While fate leaves thy love to me; 'Tis

'Tis not in fate to harm me, While fate leaves thy love to me; 'Tis

a tempo

not in joy to charm me, Un _ _ less joy be shar'd with thee.

not in joy to charm me, Un _ _ less joy be shar'd with thee.

not in joy to charm me, Un _ _ less joy be shar'd with thee.

ad lib.

One minute's dream a_bout thee Were worth a long, an endless year Of

One minute's dream a_bout thee Were worth _ _ _ _ _ _ _ a year Of

One minute's dream a_bout thee Were worth an endless year Of

a tempo

wak_ing bliss with_out thee, My own love, my on_ly dear!

wak_ing bliss with_out thee, My own love, my on_ly dear!

wak_ing bliss with_out thee, My own love, my on_ly dear!

A Catalogue

OF

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WITH

SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

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AND

HENRY R. BISHOP, ESQ.

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Planxty Drury
The Beardless Boy
Go where Glory waits thee
Remember the Glories of Brien the Brave
Erin! the Tear and the Smile in thine Eyes
Oh! breathe not his name
When he who adores thee
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls
Fly not yet!
Oh! think not my Spirits are always as light
Tho' the last Glimpse of Erin
Rich and rare were the Gems she wore
As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may glow
The Meeting of the Waters

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How dear to me the Hour
Take back the virgin Page
The Legacy—(When in Death I shall calm recline)
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We may roam thro' this World
Eveleen's Bower—(Oh! weep for the Hour)
Let Erin remember the Days of old
Silent, oh Moyle! be the Roar of thy Waters
Come, send round the Wine
Sublime was the Warning
Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms

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The snowy-breasted Pearl
Planxty Johnstone
Captain Megan
Erin, oh! Erin—(Like the bright Lamp)
Drink to her
Oh! blame not the Bard
While gazing on the Moon's Light
When Daylight was yet sleeping under the Billow
Before the Battle—(By the Hope within us springing)
After the Battle
Oh! 'tis sweet to think
The Irish Peasant to his Mistress
When thro' Life unblest we rove
It is not the Tear at this Moment shed
'Tis believ'd that this Harp

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I saw thy Form in youthful Prime
By that Lake whose gloomy Shore
She is far from the Land
Nay, tell me not
Avenging and bright
What the Bee is to the Floweret
Love and the Novice (Here we dwell in holiest Bowers)
This Life is all chequer'd

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At the mid Hour of Night
One Bumper at Parting!
'Tis the last Rose of Summer
The young May Moon
The Minstrel Boy
The Valley lay smiling before me
Oh! had we some bright little Isle
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the Hour
Oh! doubt me not
You remember Ellen
I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me

No. VI.—Price 15*s*.—*Containing*

Come o'er the Sea
Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded?
No, not more welcome
When first I met thee
While History's Muse
The Time I've lost in wooing
Oh! where's the Slave?
Come, rest in this Bosom
'Tis gone, and for ever
I saw from the Beach
Fill the Bumper fair
Dear Harp of my Country

No. VII.—Price 15*s*.—*Containing*

My gentle Harp! once more I waken
As slow our ship her foamy Track
In the Morning of Life, when its Cares are unknown
When cold in the Earth lies the Friend thou hast lov'd
Remember thee! yes, while there's Life in this Heart
Wreath the Bowl
Whene'er I see those smiling Eyes
If thou'lt be mine, the Treasures of Air
To Ladies' Eyes a Round, Boy.
Forget not the Field where they perish'd
They may rail at this Life
Oh for the Swords of former Time!

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Ne'er ask the Hour
Sail on, sail on
The Parallel
Drink of this Cup
The Fortune-teller
Oh ye Dead!
O'Donohue's Mistress
The Echo
Oh banquet not
Thee, thee, only thee
Shall the Harp, then, be silent?
Oh the Sight entrancing

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Oft in the stilly night ..... *Scotch*
Reason, Folly, and Beauty ..... *Italian*
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Love is a hunter-boy ..... *Languedocian*
My harp has one unchanging theme *Swedish*
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Row gently here ..... *Venetian*
Say what shall be our sport to-day *Sicilian*
See the dawn from Heaven .... *Italian*
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When Love was a Child ..... *Swedish*
When thou shalt wander..... *Sicilian*
Who'll buy my Love-knots.... *Portuguese*

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Go now and dream .....*Sicilian*
Here sleeps the Bard .....*Highland*
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Take hence the Bowl .....*Neapolitan*
Though 'tis all but a dream ..*French*
'Tis when the cup is smiling..*Italian*
When the first summer Bee ..*German*
When through the Piazetta ..*Venetian*
Where shall we bury our shame *Neapolitan*

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Weep not for those
The Turf shall be my fragrant Shrine
Sound the loud Timbrel (Miriam's Song)
Go, let me weep
Come not, oh Lord!
Were not the sinful Mary's Tears
As down in the sunless Retreats
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Dear Girl
The Crystal Waters
Oh cast not a Damp on this Hour of Delight
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Fare ye well, my pretty Sophy!
Yet, ere I seek a distant shore

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The Lament of the Last Druid
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Love thee, dearest, love thee	*Moore*	2	0
Love will find out the way	*Little*	2	0
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Maid of the rock	*Ditto*	1	6
Maid whose heart was cold to love	*Ditto*	2	0
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My love hastes him home	*Horn*	2	0
My love, when thou'rt away	*Nicholson*	2	0
My dying sire	*Kelly*	1	6
My mother did one rule bequeath	*Horn*	1	0

		s.	d.
Namouna's song	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Nay, weep not! dear Ellen	*Smith*	2	0
Ned of the hills	*Owenson*	1	0
Nightingale, the	*Sola*	2	0
No joy without my love	*Cooke*	1	6
Now morn is blushing	*Stevenson*	2	0
Obey!	*Horn*	1	6
Oh! come, sweet lass!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Oh! fair as the seaflower	*Welsh*	2	0
Oh! fate in pity	*Horn*	1	6
Oh! give me the heart that is cheerful	*Cooke*	1	6
Oh! if those eyes deceive me not	*Stevenson*	2	0
Oh! Liberty	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! listen to your lover	*Horn*	2	0
Oh list unto my tale of	*Stevenson*	1	6
Oh! lovely is the summer morn	*Bishop*	2	0
Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang	*Carter*	1	0
Oh! never doubt my love	*Cooke*	2	0
Oh! never from the maid depart	*King*	1	0
Oh! nothing in life can sadden us	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Oh! Patrick	*Bishop*	2	0
Oh! remember the time	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! see those cherries	*Ditto*	2	0
Oh! smile not thus	*Smith*	1	6
Oh! soon return	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! turn away those mournful eyes	*Stevenson*	1	6
Oh! white is the snow	*Kelly*	2	0
Oh! why should the girl of my soul	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! Woman!	*Ditto*	2	0
Oh! woods of green Erin	*Doyle*	2	0
Oh! would I ne'er had seen thee!	*Stevenson*	1	0
Oh! yes—so well, so tenderly	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! yes, when the bloom	*Ditto*	2	0
One dear smile	*Moore*	2	0
Orator Puff	*Ditto*	1	6
Orphan boy	*Smith*	2	0
O softly sleep!	*Ditto*	2	0
Paddy in London	*Irish Air*	1	0
Paddy the piper	*Ditto*	1	0
Pangs of absence	*Philipps*	1	6
Parting hour is come, love	*Doyle*	2	0
Parting look she gave	*Turnbull*	2	0
Pleasures of Brighton	*Horn*	1	6
Plumed casque	*Kelly*	1	6
Poh! Dermot, go 'long with your goster	*T. M., Esq.*	1	6
Pray, Goody!		1	0
Pretty Sophy	*Bishop*	2	0
Probability	*T. M., Esq.*	1	6
Rabbinical origin of woman	*Moore*	1	6
Ray that beams for ever	*Kelly*	2	0
Remembrances	*Mrs. Mc Mullan*	2	0
Return, my love	*Stevenson*	2	0
Roderigh Vich-Alpine	*Horn*	1	6
Roll, drums, merrily	*Cooke*	1	0
Rose of affection	*Stevenson*	1	6
Sale of loves	*Moore*	2	0
Savoyard's return	*Dr. Clarke*	2	0
Say, pretty weeping figure	*Stevenson*	1	6
Scenes of my childhood	*Bishop*	2	0
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled		1	0
Sea Boy's Dream	*Smith*	2	6
Send the bowl round merrily	*Moore*	1	0
Soft breezes breathing	*Stevenson*	1	6
Soft Zephyr	*Dr. Clarke*	1	6
Soldier, rest!	*Kemp*	1	6
Spanish patriots	*Parry*	1	0
Spirit of joy	*Moore*	2	0
Spirit's song	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Stay, one moment stay!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Summer	*Ditto*	2	0
Sweetest moments life allows	*Kelly*	1	6
Sweet is love	*Doyle*	2	0
Sweet is the beam of morning	*Dallas*	2	0
Sweet is the dream	*Stevenson*	1	6
Sweet lady! look not thus	*Ditto*	2	0
Sweet minstrel, sing!	*Ditto*	1	6
Sweet robin		1	6
Sweet Rose, come away!	*Dibdin*	1	6
Sweet seducer	*Moore*	1	6
Tablet of love	*Stevenson*	2	0
Take back the sigh	*Moore*	2	0
Tarry, ye moments	*Kelly*	1	6

		s.	d.
Taste life's glad momts	*Walmisley*	1	6
That shepherd, sure, he	*Stevenson*	1	6
There's not a joy thiworld can give	*Ditto*	2	0
There's the bower	*Ditto*	1	6
They bid me sleep	*Kemp*	1	6
Think no more, lovef our parting	*Clifton*	2	0
Tho' far from thee I'roving	*Dallas*	2	0
Tho' fate, my girl	*Stevenson*	1	6
Tho' gaily smiles thopening spring	*Kelly*	1	6
Tho' winter frowns	*Horn*	1	0
Thou hast sent me lowery band	*Moore*	1	6
Thunder-bolt frigs	*Horn*	1	6
Thy gentle manner	*Attwood*	2	0
Thyrsis	*Stevenson*	1	6
Thyrza	*Walmisley*	3	0
'Tis love that shou rule the breast	*Kelly*	1	6
'Tis Love, 'tis Lov		1	0
'Tis wine alone canish care	*Stevenson*	1	6
To Julia, weeping	*Ditto*	1	0
Toll not the bell	*Dallas*	2	0
To love thee	*Mrs. Opie*	1	6
To the brook anoe willow	*Stevenson*	1	6
Too soon the flovs of spring may fade	*Kelly*	1	6
Triumph of Rus	*Ditto*	2	6
Trumpet of glor	*Moore*	2	0
'Twas his own vie	*Stevenson*	2	0
'Twas on a wild d lonely	*Kelly*	1	6
Tyrolese song	*Moore*	2	0
Ulrica	*Cooke*	1	0
Vittoria	*Ditto*	2	0
Wake, maid of rn	*Stevenson*	2	0
Waters of Elle	*Stevenson*		
What's life unlt with Love	*Ditto*	1	6
When a man ws	*Horn*	1	6
Whence can yinherit		1	0
When Charless deceived	*Moore*	2	0
When fickle n for woman sighs	*Kelly*	1	6
When from thight, love	*Ditto*	1	6
When I first t my Rosa I lov'd	*Ditto*	2	0
When I think my own green glen	*Turnbull*	1	6
When I went a soldier	*Horn*	1	6
When Leila teh'd the lute	*Moore*	2	0
When love gen the youthful brain	*Horn*	1	6
When love anruth together play'd	*Philipps*	1	6
When love wfresh from his cradle	*West*	1	6
When midst tgay	*Moore*	2	0
When night vspreading o'er me	*Stevenson*	2	0
When storms sturb old ocean's bed	*King*	1	0
When the daof the summer	*Kiallmark*	2	0
When the gif my heart	*Dr. Clarke*	2	0
When the rosud of summer	*Stevenson*	2	0
When time, steals	*Moore*	2	0
When twiliglews	*Stevenson*	2	0
When woe ore bosom of mercy	*Howell*	1	0
While parteom the youth	*King*	1	6
Whilst I listo thy voice	*Stevenson*	2	0
Whilst on theach I wander	*Doyle*	2	0
White rose onor	*Kelly*	1	6
Who would love?	*Cooke*	2	0
Why comes iot	*Smith*	1	6
William andnett	*Sanderson*	1	0
Will you co to the bower?	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Wilt thou sarewell, love?	*Moore*	2	0
Winds, whis gently	*Stevenson*	2	0
Woman's pr ending never	*Kearns*	1	0
Woman's sr	*Parry*	1	6
Woman, wlonquers all	*Cooke*	1	6
Woodbine age	*Stevenson*	2	0
Woodman's	*Kelly*	1	0
Woodpecke	*Ditto*	2	0
Wreath youve	*Moore*	1	6
Ye banks a braes, (*new edition*)	*Burns*	1	0
Ye light fo of fancy	*Kelly*	1	6
Yes, it is, l!	*Clifton*	1	6
Yes, thro' tvide world	*Mrs.* ———	1	0
Young Jes	*Moore*	2	0
Young lov	*Ditto*	2	0
Young son hivalry	*King*	1	6
Youth I ad	*Cooke*	1	6
Youth is bhort	*Dallas*	2	0
You watc the sun's ray	*Welsh Air*	1	0
Zounds, nd	*Cooke*	1	0

DUETTS.

		s.	d.
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Alas! poor Lubin	*Stevens*	1	6
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Catherine	*Lady Stewart*	2	0
Chieftain	*Stevens*	2	0
Chink-a-chink	*Horn*	1	6
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Fare thee well!	*Ditto*	2	0
Flowers in the east	*Kelly*	2	0
Heave one sigh	*Horn*	1	0
Here is the lip	*Moore*	2	0
He 's gone, ah! me	*Kemp*	2	0
How happy pass'd morn's pleasant dream	*Sanderson*	1	6
If fortune smile	*Kelly*	1	6
In search of glory	*Cooke*	2	6
Invest my head with fragrant rose	*Stevenson*	2	0
Joys that pass away	*Moore*	2	0
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No! never shall my soul forget	*Stevenson*	2	6
Now bright July to pleasure calls	*Horn*	2	0
O dinna weep	*J. M. Harris*	2	0
Our first young love	*Moore*	2	0
Peace!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Send home those long strayed eyes	*Ditto*	1	6
Should we be forced to part	*Cooke*	2	0
Song of war	*Moore*	2	0
Sparkling fountains	*Stevenson*	2	0
Surprise	*Ditto*	1	6
Tell me where is fancy bred?	*Ditto*	2	0
Ditto ditto	*Arranged by Bishop*	2	0
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Wake thee, my dear	*Moore*	2	0
Warrior's soul is all in arms!	*Cooke*	2	6
Well-a-day!	*Horn*	1	0
When in languor sleeps the heart	*Stevenson*	2	0
When Jove from the skies	*Horn*	1	6
When war unfurls his banner bright	*King*	1	6
Where is the light from Lara's tower?	*Stevenson*	2	6
While parted from the youth I love	*King*	1	6
Wilt thou say farewell, love?	*Bishop*	2	0
Wine to cheer	*Parry*	1	6
Would you gain by art?	*Kelly*	1	6
Young rose	*Moore*	2	0

GLEES.

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A broken cake	*Stevenson*	2	0
Allen-a-Dale	*Horn*	2	6
And will he not come again	*Stevenson*	1	6
Archer's glee	*Ditto*	1	6
Awake! Apollo calls	*Ditto*	1	6
Banks of Allanwater	*Hawes*	2	6
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Blest were the days	*Stevenson*	2	6
Boat trio—"Row gently, row"	*Ditto*	2	0
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Come, buy my cherries, &c.	*Ditto*	2	0
Come, follow me	*Ditto*	5	0
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Fairy glee	*Ditto*	5	0
Fair and False	*Lord Burghersh*	2	0
Fill, fill the goblet	*Aylmer*	1	6
Finland love-song	*Moore*	2	6
Give me the harp	*Stevenson*	5	0
Happy love	*Ditto*	2	0
Hark! the bell is ringing	*Ditto*	2	0
Hark! thro' the long resounding halls	*King*	1	6
Here's the bower	*Stevenson*	2	6
Hermits	*Ditto*	3	0
Holy be the pilgrim's sleep	*Moore*	5	0
I mark'd not eyes	*Stevenson*	2	0
Lonely isle	*Horn*	3	0
Merrily O!	*Stevenson*	2	6
Mountain cot	*Richards*	2	0
Nor throne of state	*Kelly*	1	6
Now is the merry month of May	*Stevenson*	5	0
Now let the warrior wave his sword	*Moore*	2	6
Now the star of day is high	*Stevenson*	3	0
Ocean king	*West*	2	6
Oh! lady fair!	*Moore*	3	0
Oh! stay, sweet fair	*Stevenson*	3	0
Oh! tell me, pilgrims	*Ditto*	2	6
Raise the song	*Stevenson*	1	6
Roderigh Vich-Alpine	*Horn*	3	0
Sigh not thus, oh! simple boy	*Moore*	1	6
Sir Rowland the brave	*Stevenson*	2	6
Soldier, rest!	*Kemp*	2	6
Song that lightens the languid way	*Moore*	3	0
Spirit of Bliss	*Lord Burghersh*	3	0
Sweet lady, look not thus again	*Stevenson*	3	0
This is love	*Moore*	2	6
Ting-a-tingle	*Horn*	2	0
Tis done! the fatal deed	*Lord Burghersh*	2	6
To the brook and the willow	*Stevenson*	2	6
To thy lover	*Ditto*	2	0
Under the greenwood tree	*Ditto*	2	6
Under the hawthorn tree	*Ditto*	1	6
Up, quit the bower	*Attwood*	2	0
Wake, Rosa, wake (*serenade*)	*Bartlett*	2	6
We fairy folk	*Stevenson*	2	0
When time, who steals our years	*Phelps*	2	6
Where shall the lover rest?	*Stevenson*	2	6
Why so pale?	*Lord Burghersh*	2	6
Wood nymph	*Smith*	2	6
Wreaths of flowers	*Stevenson*	2	6

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A SELECTION

OF

IRISH MELODIES,

WITH

Symphonies and Accompaniments

BY

Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.

AND

CHARACTERISTIC WORDS

BY

Thomas Moore Esq.

No. VI. PRICE 15s.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY J. POWER, 31, STRAND

LONDON:—PRINTED BY J. SAYER,
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Advertisement.

IN presenting this Sixth Number to the Public as our last, and bidding adieu to the Irish Harp for ever, we shall not answer very confidently for the strength of our resolution, nor feel quite sure that it may not prove, after all, to be only one of those eternal farewells which a lover takes of his mistress ocasionally. Our only motive indeed for discontinuing the Work, was a fear that our treasures were beginning to be exhausted, and an unwillingness to descend to the gathering of mere seed-pearl, after the very valuable gems it has been our lot to string together. But this intention, which we announced in our Fifth Number, has excited an anxiety in the lovers of Irish Music, not only pleasant and flattering, but highly useful to us; for the various contributions we have received in consequence, have enriched our collection with so many choice and beautiful Airs, that if we keep to our resolution of publishing no more, it will certainly be an instance of forbearance and self-command, unexampled in the history of poets and musicians. To one gentleman in particular who has been many years resident in England, but who has not forgot, among his various pursuits either the language or the melodies of his native country, we beg to offer our best thanks for the many interesting communications with which he has favoured us; and we trust that he and our other friends will not relax in those efforts by which we have been so considerably assisted; for though the Work must now be considered as defunct, yet—as Reaumur, the naturalist, found out the art of making the cicada sing after it was dead—it is not impossible that, some time or other, we may try a similar experiment upon the "IRISH MELODIES."

T. M.

Mayfield, Ashbourne,
March, 1815.

London: Printed by W. CLOWES,
Northumberland-court.

A SELECTION OF Irish Melodies

with Symphonies and Accompaniments by

Sir John Stevenson Mus. Doc.

AND CHARACTERISTIC WORDS BY

THOMAS MOORE ESQ.R

Silvestri del et Sculp

27, Strand, London

6th Number.

Price 15s/-

LONDON

Published by J. Power, 34, Strand.

To the

Nobility and Gentry

of

Ireland,

The following Work

Is respectfully Inscribed

By

The Publisher:

INDEX

TO

THE SECOND NUMBER OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

INDEX

TO

THE HARMONIZED AIRS.

Come o'er the Sea.

With expression Melancholy

Come o'er the Sea, Maiden with me Mine thro' sunshine,

storm and snows; Seasons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same where-

e'er it goes. Let For-tune frown, so we love and part not, 'Tis

life where *thou* art, Tis death where thou art not, Then come o'er the Sea,

Maiden, with me, Come where e__ver the wild wind blows; Seasons may roll,

But the true soul Burns the same, where-e'er it goes.

Is not the Sea Made for the Free,

Land for courts and chains a-lone? Here we are slaves, But on the waves

Love and li_berty's all our own! No eye to watch, and no

tongue to wound us, All earth for_got and all hea_ven a_round us_Then

come o'er the Sea, Mai_den, with me, Come where e_ver, the

wild wind blows Seasons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same, where

e'er it goes.

AIR—*Cuishlih ma chree**.

I.

COME o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.
Let Fate frown on, so we love and part not;
'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou art not!
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

II.

Is not the Sea
Made for the Free,
Land for courts and chains alone?
Here we are slaves;
But, on the waves,
Love and Liberty 's all our own!
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us!
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden! with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

---

* The following are some of the original words of this wild and singular Air;—they contain rather an odd assortment of grievances.

Cuishlih ma chree,
Did you but see
How, the rogue, he did serve me;—*Bis.*
He broke my pitcher, he spilt my water,
He kiss'd my wife, and he married my daughter!
O Cuishlih ma chree! &c.

* Air—*Sly Patrick.*

I.

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That even in sorrow were sweet?
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?—
Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

II.

Has Love to that soul so tender
Been like our Lagenian mine†,
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine?
But if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allur'd by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

III.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story‡,
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory—
Has hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away?

IV.

If thus the sweet hours have fleeted,
When sorrow herself look'd bright;
If thus the fond hope has cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus the unkind world wither
Each feeling that once was dear;—
Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

---

* To the Gentleman who favoured me with this Air I am indebted for many other old and beautiful Melodies, from which, if ever we resume this Work, I shall be able to make a very interesting selection.

† Our Wicklow Gold-Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given of them.

‡ "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off with the talisman in its mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," &c.

Arabian Nights—*Story of Kummir al Zummaun and the Princess of China.*

Has sorrow thy young days shaded.

Simply and Tenderly

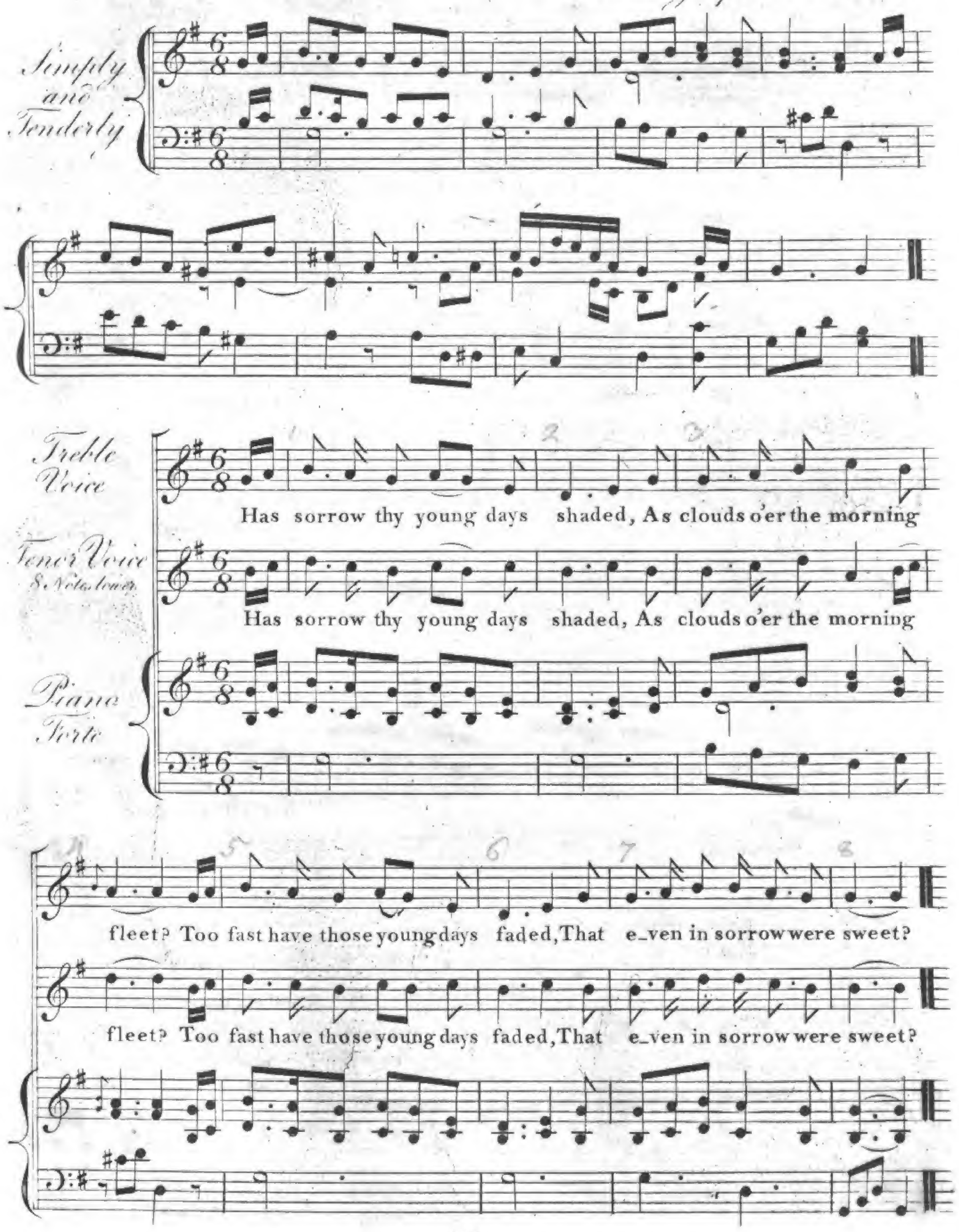
Has sorrow thy young days shaded, As clouds o'er the morning fleet? Too fast have those young days fad_ed, That e_ven in sorrow were sweet. Does Time with his cold wing wi_ther Each feel_ing that once was dear? Come, child of misfortune! hither, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

2d VERSE.

Has Love to that soul so tender, Been like our La-genian mines, Where a sparkle of golden splendor All o-ver the sur-face shines. But if in pursuit you go deep-er, Al-lur'd by the gleam that shone, Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper, Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,

Harmonized for Two Voices.



Does Time with his cold wing wi_ther Each feel_ing that once was

Does Time with his cold wing wi_ther Each feel_ing that once was

dear? Come, child of mis_fortune! hi_ther, I'll weep with thee, tear for

dear? Come, child of mis_fortune! hi_ther, I'll weep with thee, tear for

tear.

tear.

2d VERSE.

Has Love to that soul so tender, Been like our La_ge_nian mines, Where a

Has Love to that soul so tender, Been like our La_ge_nian mines, Where a

spar_kle of gol_den splendor, All o_ver the sur_face shines.

spar_kle of gol_den splendor, All o_ver the sur_face shines.

But if in pur_suit you go deep_er, Al__lur'd by the gleam that

But if in pur_suit you go deep_er, Al__lur'd by the gleam that

shone, Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper, Like Love, the bright ore is

shone, Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper, Like Love, the bright ore is

gone.

gone.

No, not more welcome.

With Expression

lentando

a tempo

No, not more

wel_come the fai_ry num_bers Of music fall on the sleeper's

ear, When half a_wak_ing from fearful slumbers, He thinks the

full quire of heav'n is near. Than came that voice, when all for_

lentando

sak_en, This heart long had sleeping lain, Nor thought its

lentando

cold pulse would e_ver wa_ken To such be_nign blessed sounds a_

gain.

2d VERSE

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the steal_ing Of summer wind thro' some wreathed

shell; Each se_cret wind_ing, each inmost feel_ing, Of all my

soul e_cho'd to its spell! 'Twas whis_per'd balm __'twas sunshine

lentando

spo_ken! __ I'd live years of grief and pain, To have my

lentando

long sleep of sorrow bro_ken! By such be__nign blessed sounds a_

gain!

AIR—*Luggelaw.*

I

NO, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half-awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full quire of heav'n is near,—
Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign, blessed sounds again.

II.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell;
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell!
'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken!—
I 'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessed sounds again!

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

AIR—*O Patr ck, fly from me* *.

I.

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.
I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, tho' false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.
But go, deceiver! go,—
The heart whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it!

II.

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
I fled th' unwelcome story;
Or found, in even the faults they blam'd,
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspir'd to wrong, to slight thee;
The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver! go,—
Some day, perhaps, thou 'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

III.

Even now, tho' youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee;
The few, who lov'd thee once, have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank, cold hearts beneath it!
Go—go—tho' worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour!

IV.

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
When even those ties shall sever;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou 'st lost for ever!
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still receiv'd thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believ'd thee.
Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

* This very beautiful Irish Air was sent to me by a gentleman of Oxford. There is much pathos in the original words, and both words and music have all the features of authenticity.

When first I met thee.

In Moderate time

When first I met thee warm and young, There shone such truth a-bout thee, And on thy lip such promise hung, I did not dare to doubt thee. I saw thee change, Yet still re-lied Still clung with hope the fon-der, And thought tho' false to all be-side, From me thou couldst not wan-der

But go de_cei__ver, go, The heart whose hopes could make it

Trust one so false, so low, De_serves that thou shouldst break it!

2d VERSE.

When ev'_ry tongue thy fol_lies nam'd, I fled th'unwel_come sto__ry; Or

found in ev'n the faults they blam'd, Some gleams of fu_ture glo___ry. I

still was true, when nearer friends Con_spir'd to wrong, to slight thee, This

heart that now thy falsehood rends, Would then have bled to right thee

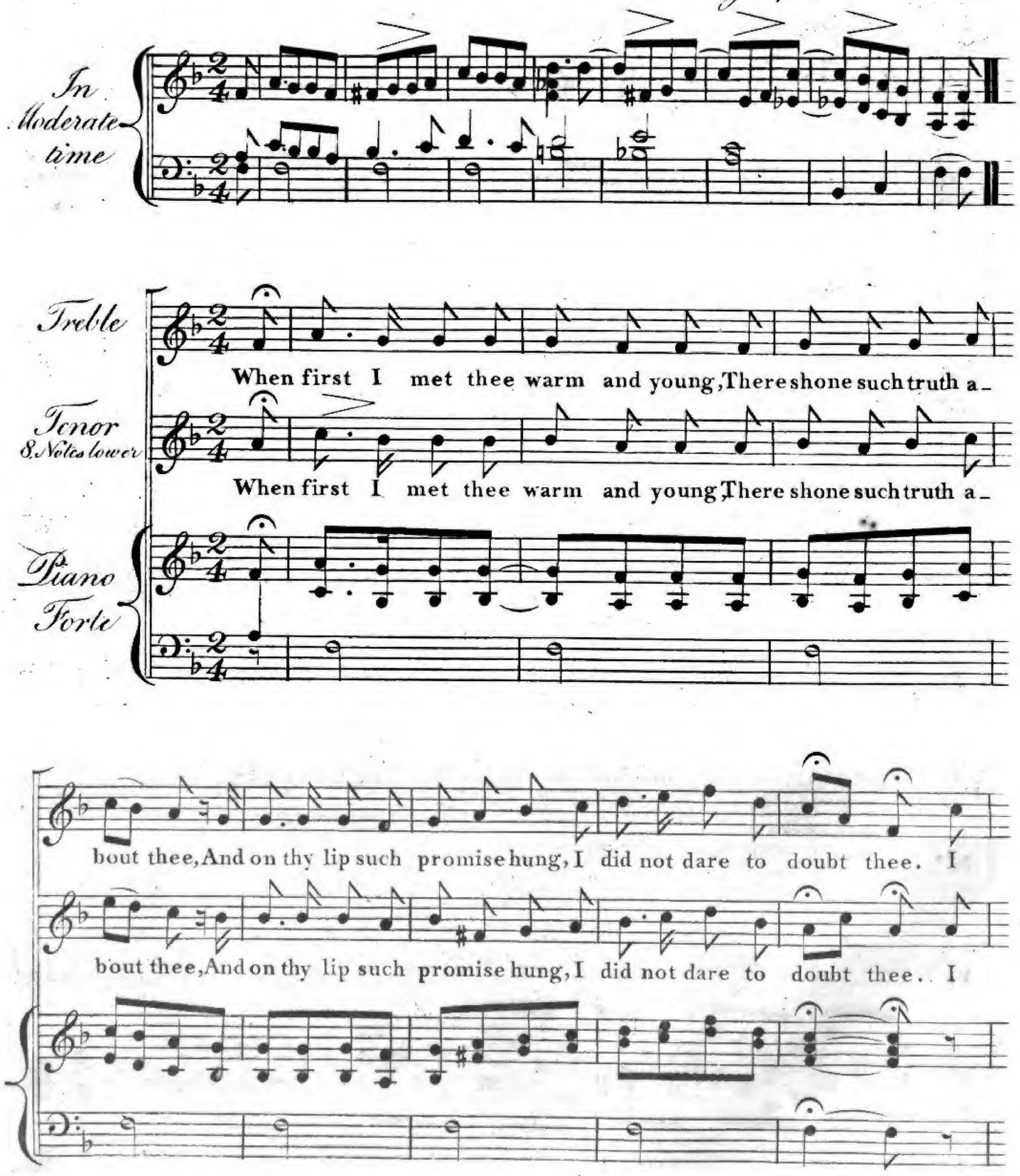
But__ go, de__cei_ver! go_Some day perhaps thou'lt wa___ken

espress

From pleasure's dream, to know The grief of hearts for__sa__ken

When first I met thee.

Harmonized for Two Voices.



saw thee change, Yet still relied, Still clung with hope the fonder, And thought, tho' false to

saw thee change, Yet still relied, Still clung with hope the fonder, And thought, tho' false to

all beside, From me thou couldst not wan - der — But go de - cei - ver, go, The

all beside, From me thou couldst not wan - der — But go de - cei - ver, go, The

Slow

heart whose hopes could make it Trust one so false, so low, Deserves that thou shouldst break it!

heart whose hopes could make it Trust one so false, so low, Deserves that thou shouldst break it!

2d VERSE.

When ev'ry tongue thy follies nam'd, I fled th'unwelcome sto__ry; Or

When ev'ry tongue thy follies nam'd, I fled th'unwelcome sto__ry; Or

Slow

found in ev'n the faults they blam'd, Some gleam of fu_ture glo__ry. I

found in ev'n the faults they blam'd, Some gleam of fu_ture glo__ry. I

still was true, when nearer friends Con_spir'd to wrong to slight thee, This

still was true, when nearer friends Con_spir'd to wrong to slight thee, This

heart that now thy false hood rends, Would then have bled to right thee

heart that now thy false hood rends, Would then have bled to right thee

But go, de__cei_ver! go Some day perhaps thou'lt wa___ken

But go, de__cei_ver! go Some day perhaps thou'lt wa___ken

Slow

From pleasure's dream, to know The grief of hearts for__sa__ken

From pleasure's dream, to know The grief of hearts for__sa__ken

While History's Muse.

Moderate time with Energy

Cres

p

While His_to_ry's Muse the me_morial was keeping Of all that the dark hand of

p

espress

Des_ti_ny weaves, Be_side her the Genius of E_rin stood weeping, For

hers was the story that blotted the leaves. But oh how the tear in her

eyelids grew bright, When after whole pages of sorrow and shame, She saw

His_to_ry write, With a pencil of light, That il_lum'd all the volume her

p

WELLINGTON'S name!

2.d VERSE.

"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling With

p

beams such as break from her own dewy skies; "Thro' a_ges of sorrow, de_

serted and darkling, I've watch'd for some glo_ry like thine to a_rise. For the

Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot, And un_hallow'd they sleep in the

crossways of Fame,_ But oh! there is not One dis_honouring blot On the

wreath that en_circles my WELLINGTON'S name.

While History's Muse

"She saw History write,
"With a pencil of light,
"That illum'd all the volume, her Wellington's name."

AIR—"*Paddy Whack.*"

I.

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
For her's was the story that blotted the leaves.
But, oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light,
That illum'd all the volume, her WELLINGTON's name.

II.

"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling
With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies;—
"Thro' ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
"I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
"For, tho' Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
"And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame;—
"But, oh! there is not
"One dishonouring blot
"On the wreath that encircles my WELLINGTON's name!

III.

"And still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
"The grandest, the purest e'en thou hast yet known;
"Tho' proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
"Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
"At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,
"Go plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
"And bright o'er the flood
"Of her tears and her blood
"Let the rainbow of Hope be her WELLINGTON's name!"

AIR--*Pease upon a Trencher.*

I.

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In Woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Tho' Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me;
My only books
Were Woman's looks,
And Folly's all they've taught me.

II.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him, the Sprite*
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But, while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turn'd away.
O! winds could not outrun me.

III.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No—vain, alas! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever;—
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever!

* This alludes to a kind of Irish Fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields, at dusk;—as long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady MORGAN (in a note upon her national and interesting Novel, O'Donnel) has given a very different account of that Goblin

The time I've lost in wooing.

Lightly and in Moderate Time.

The time I've lost in wooing, In watching and pur_su_ing, The light that lies In

Woman's eyes has been my heart's un_doing. Tho' Wisdom oft has sought me, I

scorn'd the lore she brought me, My only books Were Woman's looks, And Folly's all they've taught me

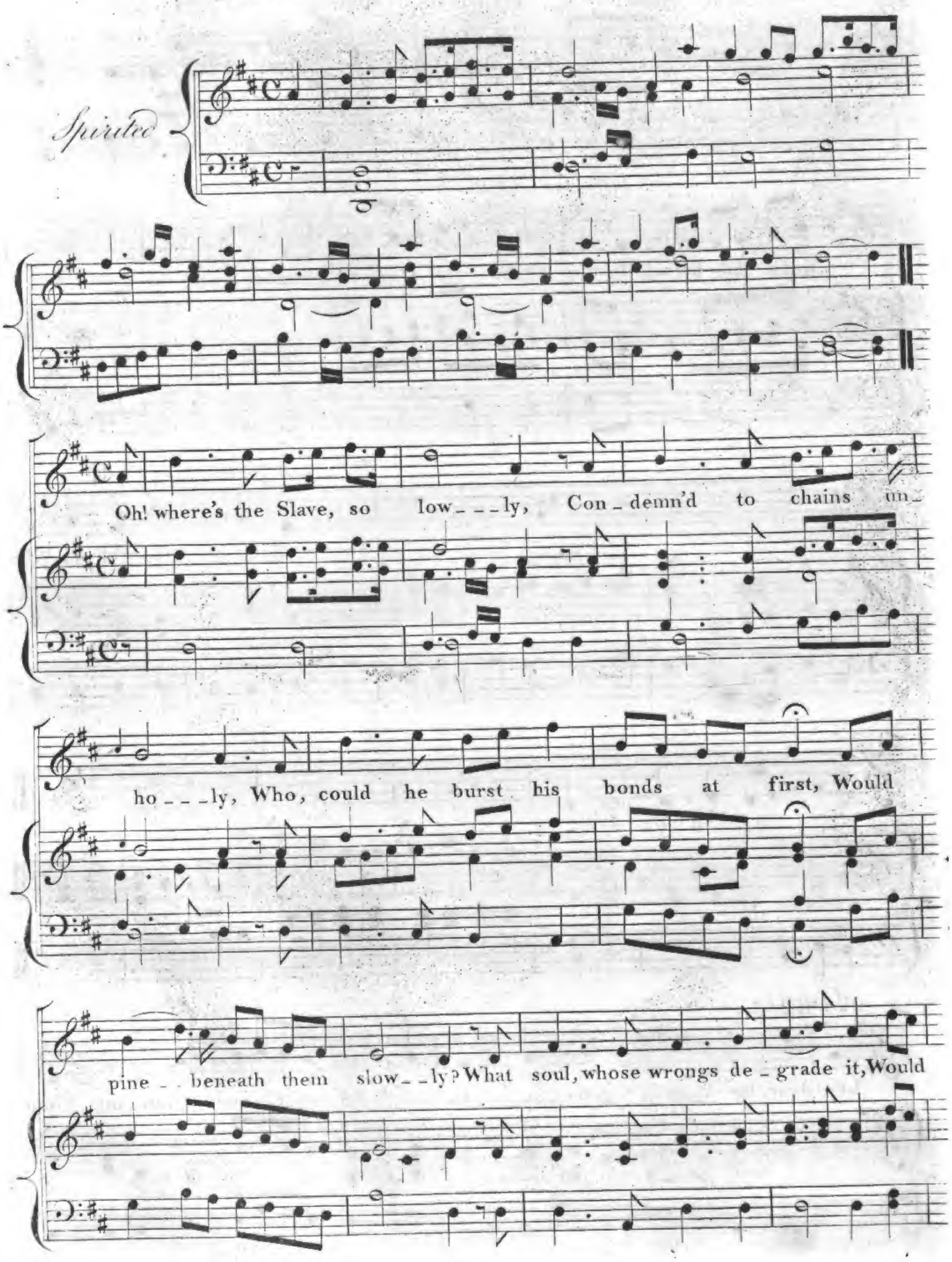
Her smile when beauty granted, I hung with gaze enchanted, Like him, the sprite, Whom

maids by night, Oft meet in glen that's haunted. Like him too Beauty won me, But

while her eyes were on me, If once their ray Was turn'd a_way O winds could not out -

run me.

Oh! where's the Slave.



wait 'till time de_ _cay'd it, When thus its wing At

once may spring To the throne _ of Him who made it?

f *hr*

Slow and Melancholy

Fare_well E_rin, farewell all, Who

hr *hr*

hr

live to weep our fall!

2^d^ *VERSE.*

Less dear, the laurel grow_ing, A_ _live, un_touch'd and blow_ing, Than

that, whose braid is pluck'd to shade The brows with vict'ry glowing! We

tread the land that bore us, Her green flag glitters o'er us, The

friends we've tried, are by our side, And the foe we hate be_fore us!

f

Slow and Melancholy

Farewell E_rin, farewell all, Who

hr

live to weep our fall!

Oh! where's the Slave,

Harmonized for Three Voices.

Spirito

Treble

Counter Tenor
8 Notes lower.

Bass

Piano Forte

Oh! where's the Slave, so low _ _ly, Condemn'd to chains un_

Oh! where's the Slave, so low _ _ly, Condemn'd to chains un_

Oh! where's the Slave, so low _ _ly, Condemn'd to chains un_

ho _ _ly, Who, could he burst His bonds at first, Would

ho _ _ly, Who, could he burst His bonds at first, Would

ho _ _ly, Who, could he burst His bonds at first, Would

pine - - be - neath them slow - - ly? What soul, whose wrongs de -

pine beneath them slow - - ly? What soul, whose wrongs de -

pine - - be - neath them slow - - ly? What soul, whose wrongs de -

grade it, Would wait 'till time - - de - - cay'd it, When

grade it, Would wait 'till time de - - cay'd it, When

grade it, Would wait 'till time de - - cay'd it, When

thus its wing At once may spring To the throne of Him, who made it?

thus its wing At once may spring To the throne of Him, who made it?

thus its wing At once may spring To the throne of Him, who made it?

f

Slow and Melancholy

Farewell E_rin, farewell all, Who

Farewell E_rin, farewell all, Who

Farewell E_rin, farewell all, Who

live to weep our fall!

live to weep our fall!

live to weep our fall!

2d VERSE.

Less dear the lau_rel grow__ing, A__live, un_touch'd and

Less dear the lau_rel grow__ing, A__live, untouch'd and

Less dear the lau_rel grow__ing, A__live, un__touch'd and

blow_ing, Than that whose braid Is pluck'd to shade The

blow_ing, Than that whose braid Is pluck'd to shade The

blow_ing, Than that whose braid Is pluck'd to shade The

brows with vic_try glow_ing! We tread the land that

brows with vic_try glow_ing! We tread the land that

brows with vic_try glow_ing! We tread the land that

bore us, Her green flag glit_ters o'er us, The

bore us, Her green flag glit_ters o'er us, The

bore us, Her green flag glit_ters o'er us, The

friends we've tried, are by our side, And the foe _ _ we hate be _ fore us!

friends we've tried, are by our side, And the foe _ _ we hate be _ fore us!

friends we've tried, are by our side, And the foe we hate be _ fore us!

f

Slow and Melancholy

Farewell E _ rin, farewell all, Who

Farewell E _ rin, farewell all, Who

Farewell E _ rin, farewell all, Who

hr

live to weep our fall!

live to weep our fall!

live to weep our fall!

live to weep our fall!

AIR—*Sios agus sios liom*

I.

OH! where's the slave, so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
Who, could he burst
His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
When thus its wing
At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?
* Farewell, Erin! farewell all,
Who live to weep our fall!

II.

Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouch'd and blowing,
Than that, whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing!
We tread the land that bore us,
Our green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us!
Farewell, Erin! farewell all,
Who live to weep our fall!

* The few bars, which I have here taken the liberty of connecting with this spirited Air, form one of those melancholy strains of our Music, which are called *Dumps*. I found it in a Collection entitled The Hibernian Muse, and we are told in the Essay prefixed to that Work, that "it is said to have been sung by the Irish Women on the field of battle, after a terrible slaughter made by Cromwell's troops in Ireland."

AIR—*Lough Sheeling.*

I

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!
Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here,
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last!

II.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torments, thro' glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!

III.

Thou hast call'd me thy angel, in moments of bliss,—
Still thy Angel I'll be, mid the horrors of this,
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

Come rest in this bosom.

With Melancholy feeling, but not too slow

Come, rest in this bosom, My own stricken deer! Tho' the herd have fled from thee, Thy home is still here. Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'er-cast, And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last!

hr *pia* *hr*

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same Through

bliss and through torments, through glo - ry and shame? I

know not, I ask not if guilt's in - that heart, I but

know that I love thee, what - e - ver thou art!

pia

hr

'Tis gone_ and for ever.

With feeling

'Tis gone, and for e__ver, the light we saw break__ing, Like

Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead, When man, from the slum_ber of

a__ges a_wak_ing, Look'd upward and bless'd the pure light, ere it fled!

'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burn_ing, But deepen thè long night of

bondage and mourning, That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is return_ing And,

dark_est of all, hap_less E___ rin! o'er thee.

8va

'Tis gone and for-ever.

Harmonized for Three Voices.

With feeling

Treble

Tis gone, and for e - ver, the light we saw breaking, Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead, When man, from the slumber of a - ges a - wak - ing, Look'd

Tenor
8. Notes lower

Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking, Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead, When man, from the slumber of a - ges a - wak - ing, Look'd

Bass

Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking, Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead, When man, from the slum - ber of a - ges a - wak - ing, Look'd

Piano Forte

up_ward and bless'd the pure light ere it fled! 'Tis gone, and the gleams it has

up_ward and bless'd the pure light ere it fled! 'Tis gone, and the gleams it has

up_ward and bless'd the pure light ere it fled! 'Tis gone, and the gleams it has

left of its burn_ing, But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning, That dark o'er the

left of its burn_ing, But deep_en the long night of bondage and mourning, That dark o'er the

left of its burn_ing, But deep_en the long night of bondage and mourning, That dark o'er the

kingdoms of earth is re_turning, And darkest of all, hapless E_ _ _rin! o'er thee.

kingdoms of earth is re_turning, And dark_est of all, hapless E_ _ _rin! o'er thee.

kingdoms of earth is return_ing, And dark_est of all, hapless E_ _ _rin! o'er thee.

8va

2d VERSE

For high was thy hope, when those glo_ries were dart_ing A_ round thee thro' all the gross

For high was thy hope, when those glo_ries were dart_ing A_ round thee 'thro' all the gross

For high was thy hope, when those glo_ries were dart_ing A_ round thee thro' all the gross

clouds of the world;_ When Truth, from her fet_ters in_ dig_nant_ly start_ing, At

clouds of the world;_ When Truth, from her fetters in_ dig_nant_ly start_ing, At

clouds of the world;_ When Truth, from her fet_ters in_ dig_nant_ly start_ing, At

once, like a Sun_ burst, her ban_ner un_furl'd. Oh, ne_ver shall earth see a

once, like a Sun_ burst, her ban_ner un_furl'd. Oh, ne_ver shall earth see a

once, like a Sun_ burst, her ban_ner un_furl'd. Oh, ne_ver shall earth see a

moment so splen_did! Then, then had one Hymn of De_liv_erance blended The

moment so splen_did! Then, then had one Hymn of De_liv_er_ance blended The

moment so splen_did! Then, then had one Hymn of De_liv_er_ance blended The

tongues of all na_tions, how sweet had as_cend_ed The first note of Li ber_ty

tongues of all na_tions, how sweet had as_cend_ed The first note of Liber_ty

tongues of all na_tions, how sweet had as_cend_ed The first note of Liber_ty

E_rin! from thee.

E_rin! from thee.

E_rin! from thee.

E_rin! from thee.

8va

AIR—*Savournah Deelish.*

I.

'TIS gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead,
When man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward and blessed the pure ray, ere it fled!
'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning,
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
And, darkest of all, hapless Erin! o'er thee.

II.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
Around thee, thro' all the gross clouds of the world;
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once, like a sun-burst*, her banner unfurl'd.
Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
Then, then, had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations, how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, Erin! from thee.

III.

But shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing!
And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptiz'd it in blood!
Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin! on thee.

* "The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the Royal Banner.

AIR—*Miss Molly.*

I.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came, when the sun o'er that beach was declining,—
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone!

II.

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave that we danc'd on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

III.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;—
Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

IV.

Oh who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first wak'd a new life thro' his frame,
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

I saw from the beach.

In Moderate time

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining, A bark o'er the waters, move glorious_ly on; I came, when the sun o'er that beach was declin_ing, The bark was still there, but the waters were gone! I came, when the sun o'er that beach was declining The bark was still there, but the waters were gone!

lentando

lentando

2d VERSE.

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise, So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known; Each wave that we danc'd on at morning ebbs from us, And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore a _ lone! Each wave that we danc'd on at morning ebbs from us, And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone!

lentando

lentando

Ne'er tell me of glories, se - renely adorning The close of our day, the calm

lentando

eve of our night; Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning, Her

clouds and her tears are worth ev'nings best light. Give me back, give me back the wild

lentando

freshness of morning, Her clouds and her tears are worth ev'ning's best light.

I saw from the beach;

Harmonized for Two Voices.

In Moderate Time

Treble

I saw from the beach, when the morn_ing was shining, A

Tenor
8. Notes lower

I saw from the beach, when the morn_ing was shin_ing, A

Piano Forte

bark o'er the wa_ters, move gloriously on; I came, when the sun o'er that

bark o'er the wa_ters, move gloriously on; I came, when the sun o'er that

lentando

beach was de_clining, The bark was still there, but the waters were gone! I

beach was de_clining, The bark was still there, but the waters were gone! I

lentando

came, when the sun o'er that beach was de _ _ clin _ ing The

came, when the sun o'er that beach was de _ _ clin _ ing The

bark was still there, but the wa _ ters were gone!

bark was still there, but the wa _ ters were gone!

2d VERSE.

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise, So passing the spring-tide of

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise, So passing the spring-tide of

106

lentando

joy we have known; Each wave that we danc'd on at morning ebbs from us, And

joy we have known; Each wave that we danc'd on at morn_ing ebbs from us, And

leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore a_lone! Each wave that we danc'd on at

leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore a_lone! Each wave that we danc'd on at

lentando

morn_ing ebbs from us, And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore a_lone!

morn_ing ebbs from us, And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore a_lone!

Fill the bumper fair.

Lively and Spirited

Fill the bumper fair, Ev'ry drop we sprinkle O'er the brow of care

Smooths a_way a wrinkle. Wit's e_lectric flame Ne'er so swiftly passes,

As when thro' the frame It shoots from brimming glasses. Fill the bumper fair,

Ev'ry drop we sprinkle O'er the brow of care Smooths a_way a wrinkle.

2.d VERSE.

Sages can, they say, Grasp the lightnings pinions, And bring down its ray

From the starr'd dominions. So we Sages sit And 'mid bumpers brightning,

From the heav'n of wit Draw down all its lightning! Fill the bumper fair

Ev'ry drop we sprinkle O'er the brow of care Smooths a_way a wrinkle.

AIR.—*Bob and Joan.*

I

FILL the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when thro' the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

II.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions:—
So We, Sages, sit,
And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning
From the Heav'n of Wit
Draw down all its lightning!
Fill the bumper fair! &c.

III.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanc'd upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us
Fill the bumper fair! &c.

IV.

The careless youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup,
To hide the pilfer'd fire in:—
But oh his joy! when round
The halls of Heaven spying,
Amongst the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying.
Fill the bumper fair! &c.

V.

Some drops were in the bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the Sparks of Soul
Mix'd their burning treasure!
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us—
Hence its mighty power
O'er that Flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair! &c.

AIR—*New Langolee.*

I.

DEAR Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence * had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

II.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go,—sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own!

---

* In that rebellious but beautiful Song "When Erin first rose" there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—

"The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The Chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhaim, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the Chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni, in Miss Brook's *Reliques of Irish Poetry*.

Dear Harp of my Country!

Moderate Time and with much warmth of Expression

Dear Harp of my Country! in dark_ness I found thee, The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long, When proudly my own island harp! I unbound thee, And gave all thy chords to light freedom and song!

The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness A _ wa _ ken thy fondest, thy

lentando

live _ li _ est thrill, But so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness, That

espress

ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

2d. VERSE.

Dear Harp of my Country! fare _

well to thy numbers, This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine; Go, -

sleep, with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers, Till touch'd by some hand, less un_

wor_thy than mine. If the pulse of the Pa_tri_ot, _Soldier, or Lover, Have

throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glo_ry a_lone, I was but as the wind, passing

heedless_ly o_ver, And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own!

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When he who adores thee
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Fly not yet!
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As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may glow
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Oh! blame not the Bard
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Before the Battle—(By the Hope within us springing)
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Oh! 'tis sweet to think
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It is not the Tear at this Moment shed
'Tis believ'd that this Harp

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At the mid Hour of Night
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The young May Moon
The Minstrel Boy
The Valley lay smiling before me
Oh! had we some bright little Isle
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the Hour
Oh! doubt me not
You remember Ellen
I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me

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Come o'er the Sea
Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded?
No, not more welcome
When first I met thee
While History's Muse
The Time I've lost in wooing
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Come, rest in this Bosom
'Tis gone, and for ever
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Fill the Bumper fair
Dear Harp of my Country

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My gentle Harp! once more I waken
As slow our ship her foamy Track
In the Morning of Life, when its Cares are unknown
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Remember thee! yes, while there's Life in this Heart
Wreath the Bowl
Whene'er I see those smiling Eyes
If thou'lt be mine, the Treasures of Air
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Forget not the Field where they perish'd
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Oh for the Swords of former Time!

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The Echo
Oh banquet not
Thee, thee, only thee
Shall the Harp, then, be silent?
Oh the Sight entrancing

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My harp has one unchanging theme *Swedish*
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Row gently here ..... *Venetian*
Say what shall be our sport to-day *Sicilian*
See the dawn from Heaven .... *Italian*
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When Love was a Child ..... *Swedish*
When thou shalt wander..... *Sicilian*
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Go now and dream ..... *Sicilian*
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Nets and cages..... *Swedish*
Take hence the Bowl ..... *Neapolitan*
Though 'tis all but a dream .. *French*
'Tis when the cup is smiling.. *Italian*
When the first summer Bee .. *German*
When through the Piazetta .. *Venetian*
Where shall we bury our shame *Neapolitan*

*** *This Work is published in Royal Quarto, embellished with Illustrations, designed by T. STOTHARD, R. A., and engraved by CHARLES HEATH, J. MITAN, and C. MARR.*

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Weep not for those
The Turf shall be my fragrant Shrine
Sound the loud Timbrel (Miriam's Song)
Go, let me weep
Come not, oh Lord!
Were not the sinful Mary's Tears
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My Love is but a Lassie yet
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Oh why is yon Cottage so desolate
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Yet, ere I seek a distant shore

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I crossed in its beauty thy Dee's Druid water
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The Lament of the Last Druid
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From the Hill
Oh! come thou not near
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Hinda's appeal to her lover	*Ditto*	2	0
'Twas his voice, Recit. and Air	*Sir J. Stevenson*	2	0
Now morn is blushing, ditto	*Ditto*	2	0
Oh! fair as the sea-flower, Ballad	*T. Welsh*	2	0
The Peri's song, ditto	*Ditto*	2	0

J. POWER begs to inform the Composers of Music, and Music-sellers, that he is the only person authorized by Messrs. LONGMAN and Co. to publish, with Music, the Songs or Verses in the above Poem.

HANDEL'S SONGS.

Arranged with a Piano-Forte Accompaniment by SIR JOHN STEVENSON, MUS. DOC.

	s.	d.
No. 1, Lord, remember David!	1	0
— 2, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty	1	0
— 3, I know that my Redeemer liveth	1	0
No. 4, Comfort ye, my people	1	6
— 5, Deeper and deeper	1	6
— 6, Angels ever bright and fair	1	0

(To be continued.)

SERIES OF SONGS, &c.

COMPOSED BY HENRY R. BISHOP.

	s.	d.
No. 1. Absence (written by Thomas Campbell, Esq.)	2	0
2. Scenes of my Childhood (written by Mrs. Cornwall B. Wilson,)	2	0
3. O lovely is the Summer Morn (written by Miss Anna Maria Porter)	2	0

(To be continued.)

A DRAMATIC FAIRY SCENE. The Words by CHARLES HALLETT, Esq., the Music by T. ROVEDINO, price 5*s*.

A SERIES OF FRENCH SONGS,

NEWLY ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE OR HARP.

		s.	d.
Le Vaillant Troubadour	*Sauvan*	1	0
Le Portrait		1	0
Le Serment Français		1	0
Partant pour la Syrie		1	0
Rose d'Amour	*Boieldieu*	1	0
Depuis longtems Gentille Annette	*Ditto*	1	0
Le Gentil Housard		1	0
Celui qui sut toucher mon cœur		1	0

(To be continued.)

A SERIES OF ITALIAN SONGS, DUETTS, &c. &c.

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		s.	d.
Ah Perdona, *Duett*	*Mozart*	1	0
Batti batti o bel	*Ditto*	1	0
Che dice mal d'amore	*Mayer*	1	6
Deh vieni alla finestra	*Mozart*	1	0
Di piacer mi balza il cor	*Rossini*	2	0
Fin ch' han dal vino	*Mozart*	1	0
Fra tante angoscie	*Carafa*	2	0
Giovinette che fate, *Duett* and *Chorus*	*Mozart*	1	6
La ci darem la mano *Duett*	*Mozart*	1	0
La dove prende, *Duett*	*Ditto*	1	0
Lungi dal caro bene	*Sarti*	1	6
Non più andrai	*Mozart*	2	0
Oh quanto l' anima	*Mayer*	1	0
Su l' aria *Duett*	*Mozart*	1	0
Sul Margine		1	0
Tu che accendi	*Rossini*	2	0
Vederlo sol bramo *Duett*	*Paer*	2	6
Vedrai carino	*Mozart*	1	0
Voi che sapete	*Mozart*	1	0
Zitti, Zitti, Piano, Piano, *Trio*	*Rossini*	2	0

(To be continued.)

SONGS.

		s.	d.
ABSENCE	*Bishop*	2	0
Adieu, at day-break	*Kiallmark*	2	0
A farewell!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Ah! me, why should I heave the fond	*Kelly*	1	6
Ah! say, lovely Emma!	*Stevenson*	1	6
Ah! what woes are mine	*Ditto*	2	0
Ah! who would heed the seeming sigh?	*Horn*	1	6
Alice of Fyfe	*West*	2	0
A medley	*Horn*	1	6
And thou art young	*King*	2	0
Annot Lyle	*Doyle*	2	0
Araby's daughter	*Kiallmark*	2	0
A rosy cheek	*Horn*	1	6
Auld lang syne	*Burns*	1	0
Auld Robin Gray	*Ditto*	1	0
Away with this pouting and	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
A youth sat sighing	*Kelly*	1	6
Banks of Allan Water	*Horn*	1	0
Be gay! be gay!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Be sure that a smart little maid	*King*	1	6
Bill of fare	*Horn*	1	6
Black and blue eyes	*Moore*	2	0
Blighted rose	*Stevenson*	2	0
Bold is the maiden's heart	*Kelly*	1	6
Bosoms who conquer'd and bled	*Ditto*	2	0
Bud in beauty	*Stevenson*	2	0
Can I again that form caress?	*Moore*	1	6
Cease, oh! cease to tempt	*Ditto*	2	0
Cease your funning, (*New Edition*)		1	0
Chain and lute	*Walmisley*	2	0
Chapter on pockets		1	0
Child of glory	*Kelly*	1	6
Come, all you forsaken	*Dr. Clarke*	1	6
Come, take the harp	*Stevenson*	2	0
Come, tell me, says Rosa	*Ditto*	1	6
Come tell me where the maid is found	*Ditto*	2	0
Contradiction	*Cooke*	1	6
Day of love	*Moore*	2	0
Damon's complaint	*Kelly*	2	0
Dandy beau	*Cooke*	1	0
Dear aunt	*Moore*	2	0
Dear Fanny	*Stevenson*	2	0
Dear ladies, listen to my tale	*Howell*	1	6
Dearest Ellen, awake	*Emdin*	2	0
Deep in my soul	*Duval*	1	6
Did not?	*Moore*	1	6
Disasters of poor Jerry Blossom	*Smith*	1	6
Does the harp of Rosa slumber?	*Stevenson*	1	6
Donald, (*new edition*)		1	0
Emblem	*Horn*	2	0
Ethereal hope, nuptial song	*Hawes*	2	0
Every hour I lov'd thee more	*Blewitt*	2	0
Exile of Erin	*Campbell*	1	0
Expostulation	*Kelly*	1	6
Fair as the morn's light	*B. Livius, Esq.*	1	6
Fair lady, why this frowning?	*Cooke*	1	6
Fair Rosa!	*Parry*	1	6
Fanny, dearest!	*Moore*	2	0
Fanny was in the grove	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Fare thee well, thou first and fairest!	*Molineux*	1	0
Farewell, Bessy!	*Moore*	1	6
Fly, fly away	*Parry*	1	6
Fly from the world, O Bessy!	*Moore*	1	6
Fly to the desert	*Kiallmark*	2	0
Folly, the	*Kelly*	1	0
For her I die	*Stevenson*	1	6
Friend of my soul	*Moore*	1	6
From glory's heights descending	*Kelly*	1	6
From life, without freedom	*Moore*	2	0
Gallant Troubadour	*Stevenson*	2	0
Georgian maid	*Bishop*	2	6
Give, love! give	*Beethoven*	2	0
Golden chain	*Leonard*	2	0
Good night	*Moore*	2	0
Go, sweet enchantress!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Green spot that blooms	*Kelly*	1	6

		s.	d.
Grotto	*Parry*	1	6
Hapless Mary!	*Dr. Clarke*	2	0
Hark! the trumpet, hark!	*Cooke*	2	0
Heath, this night, must be my bed	*Kemp*	1	6
Hence, faithless hope!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Henry and Sue	*Horn*	1	6
Here, in this lone little wood	*Stevenson*	2	0
Here's the bower	*Moore*	2	0
Her heart was made to love	*Horn*	1	6
Hoax	*Ditto*	1	6
Hope, thou Nurse		1	0
Hope told a flattering tale	*Paisiello*	1	0
Hour of victory	*Stevenson*	1	6
How happy once	*Moore*	2	0
Hush'd be that sigh	*Stevenson*	1	6
Hush! dearest, hush!	*Horn*	1	0
I always turn to thee	*Kelly*	1	6
I can no longer stifle	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Je suis un pauvre Savoyard	*Ware*	1	6
If I swear by that eye	*Stevenson*	1	0
If maidens would marry	*Horn*	1	6
If then to love thee be offence	*Stevenson*	2	0
If winter frowns	*Horn*	1	6
I have woven a garland for thee	*Holden*	1	6
I'll love thee ever dearly	*Cooke*	1	6
I'm deep in love	*Parry*	1	6
I'm wearing awa	*Burns*	1	0
I'm wearing away	*Stevenson*	2	0
In days of old	*Horn*	1	0
Indian maid	*Kelly*	1	6
I never told my love	*Ditto*	1	6
I never will deceive thee	*Parry*	1	6
In moments to delight	*Walmisley*	1	6
In the days of my youth	*King*	1	0
In vain may that bosom	*Kelly*	1	6
Invitation, the	*Turnbull*	2	0
In yonder bower	*Arnold*	1	6
I sigh for the days that are gone	*Kelly*	1	6
It is not that a woman's eyes	*Cooke*	1	6
Kitty of Coleraine		1	0
Lament, the		2	0
Land of Shillelah		1	0
Land o' the Leal (*New Edition*)		1	0
Light as the shadows of evening	*Stevenson*	1	6
Light sounds the harp	*Moore*	2	6
Lilla, come down to me	*Cooke*	2	0
Little Mary's eye	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
London, now is out of town	*Ware*	1	6
Look that says I love thee	*Cooke*	1	6
Lord of the castle	*King*	1	6
Lottery, the	*Moore*	2	0
Love	*Horn*	1	6
Love and Folly	*Smith*	1	6
Love and Time	*Kelly*	2	0
Love Bird	*Smith*	1	6
Love, honour, and obey!	*Cooke*	1	6
Love in a storm	*Barry*	1	6
Love, like an April day	*Horn*	1	6
Lover's Smiles	*Turnbull*	2	0
Love's light summer cloud	*Moore*	2	0
Love thee, dearest, love thee	*Moore*	2	0
Love will find out the way	*Little*	2	0
Loud the trump of war was blowing	*Horn*	1	6
Maid of Marlivale	*Stevenson*	2	0
Maid of the rock	*Ditto*	1	6
Maid whose heart was cold to love	*Ditto*	2	0
Mansion of love	*Emdin*	2	0
March away, Helen!	*Horn*	1	6
Mary, I believ'd thee true	*Stevenson*	1	6
Monody	*Hawes*	2	0
My heart and lute	*Moore and Bishop*	2	0
My heart's my own		1	0
My life, I love thee!	*Kelly*	1	6
My love hastes him home	*Horn*	2	0
My love, when thou'rt away	*Nicholson*	2	0
My dying sire	*Kelly*	1	6
My mother did one rule bequeath	*Horn*	1	0

		s.	d.
Namouna's song	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Nay, weep not! dear Ellen	*Smith*	2	0
Ned of the hills	*Owenson*	1	0
Nightingale, the	*Sola*	2	0
No joy without my love	*Cooke*	1	6
Now morn is blushing	*Stevenson*	2	0
Obey!	*Horn*	1	6
Oh! come, sweet lass!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Oh! fair as the seaflower	*Welsh*	2	0
Oh! fate in pity	*Horn*	1	6
Oh! give me the heart that is cheerful	*Cooke*	1	6
Oh! if those eyes deceive me not	*Stevenson*	2	0
Oh! Liberty	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! listen to your lover	*Horn*	2	0
Oh list unto my tale of	*Stevenson*	1	6
Oh! lovely is the summer morn	*Bishop*	2	0
Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang	*Carter*	1	0
Oh! never doubt my love	*Cooke*	2	0
Oh! never from the maid depart	*King*	1	0
Oh! nothing in life can sadden us	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Oh! Patrick	*Bishop*	2	0
Oh! remember the time	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! see those cherries	*Ditto*	2	0
Oh! smile not thus	*Smith*	1	6
Oh! soon return	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! turn away those mournful eyes	*Stevenson*	1	6
Oh! white is the snow	*Kelly*	2	0
Oh! why should the girl of my soul	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! Woman!	*Ditto*	2	0
Oh! woods of green Erin	*Doyle*	2	0
Oh! would I ne'er had seen thee!	*Stevenson*	1	0
Oh! yes—so well, so tenderly	*Moore*	2	0
Oh! yes, when the bloom	*Ditto*	2	0
One dear smile	*Moore*	2	0
Orator Puff	*Ditto*	1	6
Orphan boy	*Smith*	2	0
O softly sleep!	*Ditto*	2	0
Paddy in London	*Irish Air*	1	0
Paddy the piper	*Ditto*	1	0
Pangs of absence	*Philipps*	1	6
Parting hour is come, love	*Doyle*	2	0
Parting look she gave	*Turnbull*	2	0
Pleasures of Brighton	*Horn*	1	6
Plumed casque	*Kelly*	1	6
Poh! Dermot, go 'long with your goster	*T. M., Esq.*	1	6
Pray, Goody!		1	0
Pretty Sophy	*Bishop*	2	0
Probability	*T. M., Esq.*	1	6
Rabbinical origin of woman	*Moore*	1	6
Ray that beams for ever	*Kelly*	2	0
Remembrances	*Mrs. Mc Mullan*	2	0
Return, my love	*Stevenson*	2	0
Roderigh Vich-Alpine	*Horn*	1	6
Roll, drums, merrily	*Cooke*	1	0
Rose of affection	*Stevenson*	1	6
Sale of loves	*Moore*	2	0
Savoyard's return	*Dr. Clarke*	2	0
Say, pretty weeping figure	*Stevenson*	1	6
Scenes of my childhood	*Bishop*	2	0
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled		1	0
Sea Boy's Dream	*Smith*	2	6
Send the bowl round merrily	*Moore*	1	0
Soft breezes breathing	*Stevenson*	1	6
Soft Zephyr	*Dr. Clarke*	1	6
Soldier, rest!	*Kemp*	1	6
Spanish patriots	*Parry*	1	0
Spirit of joy	*Moore*	2	0
Spirit's song	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Stay, one moment stay!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Summer	*Ditto*	2	0
Sweetest moments life allows	*Kelly*	1	6
Sweet is love	*Doyle*	2	0
Sweet is the beam of morning	*Dallas*	2	0
Sweet is the dream	*Stevenson*	1	6
Sweet lady! look not thus	*Ditto*	2	0
Sweet minstrel, sing!	*Ditto*	1	6
Sweet robin		1	6
Sweet Rose, come away!	*Dibdin*	1	6
Sweet seducer	*Moore*	1	6
Tablet of love	*Stevenson*	2	0
Take back the sigh	*Moore*	2	0
Tarry, ye moments	*Kelly*	1	6

		s.	d.
Taste life's glad moments	*Walmisley*	1	6
That shepherd, sure, is he	*Stevenson*	1	6
There's not a joy this world can give	*Ditto*	2	0
There's the bower	*Ditto*	1	6
They bid me sleep	*Kemp*	1	6
Think no more, love, of our parting	*Clifton*	2	0
Tho' far from thee I'm roving	*Dallas*	2	0
Tho' fate, my girl	*Stevenson*	1	6
Tho' gaily smiles the opening spring	*Kelly*	1	6
Tho' winter frowns	*Horn*	1	0
Thou hast sent me a flowery band	*Moore*	1	6
Thunder-bolt frigate	*Horn*	1	6
Thy gentle manners	*Attwood*	2	0
Thyrsis	*Stevenson*	1	6
Thyrza	*Walmisley*	3	0
'Tis love that should rule the breast	*Kelly*	1	6
'Tis Love, 'tis Love		1	0
'Tis wine alone can banish care	*Stevenson*	1	6
To Julia, weeping	*Ditto*	1	0
Toll not the bell	*Dallas*	2	0
To love thee	*Mrs. Opie*	1	6
To the brook and the willow	*Stevenson*	1	6
Too soon the flowers of spring may fade	*Kelly*	1	6
Triumph of Russia	*Ditto*	2	6
Trumpet of glory	*Moore*	2	0
'Twas his own voice	*Stevenson*	2	0
'Twas on a wild and lonely	*Kelly*	1	6
Tyrolese song	*Moore*	2	0
Ulrica	*Cooke*	1	0
Vittoria	*Ditto*	2	0
Wake, maid of Lorn	*Stevenson*	2	0
Waters of Elle	*Stevenson*		
What's life unblest with Love	*Ditto*	1	6
When a man weds	*Horn*	1	6
Whence can you inherit		1	0
When Charles was deceived	*Moore*	2	0
When fickle man for woman sighs	*Kelly*	1	6
When from thy sight, love	*Ditto*	1	6
When I first told my Rosa I lov'd	*Ditto*	2	0
When I think of my own green glen	*Turnbull*	1	6
When I went for a soldier	*Horn*	1	6
When Leila touch'd the lute	*Moore*	2	0
When love gets in the youthful brain	*Horn*	1	6
When love and truth together play'd	*Philipps*	1	6
When love was fresh from his cradle	*West*	1	6
When midst the gay	*Moore*	2	0
When night was spreading o'er me	*Stevenson*	2	0
When storms disturb old ocean's bed	*King*	1	0
When the days of the summer	*Kiallmark*	2	0
When the girl of my heart	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
When the rose-bud of summer	*Stevenson*	2	0
When time, who steals	*Moore*	2	0
When twilight dews	*Stevenson*	2	0
When woe on the bosom of mercy	*Howell*	1	0
While parted from the youth	*King*	1	6
Whilst I listen to thy voice	*Stevenson*	2	0
Whilst on the beach I wander	*Doyle*	2	0
White rose of honor	*Kelly*	1	6
Who would not love?	*Cooke*	2	0
Why comes he not	*Smith*	1	6
William and Jannett	*Sanderson*	1	0
Will you come to the bower?	*T. M., Esq.*	1	0
Wilt thou say farewell, love?	*Moore*	2	0
Winds, whisper gently	*Stevenson*	2	0
Woman's power ending never	*Kearns*	1	0
Woman's smile	*Parry*	1	6
Woman, who conquers all	*Cooke*	1	6
Woodbine cottage	*Stevenson*	2	0
Woodman's cot	*Kelly*	1	0
Woodpecker	*Ditto*	2	0
Wreath you wove	*Moore*	1	6
Ye banks and braes, *(new edition)*	*Burns*	1	0
Ye light forms of fancy	*Kelly*	1	6
Yes, it is, love!	*Clifton*	1	6
Yes, thro' the wide world	*Mrs.* ——	1	0
Young Jessica	*Moore*	2	0
Young love	*Ditto*	2	0
Young son of chivalry	*King*	1	6
Youth I adore	*Cooke*	1	6
Youth is but short	*Dallas*	2	0
You watch'd the sun's ray	*Welsh Air*	1	0
Zounds, my lad	*Cooke*	1	0

DUETTS.

		s.	d.
Ah! say if the glance	*Black*	1	6
Alas! poor Lubin	*Stevenson*	1	6
As with slow-moving oar	*King*	2	0
Catherine	*Lady C. Stewart*	2	0
Chieftain	*Stevenson*	2	0
Chink-a-chink	*Horn*	1	6
Come, friendly night	*Livius*	1	6
Come, all ye youths	*Harris*	2	0
Congenial to friends	*Stevenson*	2	0
Could a man be secure (*new edition*)		1	0
Dear, in pity	*Stevenson*	1	6
Dragon fly	*Smith*	2	0
Dress, with me, the myrtle bower	*Stevenson*	1	6
Edmund of the hill	*Ditto*	1	6
Faithful love	*Parry*	2	0
Fare thee well!	*Ditto*	2	0
Flowers in the east	*Kelly*	2	0
Heave one sigh	*Horn*	1	0
Here is the lip	*Moore*	2	0
He 's gone, ah! me	*Kemp*	2	0
How happy pass'd morn's pleasant dream	*Sanderson*	1	6
If fortune smile	*Kelly*	1	6
In search of glory	*Cooke*	2	6
Invest my head with fragrant rose	*Stevenson*	2	0
Joys that pass away	*Moore*	2	0
Lady, by Cupid's darts I swear	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Life-boat	*Moore*	2	6
Love and the sun-dial	*Ditto*	2	0
Love in thine eyes (*new edition*)	*Jackson*	1	0
Love, my Mary, dwells	*Stevenson*	2	0
Love, wand'ring thro' the golden maze	*Ditto*	2	0
Mourn not, silly mortals	*Stevenson*	2	0
Nights of music	*Moore*	2	6
No! never shall my soul forget	*Stevenson*	2	6
Now bright July to pleasure calls	*Horn*	2	0
O dinna weep	*J. M. Harris*	2	0
Our first young love	*Moore*	2	0
Peace!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Send home those long strayed eyes	*Ditto*	1	6
Should we be forced to part	*Cooke*	2	0
Song of war	*Moore*	2	0
Sparkling fountains	*Stevenson*	2	0
Surprise	*Ditto*	1	6
Tell me where is fancy bred?	*Ditto*	2	0
Ditto ditto	*Arranged by Bishop*	2	0
That I no longer wish to rove	*Stevenson*	1	6
Think on me	*Ditto*	2	0
Thro' silent woods	*King*	2	0
Time has not thinn'd (*new edition*)	*Jackson*	1	0
Tit bits	*Cooke*	1	6
Together let us range the fields	*Dr. Boyce*	1	6
Turn to this heart	*Horn*	1	6
Wake thee, my dear	*Moore*	2	0
Warrior's soul is all in arms!	*Cooke*	2	6
Well-a-day!	*Horn*	1	0
When in languor sleeps the heart	*Stevenson*	2	0
When Jove from the skies	*Horn*	1	6
When war unfurls his banner bright	*King*	1	6
Where is the light from Lara's tower?	*Stevenson*	2	6
While parted from the youth I love	*King*	1	6
Wilt thou say farewell, love?	*Bishop*	2	0
Wine to cheer	*Parry*	1	6
Would you gain by art?	*Kelly*	1	6
Young rose	*Moore*	2	0

GLEES.

		s.	d.
A broken cake	*Stevenson*	2	0
Allen-a-Dale	*Horn*	2	6
And will he not come again	*Stevenson*	1	6
Archer's glee	*Ditto*	1	6
Awake! Apollo calls	*Ditto*	1	6
Banks of Allanwater	*Hawes*	2	6
Blithe are the bowers of Mosellai	*Kelly*	2	0
Blest were the days	*Stevenson*	2	6
Boat trio—" Row gently, row "	*Ditto*	2	0
Buds of Roses	*Ditto*	2	6
Canadian boat-song	*Moore*	3	0
Cease not yet, sweet bard!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Come, buy my cherries, &c.	*Ditto*	2	0
Come, follow me	*Ditto*	5	0
Day set on Norham's castle steep	*Lord Burghersh*	3	0
Doubt thou the stars are fire	*Stevenson*	1	6
Ella	*Ditto*	2	6
Fairy glee	*Ditto*	5	0
Fair and False	*Lord Burghersh*	2	0
Fill, fill the goblet	*Aylmer*	1	6
Finland love-song	*Moore*	2	6
Give me the harp	*Stevenson*	5	0
Happy love	*Ditto*	2	0
Hark! the bell is ringing	*Ditto*	2	0
Hark! thro' the long resounding halls	*King*	1	6
Here's the bower	*Stevenson*	2	6
Hermits	*Ditto*	3	0
Holy be the pilgrim's sleep	*Moore*	5	0
I mark'd not eyes	*Stevenson*	2	0
Lonely isle	*Horn*	3	0
Merrily O!	*Stevenson*	2	6
Mountain cot	*Richards*	2	0
Nor throne of state	*Kelly*	1	6
Now is the merry month of May	*Stevenson*	5	0
Now let the warrior wave his sword	*Moore*	2	6
Now the star of day is high	*Stevenson*	3	0
Ocean king	*West*	2	6
Oh! lady fair!	*Moore*	3	0
Oh! stay, sweet fair	*Stevenson*	3	0
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No. VII. PRICE 15s.

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IRISH MELODIES,

WITH

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BY

SIR JOHN STEVENSON, Mus.Doc.

AND

CHARACTERISTIC WORDS

BY

THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

Drawn by T. Stothard R.A. *Engraved by J. Mitan*

7th Number. LONDON, Price 15 o

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To the

Nobility and Gentry

of

Ireland,

The following Work

Is respectfully Inscribed

By

The Publisher.

Sherratt sc 97 Strand

INDEX

TO

THE SEVENTH NUMBER.

INDEX

TO

THE HARMONIZED AIRS.

My gentle Harp!

With Feeling.

My gentle Harp! once more I waken The sweetness of thy slumb'ring strain; In tears our last fare_well was taken, And now in tears we meet a_gain. No light of Joy hath o'er thee

broken, But _like those Harps, whose heav'nly skill Of slav'_ry

dark as thine hath spoken _Thou hang'st up__on the wil_low

still.

2d VERSE.

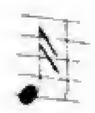
And yet, since last thy chord resounded, An hour of peace and triumph

came, When many an ar_dent bosom bounded With hopes, that now are turn'd to

shame. Yet e_ven then, while Peace was singing Her halcyon song o'er land and

sea, Tho' joy and hope to others bringing, She on_ly brought new tears to

thee.



to

AIR—*The Coina or Dirge.*

I.

MY gentle Harp! once more I waken
  The sweetness of thy slumb'ring strain·
In tears our last farewell was taken,
  And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
  But, like those Harps, whose heavenly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken—
  Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

nd

II.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
  An hour of peace and triumph came,
When many an ardent bosom bounded
  With hopes—that now are turn'd to shame.
Yet even then, while Peace was singing
  Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Tho' joy and hope to others bringing,
  She only brought new tears to thee.

III.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
  My drooping Harp, from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
  As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
  Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When ev'n the wreaths, in which I dress thee,
  Are sadly mix'd—half flow'rs, half chains!

to

IV.

But, come,—if yet thy frame can borrow
  One breath of joy—oh breathe for me,
And shew the world, in chains and sorrow,
  How sweet thy music still can be;
How lightly, ev'n mid gloom surrounding,
  Thou yet can'st wake at pleasure s thrill—
Like Memnon's broken image, sounding,
  Mid desolation tuneful still*!

* Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ,
Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.
JUVENAL.

AIR—*The Girl I left behind me*

I.

AS slow our ship her foamy track
  Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
  To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
  From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
  To those we've left behind us!

II.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
  We talk, with joyous seeming,
And smiles that might as well be tears,
  So faint, so sad their beaming;
While mem'ry brings us back again
  Each early tie that twin'd us,
Oh sweet's the cup that circles then
  To those we've left behind us!

III.

And, when in other climes we meet
  Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry, wild and sweet,
  And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss,
  If Heav'n had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
  With some we've left behind us!

IV.

As trav'llers oft look back, at eve,
  When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
  Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
  To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
  Of joy that's left behind us.

As slow our Ship.

In Moderate Time and with Expression

As slow our ship her foamy track A_gainst the wind was cleaving, Her trembling pennant still look'd back To that dear isle 'twas leav_ing. So loath we part from all we love, From all the links that bind us, So turn our hearts, where-e'er we rove To those we've left be_hind us!

2d VERSE.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years We talk, with joyous seeming, And

smiles that might as well be tears, So faint, so sad their beaming; While

mem'ry brings us back a_gain Each ear_ly love that twin'd us, Oh

sweet's the cup that circles then To those we've left be_hind us!

3d VERSE.

And, when in o_ther climes we meet Some isle or vale en_chant_ing, Where

all looks flow'ry, wild and sweet, And nought but love is want_ing; We

think how great had been our bliss, If heav'n had but as_sign'd us To

live and die in scenes like this, With some we've left be_hind us!

In the morning of life.

In Moderate Time and with Feeling.

In the morn_ing of life, when its cares are un_known, And its pleasures in all their new lus_tre begin; When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own, And the light that surrounds us is all from within Oh

'tis not, believe me, in that happy time We can love as in hours of less

trans_port we may; Of our smiles, of our hopes 'tis the gay sunny prime, But af_

fec_tion is warm_est when these fade a_way.

2d VERSE.

When we see the bright charm of our

youth pass us by, Like a leaf on the stream, that will ne_ver return, When our

cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high, Now tastes of the o_ther, the

dark-flowing Urn; Then, then is the moment af__fec_tion can sway With a

depth and a ten_derness joy never knew; Love, nurs'd among pleasures, is

faithless as they, But the Love, born of sorrow, like sorrow is true!

In the morning of life.

Harmonized for Two Voices.

In Moderate Time and with Feeling.

In the morning of life, when its

In the morning of life, when its

cares are unknown, And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin; When we

cares are unknown, And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin; When we

live in a bright-beaming world of our own, And the light that surrounds us is

live in a bright-beaming world of our own, And the light that surrounds us is

ad lib *a tempo*

all from with-in _ _ Oh 'tis not, be_lieve me, in that happy time We can

all from with-in _ _ Oh 'tis not, be_lieve me, in that happy time We can

love as in hours of less transport we may; Of our smiles, of our hopes 'tis the

love as in hours of less transport we may; Of our smiles, of our hopes 'tis the

gay, sun_ny prime, But af_ fec_tion is warmest when these fade a_way.

gay, sun_ny prime, But af_ fec_tion is warmest when these fade a_way.

2d VERSE.

When we see the bright charm of our youth pass us by, Like a

When we see the bright charm of our youth pass us by, Like a

leaf on the stream, that will ne_ver re_turn; When our cup, which had sparkled with

leaf on the stream, that will ne_ver return; When our cup, which had sparkled with

plea_sure so high, Now tastes of the o_ther, the dark_flow_ing Urn; Then,

plea_sure so high, Now tastes of the o_ther, the dark_flow_ing Urn; Then,

then is the mo_ment af_ _fec_ tion can sway With a depth and a

then is the mo_ment af_ _fec_ tion can sway With a depth and a

ten_ _derness joy ne_ver knew; Love, nurs'd among pleasures, is

ten_ _derness joy ne_ver knew; Love, nurs'd among pleasures, is

faith_less as they, But the Love, born of sorrow, like sor_row is true!

faith_less as they, But the Love, born of sorrow, like sor_row is true!

AIR—*The Little Harvest Rose.*

I.

IN the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
Oh 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may;
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is warmest when these fade away.

II.

When we see the first charm of our youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream, that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
Now tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn;
Then, then is the moment affection can sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love, nurs'd among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the Love, born of Sorrow, like Sorrow is true!

III.

In climes full of sun-shine, tho' splendid their dyes,
Yet faint is the odour the flow'rs shed about;
'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies,
That call their full spirit of fragrancy out.
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 'tis only in grief true affection appears;—
To the magic of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears!

AIR—*Limerick's Lamentation* .

I.

WHEN cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or, if from their slumber the veil be remov'd,
Weep o'er them in silence and close it again.
And oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far
From the path-ways of light he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

II.

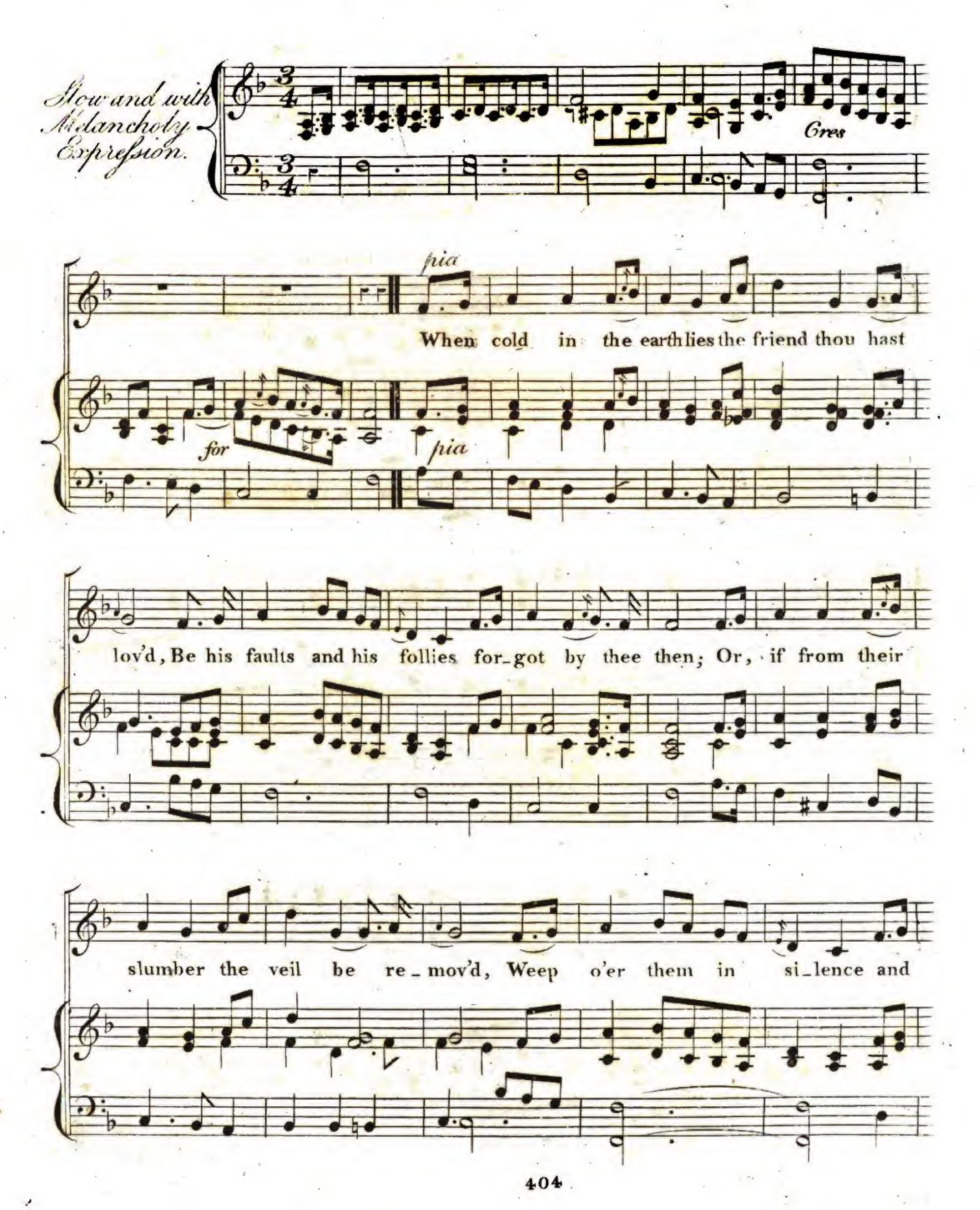
From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
The revealings, that taught him true Love to adore,—
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
From the idols he darkly had knelt to before.
O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
Thou cam'st, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;
And, if happiness purely and glowingly smil'd
On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

III.

And tho' sometimes the shade of past folly would rise,
And tho' falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood soon vanish'd away.
As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there!

* Our right to this fine air (the "Lochaber" of the Scotch) will, I fear, be disputed; but, as it has been long connected with Irish words, and is confidently claimed for us by Mr. Bunting and others, I thought I should not be authorized in leaving it out of this collection.

When cold in the earth.



close it a_gain. And oh! if 'tis pain to re___mem_ber how

far From the path_ways of light he was tempted to roam, Be it

bliss to re_member that thou wert the star Which a_rose on his

darkness, And guid_ed him home.

Cres

pia

2d VERSE.

From thee and thy in_no_cent beauty first came The re_

pia

veal_ings that taught him true Love to a__dore, To feel the bright

presence and turn him with shame From the i_dols he darkly had

knelt to be_fore. O'er the waves of a life, long be_night_ed and

wild, Thou cam'st, like a soft gol_den calm o'er the sea; And if

hap_pi_ness purely and glow_ing_ly smil'd On his ev'_ning ho_

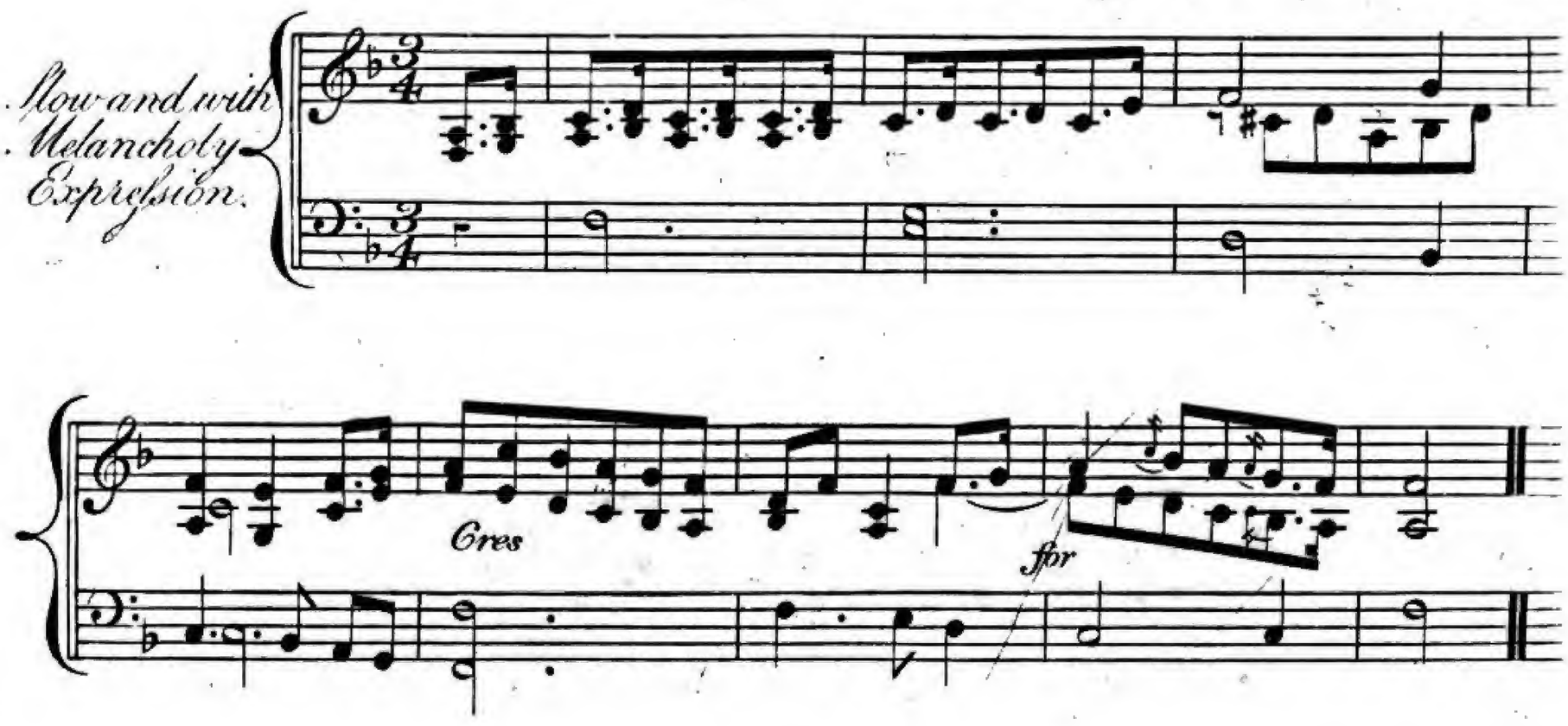
ri_zon, the light was from thee!

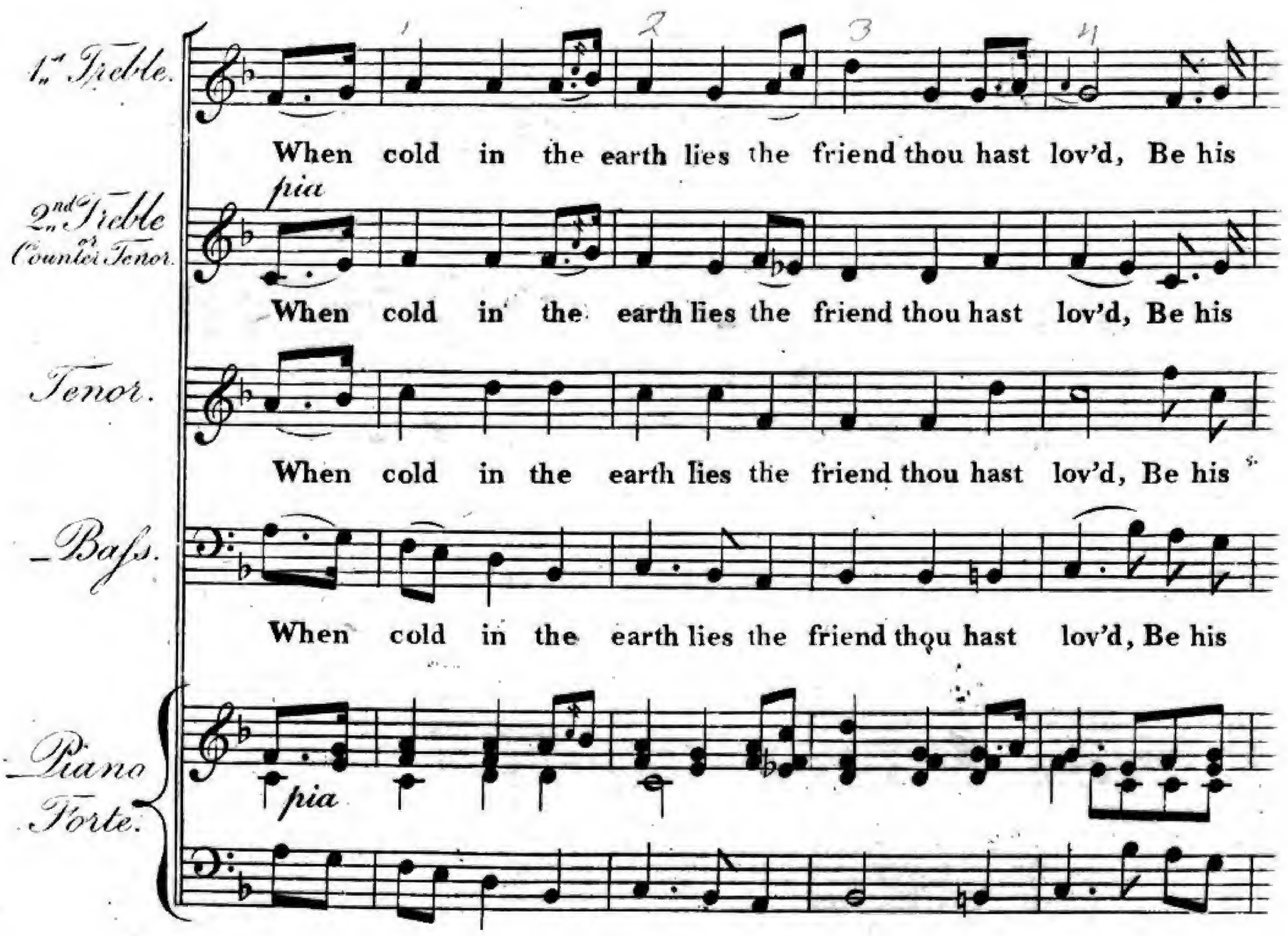
Cres

pia

When cold in the earth,

Harmonized for Four Voices.





faults and his fol_lies for_got by thee then; Or if from their

faults _ _ _ _ _ _ for_got by thee then; Or if from their

faults and his fol_lies for_got by thee then; Or if from their

faults _ _ _ _ _ _ for_got by thee then; Or if from their

slumber the veil be re_mov'd, Weep o'er them in si_lence and

slumber the veil be re_mov'd, Oh! weep _ _ _ _ _ _ and

slumber the veil be re_mov'd, Weep o'er them in si_lence and

slumber the veil be re__mov'd, Oh! weep _ _ _ _ _ and

close it a_gain. And oh! if 'tis pain to re__member how

close it a_gain. And oh! if 'tis pain if 'tis pain____

close it a_gain. And oh! if 'tis pain to re_mem_ber how

close it a_gain. And oh! if 'tis pain to re__mem_ber how

far From the path-ways of light he was tempted to roam, Be it

___ From the path-ways of light_____ he did roam, Be it

far From the path-ways of light he was tempted to roam, Be it

far From the path_____ of light he did roam, Be it

bliss to re_member that thou wert the star Which a_rose on his

bliss to re_member that thou wert the star Which a_rose on his

bliss to re_member that thou wert the star Which a_rose on his

bliss to re_mem_ber that thou wert the star Which a_rose on his

dark_ness and guid_ed him home.

dark_ _ _ness guid_ing him home.

dark_ness and guid_ed him home.

dark_ _ _ness guid_ing him home.

Cres

pia

Remember thee!

Not too slow and with strong Feeling

Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart It shall ne _ _ ver for _ get thee, all lorn as thou art; More dear in thy sor _ row, thy gloom and thy show'rs, Than the rest of the world in their sunni _ est hours.

p

p *p* *p*

2d VERSE.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free, First flow'r of the

earth and first gem of the sea, I might hail thee with prouder, with

happi__er brow, But oh! could I love thee more deep_ly than now?

p

p *p* *p*

AIR—*Castle Tirowen.*

I.

REMEMBER thee! yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

II.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

III.

No, thy chains as they torture thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!

AIR—*Noran Kitsa.*

I.

WREATH the bowl
With flow'rs of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us,
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heav'n to-night
And leave dull earth behind us!
Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid
That Joy, th' enchanter, brings us,
No danger fear,
While wine is near,
We'll drown him, if he stings us.
Then, wreath the bowl
With flow'rs of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

II.

'Twas nectar fed
Of old, 'tis said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And Man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows;—
Take wine, like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid!
So, wreath the bowl, *&c.*

III.

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly.
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'd sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then, wreath the bowl, *&c.*

Wreath the bowl.

Gaily and Brilliantly

Wreath the bowl with flow'rs of soul The bright_est wit can find us; We'll take a flight tow'rds Heav'n to night, And leave dull earth be_hind us. Should Love a_mid the wreaths be hid, Which Mirth th'Enchanter, brings us, No dan_ger fear, while wine is near, We'll

drown him if he stings us. Then wreath the bowl with flow'rs of soul The

bright_est wit can find us; We'll take a flight tow'rds Heav'n to night, And

leave dull earth behind us.

2.d VERSE.

'Twas nectar fed, of old, 'tis said, Their Junos, Joves, A_

pollos; And Man may brew his nectar too, The rich receipt's as fol__lows_Take

wine like this, Let looks of bliss A_round it well be blend_ _ed, Then

bring Wit's beam to warm the stream, And there's your Nectar, splendid! So

wreath the bowl with flow'rs of soul The bright_est wit can find us; We'll

take a flight tow'rds Heav'n to night, And leave dull earth be_hind us.

Wreath the bowl.

Harmonized for Four Voices.

Gaily and Brilliantly

1st Treble

Wreath the bowl with flow'rs of soul The brightest wit can

2nd Treble

Wreath the bowl with flow'rs of soul The brightest wit can

Tenor
8. Notes lower

Wreath the bowl with flow'rs of soul The brightest wit can

Bass

Wreath the bowl with flow'rs of soul The brightest wit can

Piano Forte

find us; We'll take a flight tow'rds Heav'n to night, And

find us; We'll take a flight tow'rds Heav'n to night, And

find us; We'll take a flight tow'rds Heav'n to night, And

find us; We'll take a flight tow'rds Heav'n to night, And

leave dull earth be_hind us. Should Love a_mid the wreaths be hid, Which

leave dull earth be_hind us. Should Love a_mid the wreaths be hid, Which

leave dull earth be_hind us. Should Love a_mid the wreaths be hid, Which

leave dull earth be_hind us. Should Love a_mid the wreaths be hid, Which

Mirth, th'Enchanter brings us, No dan_ger fear, while wine is near, We'll

Mirth, th'Enchanter brings us, No dan_ger fear, while wine is near, We'll

Mirth, th'Enchant_er brings us, No dan_ger fear, while wine is near, We'll

Mirth, th'Enchant_er brings us, No dan_ger fear, while wine is near, We'll

drown him, if he stings us. Then wreath the bowl with flow'rs of soul The

drown him, if he stings us. Then wreath the bowl with flow'rs of soul The

drown him, if he stings us. Then wreath the bowl with flow'rs of soul The

drown him, if he stings us. Then wreath the bowl with flow'rs of soul The

brightest wit can find us; We'll take a flight tow'rds Heav'n to night, And

brightest wit can find us; We'll take a flight tow'rds Heav'n to night, And

brightest wit can find us; We'll take a flight tow'rds Heav'n to night, And

brightest wit can find us; We'll take a flight tow'rds Heav'n to night, And

leave dull earth be_hind us.

leave dull earth be_hind us.

leave dull earth be_hind us.

leave dull earth be_hind us.

p

When e'er I see those smiling Eyes.

Slow and Tenderly

When

e'er I see those smil_ing eyes, All fill'd with hope and joy _ _ and light, As

if no cloud cou'd e _ ver rise, To dim a heav'n so pure _ _ ly bright; I

sigh to think how soon that brow In grief may lose its ev'_ _ ry

ray, And that light heart, so joyous now, Al _ most for _ get it

once was gay.

2d VERSE.

For Time will come, with all his blights, The ru _ in'd hope, the friend unkind; And

Love, who leaves, where-e'er he lights, A chill'd or burn_ing heart behind. And

youth, that like pure snow ap_pears, Ere sul__lied by the dark'ning

rain, When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears, Will ne__ver shine so

bright a_gain.

AIR—*Father Quinn.*

I.

WHENE'ER I see those smiling eyes,
All fill'd with hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise,
To dim a heav'n so purely bright—
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

II.

For Time will come with all his blights,
The ruin'd hope—the friend unkind—
And Love, who leaves, where'er he lights,
A chill'd or burning heart behind!
And youth, that like pure snow appears,
Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,
When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears,
Will never shine so bright again!

AIR—*The Winnowing Sheet.*

I.

IF thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth, and sea shall lie at thy feet;
Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair
Or in Hope's sweet music sounds most sweet
Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!

II.

Bright flow'rs shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, love!

III.

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams, that flow from heaven-ward hills,
Shall keep our hearts, like meads, that lie
To be bath'd by those eternal rills,
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

IV.

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them, who feel his spells;
That heaven, which forms his home, above,
He can make, on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou'lt own, if thou wilt be mine, love!

If thou'lt be mine.

Flowing and simple

If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air, Of earth and sea shall lie at our feet; What - e_ver in Fan_ _ cy's eye looks fair, Or in Hope's sweet mu_sic sounds most sweet, Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!

espres

2.d VERSE.

Bright flow'rs shall spring where ever we rove, A voice divine shall talk in each

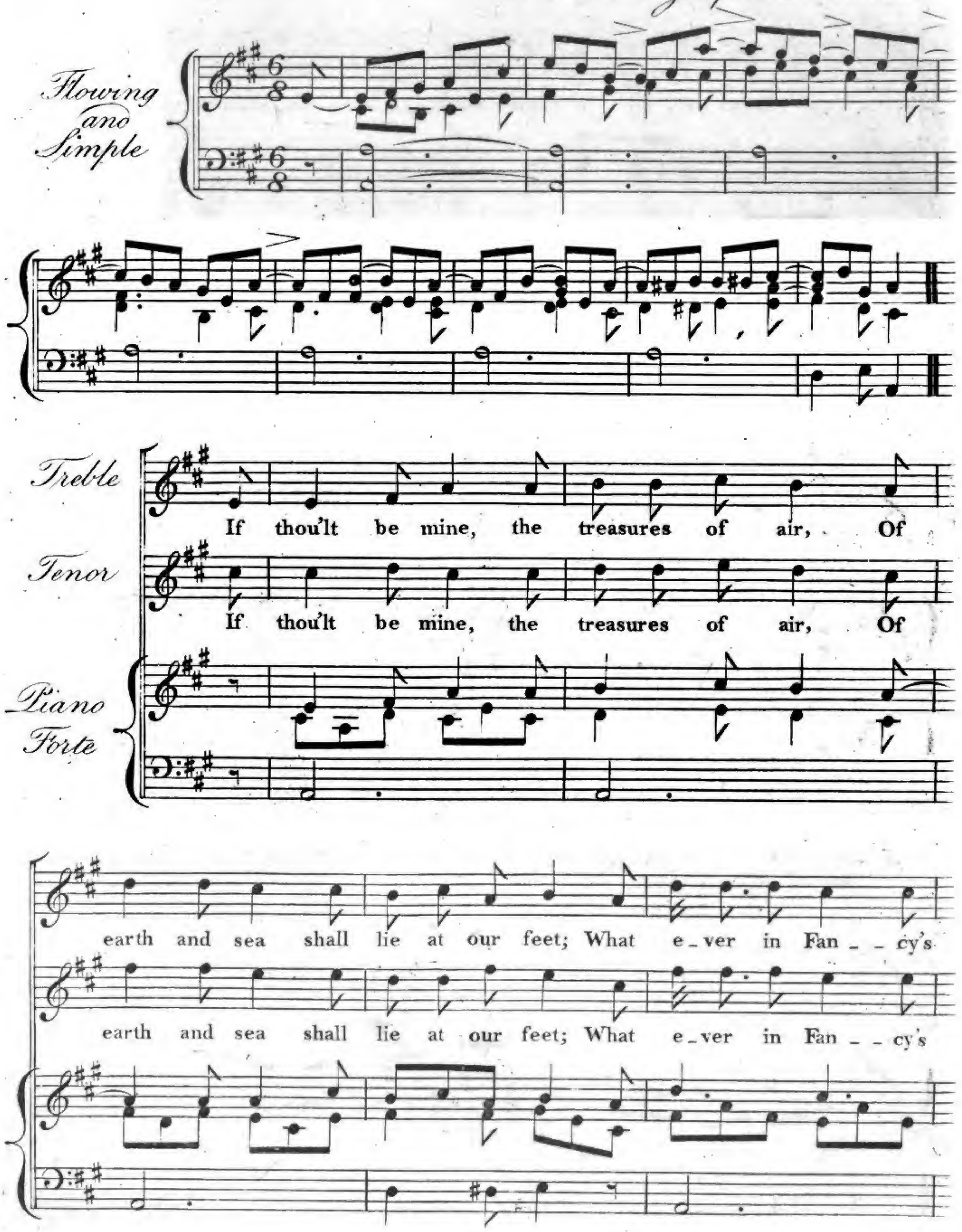
stream, The stars shall look like worlds of love, And this earth be all one

espres:

beautiful dream In our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, love!

If thou'lt be mine,

Harmonized for Two Voices.



eye looks fair, Or in Hope's sweet mu - sic sounds most sweet, Shall be

eye looks fair, Or in Hope's sweet mu - sic sounds most sweet, Shall be

ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!

ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!

2d VERSE.

Bright flow'rs shall spring where ever we rove, A voice divine shall talk in each

Bright flow'rs shall spring where ever we rove, A voice divine shall talk in each

stream, The stars shall look like worlds of love, And this earth be all one

stream, The stars shall look like worlds of love, And this earth be all one

beauti_ful dream In our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, love!

beauti_ful dream In our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, love!

To Ladies Eyes.

In Moderate Time and with Spirit

8va

To Ladies eyes a round, Boy, We can't re_fuse, we can't re_fuse, Tho'

bright eyes so a _ bound, Boy, Tis hard to chuse, tis hard to chuse. For

thick as stars that light _ _ en Yon air _ y bow'rs, yon air _ y bow'rs, The

countless eyes that bright _ en This earth of ours, this earth of ours. But

fill the cup, where e'er, Boy, Our choice may fall, our choice may fall, We're

con spirito

sure to find Love there, Boy, So drink them all! so drink them all!

2d VERSE.

Some eyes there are, so ho _ _ _ ly, They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n, As

splendid bea_cons, sole_ _ _ly, To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n! While

some_ oh! ne'er be_lieve them With tempt_ing ray, with tempting ray, Would

lead us (God for_give them!) The o_ther way, the o_ther way. But

fill the cup, where e'er, Boy Our choice may fall, our choice may fall, We're

con spirito

sure to find Love there, Boy, So drink them all! so drink them all!

AIR—*Fague a Ballagh*

I.

TO Ladies' eyes a round, boy,
  We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
Tho' bright eyes so abound, boy,
  'Tis hard to chuse, 'tis hard to chuse.
For thick as stars that lighten
  Yon airy bow'rs, yon airy bow'rs,
The countless eyes that brighten
  This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
  Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
  So drink them all! so drink them all!

II.

Some looks there are, so holy,
  They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n,
As splendid beacons, solely,
  To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n.
While some—oh! ne'er believe them—
  With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them!)
  The other way, the other way.
But fill the cup, *&c.*

III.

In some, as in a mirror,
  Love seems pourtray'd, Love seems pourtray'd,
But shun the flattering error,
  'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
Himself has fix'd his dwelling
  In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips—but this is telling,
  So here they go! so here they go!
Fill up, fill up, *&c.*

AIR—*The Lamentation of Aughrim.*

I.

FORGET not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

II.

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts, as they bounded before,
In the face of high heav'n to fight over
That combat for Freedom once more;—

III.

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
Oh! 'tis not in Man nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

IV.

But 'tis past—and, tho' blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

V.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illum'd by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all, who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame!

Forget not the field.

Despondingly

For - get not the field where they perish'd, The

Cres pia

tru - est, the last of the brave - All gone! and the bright hope we

cherish'd Gone with them and quench'd in their grave.

2d VERSE.

Oh! could we from death but re_co_ver Those hearts, as they

bound_ed -- be_fore, In the face of high heav'n to fight

o_ver That com_bat for Freedom once more! —

for

3d VERSE.

But 'tis past, and tho' bla_zon'd in sto_ry, The name of our

conqu'ror may be, Thrice curst is the march of that

Glo_ry, Which treads o'er the hearts of the Free.

for

This earth is the planet.

With gaiety and feeling

They may rail at this life_from the hour I began it, I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss; And un_til they can show me some hap_pi_er pla_net, More social and bright, I'll con_tent me with this. As

long as the world has such e _ loquent eyes, As be_fore me this moment en_

raptur'd I see, They may say what they will of their Orbs in the skies, But this

earth is the pla_net for you, love, and me.

2d VERSE.

In Mer _ cu _ ry's star, where each

mi_nute can bring them New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high, Tho' the

Nymphs may have liveli_er poets to sing them, They've none, e_ven there, more e_

namour'd than I. And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love, And that

eye its di_vine in_spi_ra_tion shall be, They may talk as they will of their

E_dens a_bove, But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me!

AIR—*Noch bonin shin doe*

I.

THEY may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And until they can shew me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
As long as the world has such eloquent eyes,
As before me this moment enraptur'd I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

II.

In Mercury's star, where each minute can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Tho' the nymphs may have livelier poets[a] to sing them,
They've none, even there, more enamour'd than I.
And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

III.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
And look, in their twilights[b], as lovely as you.
But, tho' they were even more bright than the queen
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never these fair young celestials have seen,
Why,—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

IV.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heav'n knows, we have plenty on earth we could spare.
Oh think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

---

[a] Tous les habitans de Mercure sont vifs.
Pluralité des Mondes.

[b] La Terre pourra être pour Venus l'etoile du berger et la mere des amours, comme Venus l'est pour nous
ib.

AIR—*Name unknown.*

I.

OH for the swords of former time!
Oh for the men who bore them,
When, arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them!
When pure yet, ere courts began
With honours to enslave him,
The best honours worn by Man
Were those which Virtue gave him.
Oh for the swords of former time! *&c.*

II.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them!
When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre,
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.
Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then! *&c.*

Oh! for the swords of former time!

In Moderate time & with Spirit.

Oh for the swords of former time! Oh for the men who bore them, When,

arm'd for Right, they stood sublime, And tyrants crouch'd before them. When

pure yet, ere courts be_gan With ho_nors to en_slave him, The

best ho_nors worn by Man Were those which Vir_tue gave him.

Oh for the swords of former time! Oh for the men who bore them, When,

arm'd for Right, they stood sublime, And tyrants crouch'd be_fore them.

2d VERSE.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then, Oh for the pomp that crown'd them, When

hearts and hands of freeborn men Were all the ram_parts round them. When,

A Catalogue

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The pleasant Rocks
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Go where Glory waits thee
Remember the Glories of Brien the Brave
Erin! the Tear and the Smile in thine Eyes
Oh! breathe not his name
When he who adores thee
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls
Fly not yet!
Oh! think not my Spirits are always as light
Tho' the last Glimpse of Erin
Rich and rare were the Gems she wore
As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may glow
The Meeting of the Waters

No. II.—Price 15*s*.—*Containing*

St. Senanus and the Lady
How dear to me the Hour
Take back the virgin Page
The Legacy—(When in Death I shall calm recline)
The Dirge—(How oft has the Benshee cried!)
We may roam thro' this World
Eveleen's Bower—(Oh! weep for the Hour)
Let Erin remember the Days of old
Silent, oh Moyle! be the Roar of thy Waters
Come, send round the Wine
Sublime was the Warning
Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms

No. III.—Price 15*s*.—*Containing*

Cean dubh Delish
The snowy-breasted Pearl
Planxty Johnstone
Captain Megan
Erin, oh! Erin—(Like the bright Lamp)
Drink to her
Oh! blame not the Bard
While gazing on the Moon's Light
When Daylight was yet sleeping under the Billow
Before the Battle—(By the Hope within us springing)
After the Battle
Oh! 'tis sweet to think
The Irish Peasant to his Mistress
When thro' Life unblest we rove
It is not the Tear at this Moment shed
'Tis believ'd that this Harp

No. IV.—Price 15*s*.—*Containing*

Love's young Dream—(Oh! the Days are gone)
The Prince's Day—(Tho' dark are our Sorrows)
Weep on, weep on
Lesbia hath a beaming Eye
I saw thy Form in youthful Prime
By that Lake whose gloomy Shore
She is far from the Land
Nay, tell me not
Avenging and bright
What the Bee is to the Floweret
Love and the Novice (Here we dwell in holiest Bowers)
This Life is all chequer'd

No. V.—Price 15*s*.—*Containing*

Thro' Erin's Isle
At the mid Hour of Night
One Bumper at Parting!
'Tis the last Rose of Summer
The young May Moon
The Minstrel Boy
The Valley lay smiling before me
Oh! had we some bright little Isle
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the Hour
Oh! doubt me not
You remember Ellen
I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me

No. VI.—Price 15*s*.—*Containing*

Come o'er the Sea
Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded?
No, not more welcome
When first I met thee
While History's Muse
The Time I've lost in wooing
Oh! where's the Slave?
Come, rest in this Bosom
'Tis gone, and for ever
I saw from the Beach
Fill the Bumper fair
Dear Harp of my Country

No. VII.—Price 15*s*.—*Containing*

My gentle Harp! once more I waken
As slow our ship her foamy Track
In the Morning of Life, when its Cares are unknown
When cold in the Earth lies the Friend thou hast lov'd
Remember thee! yes, while there's Life in this Heart
Wreath the Bowl
Whene'er I see those smiling Eyes
If thou'lt be mine, the Treasures of Air
To Ladies' Eyes a Round, Boy
Forget not the Field where they perish'd
They may rail at this Life
Oh for the Swords of former Time!

No. VIII.—Price 15*s*.—*Containing*

Ne'er ask the Hour
Sail on, sail on
The Parallel
Drink of this Cup
The Fortune-teller
Oh ye Dead!
O' Donohue's Mistress
The Echo
Oh banquet not
Thee, thee, only thee
Shall the Harp, then, be silent?
Oh the Sight entrancing

The Illustrations designed by T. STOTHARD, R.A., *&c. &c.*, and engraved by MITAN, ROSE, *&c. &c.*

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Oh! come to me when daylight sets *Venetian*
Oft in the stilly night ..... *Scotch*
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Should those fond hopes ..... *Portuguese*
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Love and Hope ..... *Swiss*
Love is a hunter-boy ..... *Languedocian*
My harp has one unchanging theme *Swedish*
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Row gently here ..... *Venetian*
Say what shall be our sport to-day *Sicilian*
See the dawn from Heaven .... *Italian*
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Though 'tis all but a dream ..*French*
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When the first summer Bee ..*German*
When through the Piazetta ..*Venetian*
Where shall we bury our shame *Neapolitan*

*** *This Work is published in Royal Quarto, embellished with Illustrations, designed by T. STOTHARD, R. A., and engraved by CHARLES HEATH, J. MITAN, and C. MARR.*

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Come not, oh Lord!
Were not the sinful Mary's Tears
As down in the sunless Retreats
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The Crystal Waters
Oh cast not a Damp on this Hour of Delight
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The Chant of the Bards

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I crossed in its beauty thy Dee's Druid water
The Summer Storm is on the Mountain
The Lament of the Last Druid
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The Heroes of Cymru
The Exile of Cambria
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From the Hill
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For her I die	*Stevenson*	1	6
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I'm wearing away	*Stevenson*	2	0
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Sweet minstrel, sing!	*Ditto*	1	6
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Tho' fate, my girl	*Stevenson*	1	6
Tho' gaily smiles the opening spring	*Kelly*	1	6
Tho' winter frowns	*Horn*	1	0
Thou hast sent me a flowery band	*Moore*	1	6
Thunder-bolt frigate	*Horn*	1	6
Thy gentle manners	*Attwood*	2	0
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'Tis wine alone can banish care	*Stevenson*	1	6
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Toll not the bell	*Dallas*	2	0
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'Twas on a wild and lonely	*Kelly*	1	6
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Waters of Elle	*Stevenson*		
What's life unblest with Love	*Ditto*	1	6
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Whence can you inherit		1	0
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When fickle man for woman sighs	*Kelly*	1	6
When from thy sight, love	*Ditto*	1	6
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When midst the gay	*Moore*	2	0
When night was spreading o'er me	*Stevenson*	2	0
When storms disturb old ocean's bed	*King*	1	0
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When twilight dews	*Stevenson*	2	0
When woe on the bosom of mercy	*Howell*	1	0
While parted from the youth	*King*	1	6
Whilst I listen to thy voice	*Stevenson*	2	6
Whilst on the beach I wander	*Doyle*	2	0
White rose of honor	*Kelly*	1	6
Who would not love?	*Cooke*	2	0
Why comes he not	*Smith*	1	6
William and Jannett	*Sanderson*	1	0
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Wilt thou say farewell, love?	*Moore*	2	0
Winds, whisper gently	*Stevenson*	2	0
Woman's power ending never	*Kearns*	1	0
Woman's smile	*Parry*	1	6
Woman, who conquers all	*Cooke*	1	6
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Woodpecker	*Ditto*	2	0
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Ye light forms of fancy	*Kelly*	1	6
Yes, it is, love!	*Clifton*	1	6
Yes, thro' the wide world	*Mrs.* ——	1	0
Young Jessica	*Moore*	2	0
Young love	*Ditto*	2	0
Young son of chivalry	*King*	1	6
Youth I adore	*Cooke*	1	6
Youth is but short	*Dallas*	2	0
You watch'd the sun's ray	*Welsh Air*	1	0
Zounds, my lad	*Cooke*	1	6

DUETTS.

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Ah! say if the glance	*Black*	1	6
Alas! poor Lubin	*Stevenson*	1	6
As with slow-moving our	*King*	2	0
Catherine	*Lady C. Stewart*	2	0
Chieftain	*Stevenson*	2	0
Chink-a-chink	*Horn*	1	6
Come, friendly night	*Livius*	1	6
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Faithful love	*Parry*	2	0
Fare thee well!	*Ditto*	2	0
Flowers in the east	*Kelly*	2	0
Heave one sigh	*Horn*	1	0
Here is the lip	*Moore*	2	0
He's gone, ah! me	*Kemp*	2	0
How happy pass'd morn's pleasant dream	*Sanderson*	1	6
If fortune smile	*Kelly*	1	6
In search of glory	*Cooke*	2	6
Invest my head with fragrant rose	*Stevenson*	2	0
Joys that pass away	*Moore*	2	0
Lady, by Cupid's darts I swear	*Dr. Clarke*	2	6
Life-boat	*Moore*	2	6
Love and the sun-dial	*Ditto*	2	0
Love in thine eyes (*new edition*)	*Jackson*	1	0
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Love, wand'ring thro' the golden maze	*Ditto*	2	0
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Nights of music	*Moore*	2	6
No! never shall my soul forget	*Stevenson*	2	6
Now bright July to pleasure calls	*Horn*	2	0
O dinna weep	*J. M. Harris*	2	0
Our first young love	*Moore*	2	0
Peace!	*Stevenson*	2	0
Send home those long strayed eyes	*Ditto*	1	6
Should we be forced to part	*Cooke*	2	0
Song of war	*Moore*	2	0
Sparkling fountains	*Stevenson*	2	0
Surprise	*Ditto*	1	6
Tell me where is fancy bred?	*Ditto*	2	0
Ditto ditto	*Arranged by Bishop*	2	0
That I no longer wish to rove	*Stevenson*	1	6
Think on me	*Ditto*	2	0
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Well-a-day!	*Horn*	1	0
When in languor sleeps the heart	*Stevenson*	2	0
When Jove from the skies	*Horn*	1	6
When war unfurls his banner bright	*King*	1	6
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GLEES.

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Come, follow me	*Ditto*	5	0
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Fair and False	*Lord Burghersh*	2	0
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Hark! the bell is ringing	*Ditto*	2	0
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Oh! stay, sweet fair	*Stevenson*	3	0
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